



RAMPA

Three Complete
& Corrected Books:
Pussywillow
Tiger Lily
Autumn Lady

The TIGERS of Autumn

**All
About
Cats**

Mama San Ra'ab Rampa
Introduction by Tim R. Swartz

I am going to relate a true story concerning Taddy, especially for those who believe that cats are thinking entities which means those people who have read my other books and believed in them. I would not wish it to be thought I was in the same state as poor Louis Wain, who became so involved with cats, being able to communicate with them, and executing detailed drawings of them, that his mind became deranged, and he ended his days in an institution.

The story is true, because she told it to the Guv — during the whole of her life Taddy would intimate to the Guv that she was expecting a package to be delivered to her.

“What is in it?” I would ask, and the reply would be, “Never mind what is in it. It is from Brazil.” So Taddy was mixed up about her incarnations, but it was not surprising since her life there had ended prematurely.

Periodically, we would be reminded, “I am still waiting for it!” It was not until some weeks after she had left the earth that Miss Cleo received a telepathic message, “I don’t think it will ever come. I guess my Mother never sent it.”

If you cannot accept that story—well, you can read it as a pretty fairy tale. All the same it is very real!



RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Ra'ab Rampa

Introduction by Tim Swartz

Prelude by William Kern

Featuring Three Rampa Books

Pussywillow—Page 1

Tiger Lily—Page 85

Autumn Lady—Page 150

Gray's Elegy—Appendix A

Edited and Corrected by William Kern

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Revised Composite Edition

Published in the United States of America By

Kerson Publishing Company

6460-65 Convoy Court

San Diego, California 92117-2312

EXAMINING THE STRANGE WORLD OF DR. T. LOBSANG RAMPA

by Tim Swartz

It was a time when people were questioning their beliefs. Christianity and organized religion seemed stagnant and out of touch with a new generation who were seeking spiritual truths rather than undefined platitudes. People were seeking answers, but no one knew what the question was.

The time was ripe for a new beginning, and from the other side of the world a fresh breeze was blowing that would herald in a new age of understanding for teachings that were thousands of years old, but offered a new hope for those who were looking for ultimate truth.

In 1956 *The Third Eye* hit the stands with an amazing story that was allegedly the autobiography of a young Tibetan noble, Tuesday Lobsang Rampa, who, at the age of seven was sent to the Chakpori medical lamasery. *The Third Eye* details Rampa's early life at Chakpori where he was taught the secrets of Tibetan religion and the mystical arts. Rampa's own psychic abilities were helped to develop when he underwent an operation of the third eye, in which a hole was drilled in his forehead. This dangerous procedure opened a closed up part of the brain to the energies of the universe, releasing its potential and enabling it to grow beyond the boundaries of physical reality.

The Third Eye was an almost instant success. In the first year it sold over 60,000 copies and was translated into German, French and Norwegian. Even though skeptics universally panned the book, the public was eager to read about the exotic secrets of Tibet and the ancient ways of Eastern philosophy and religion.

In the 1950s Tibet was in the headlines due to the Chinese invasion of Eastern Tibet in 1949, and their total annexation of the country in 1951. Before that time little was known about the Himalayan country, its people and their beliefs. But as people fled before the Chinese occupation, they brought with them their rich customs which fanned the flames of interest in the West about anything Tibetan.

A WORLD IN TURMOIL

The release of The Third Eye could not have come at a more perfect time. World War Two was still fresh in the minds of Europeans who had borne the brunt of the worst that humankind could perpetuate upon itself. The Church offered little solace to those who survived and were left to wonder how a God who was supposed to be watching out for the world could allow such horrible things to happen. It seemed as if everything that people had been brought up to believe in, to trust, had let them down. Governments, leaders, the Church, had done nothing to stop the horrors of war, and in fact appeared to embrace the evil with no regard to those who would suffer the most.

People were disillusioned with authority. The Church preached “have faith,” but could really offer no other answers to why the world was as it was. In fact, the Church blamed the victims on why bad things happen. “All men are born with original sin” said the Ministers. “It does not matter how good you are or how many good and unselfish deeds you do; you are born a sinner and will die a sinner.” This is hardly inspirational words to those who are seeking real answers.

The Third Eye, however, revealed a whole new world to those seekers. It offered a spiritual and philosophical system that resonated in a way that Christianity and Western ideals did not.

Even more appealing, it offered an easy access point for those Western minds dulled by years of materialism and instant gratification that might not have been able to grasp the intricacies of Eastern mysticism.

The Third Eye allowed a whole new generation to learn that there is more to this world, this universe, than had been taught to them by modern science and traditional Christianity. It started a new movement of understanding that is still with us today. All thanks to one controversial writer.

CONTROVERSY

It was not long before controversy embroiled the Rampa movement. Perhaps due to The Third Eyes popularity, there were those who felt it was their duty to bring down the growing movement before it threatened the Church and possibly political systems. A group of scholars living in Britain were certain that Rampa was a fraud, so they hired a detective by the name of Clifford Burgess to determine the validity of Rampa’s tale. It is now known that this effort was financed by a group representing not only the Church of England, but also high level British Government officials who were worried that interest in Eastern religions would undermine democracy in the Western world.

Clifford Burgess discovered that T. Lobsang Rampa had never been to Ti-

bet, nor had he ever had any operation done to his forehead. Instead Rampa was actually Cyril Henry Hoskins, born in Devon, England, and son of a plumber named Joseph Henry Hoskins.

When the press confronted Hoskins with this revelation, Hoskins freely admitted that he had never “physically” been to Tibet. In reply to his critics, Rampa stated: “The Third Eye is absolutely true and all that I write in that book is fact. I, a Tibetan lama, now occupy what was originally the body of a Western man, and I occupy it to the permanent and total exclusion of the former occupant. He gave his willing consent, being glad to escape from life on this earth in view of my urgent need. One should not place too much credence in ‘experts’ or ‘Tibetan Scholars’ when it is seen how one ‘expert’ contradicts the other, when they cannot agree on what is right and what is wrong, and after all how many of those ‘Tibetan scholars’ have entered a lamasery at the age of seven, and worked all the way through the life as a Tibetan, and then taken over the body of a Westerner? I HAVE.”

The public, however, continued to believe in Rampa and to buy his books. Rampa’s subsequent books give more details of experiences which he encountered after the period covered by *The Third Eye*. He included stories about Chinese atrocities against Tibetan monks and lamas, ancient civilizations, encounters with the Yeti, gilded mummies of an extraterrestrial super race, and hidden cities deep within lost caverns. What makes Rampa’s books especially popular is his practical esoteric teachings from which the ordinary person can learn and develop spiritually.

In his later books, Rampa even wrote about UFOs and life on other planets. Two controversial books are *My Visit to Venus*, originally published by Gray Barker, and *My Visit to Agharta*, published by Inner Light Publications. Both of these books have been criticized by Rampa’s followers who are unaware of his interest in UFOs and extraterrestrials. However, those familiar with his later writings are certain that both books were written by him, but were possibly withheld from publication due to their controversial nature. Only by reading the books can the reader make the judgment for themselves.

Truth is, very few of the Rampa books were ever made available in the U.S.; with several exceptions the majority of them were printed and distributed solely in the U.K. where Rampa made his home most of his life. Now deceased for well over a decade his works have been largely ignored by an entirely new generation of metaphysically and occult minded readers. It was only through the foresight of William Kern at Kerson Publishing Company that a decision was made to bring a few of Rampa’s most controversial works to this “side of the pond” so that open minded readers might tackle the ideas that the lama put forth.

These initial works included, ***Between Two Worlds***, featuring “The Third Eye” and “Doctor From Lhasa;” ***World Of Illusions*** featuring “The Rampa Story” and “Cave of the Ancients;” ***Secrets of the Ages*** featuring “Living With the Lama” and “The Saffron Robe;” ***The Arrow of Time*** featuring “Candlelight” and “Twilight;” and ***Time in the Stone*** featuring “The Hermit” and “The Tibetan Sage.”

In keeping with Rampa’s traditional values and to quell a continued thirst for more of his books, we feel it is time to shed more light onto a darkening world with the release of **WISDOM OF THE MASTERS** featuring “You Forever” and “Wisdom of the Ancients;” and **THE BOOK OF LIFE**, featuring “Chapters of Life” and “Beyond The Tenth;” **THE YEARS OF MILK AND TAR** featuring “Feeding The Flame” and “The Thirteenth Candle;” **FUTURE PAST—FUTURE PERFECT**, featuring “As It Was” and “I Believe,” concerning subjects few dared to tackle in his lifetime. The final reissue books, **THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN**, featuring “Pussywillow,” “Tiger Lily,” and “Autumn Lady,” three books about the Rampa’s family of cats, written by Ra’ab Rampa, are contained in this volume.

“Hopefully,” says Kern, “these composite books will start a new trend and there will be a clarion call to bring Rampa’s works back into print. Perhaps this will start a new movement of spiritual seekers eager to move away from the world where terrorism, first strike initiatives, end time fanatics, global pollution and rampant materialism has replaced the inner peace and harmony that Rampa saw as our birthright.”

We can say with almost certainty that Rampa’s works are ageless and his wisdom is needed now more than ever. He saw a New Age emerging, and perhaps we can still promote his vision of a Brave New World.

COMPILER’S NOTE: Three of Rampa’s books are contained in this single volume. The texts were carefully proofed to correct a number of scanning and editing errors which have been found in all editions of the books that were republished after the originals went out of print. Duplicated paragraphs, sentences and paragraphs that were misplaced, and spelling errors have been corrected to provide today’s interested readers with the most compete and accurate editions of Rampa’s books that it is possible to produce.

William Kern-DBA: Kerson Publishing Company

PRELUDE

Who can separate their faith from their actions, or their belief from their occupations?

Who can spread their hours before them, saying, "This for my love and this for myself; this for my spirit and this other for my body"?

All your hours and days and years are but wings that beat through space and time from one self to another.

Whosoever wears their mortality as their best garment were better naked, for the wind and the sun will tear no holes in their skin.

And whosoever defines their conduct by ethics imprisons their song-bird in a cage, for the freest song comes not through bars and wires.

In reverie you cannot rise above your achievements nor fall lower than your failures. In adoration you cannot fly higher than your hopes nor humble yourself lower than your despair. And if you would know Peace, be not a solver of riddles.

Rather look about you and you shall see your love running and laughing with the children. Look into space; you shall see him hovering in the cloud, outstretching his arms in the lightning and descending in rain. You shall see him smiling in flowers, then rising and waving his hands in trees.

You would know the secret of death? But how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life?

The owl whose night-bound eyes are blind unto the day cannot unveil the mystery of light. If you would indeed behold the spirit of death, open your heart wide unto the body of life, for life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one.

In the depth of your hopes and desires lies your silent knowledge of the beyond; and like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your heart dreams of spring.

Trust the dreams, for in the dreams is hidden the gate to eternity.

What is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and to melt into the sun? And what is it to cease breathing but to free the breath from its restless tides, that it may rise and expand and seek Joy unencumbered?

Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing, and when you have reached the mountain top, then you shall begin to climb, and when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance.

Now it is evening, and Eva said, "It is a glorious day for your spirit has come to me and spoken."

And he answered, "Was it I who spoke only? Did I not also listen?"

Then the Avatar descended the steps to the river Lethe and all his comrades and friends followed him.

And he reached his ship and stood upon the deck, and facing the friends again, he raised his voice and said: "People of Earth, the wind bids me leave you. Less hasty am I than the wind, yet I must go. We wanderers, ever seeking the lonelier way, begin no day where we have ended another day; and no sunrise finds us where sunset left us. Even while the earth sleeps we travel. We are the seeds of the tenacious plant, and it is in our ripeness and our fullness of heart that we are given to the wind and are scattered.

"My days among you were brief, and briefer still the words I have spoken. But should my voice fade in your ears, and my love vanish in your memory, then I will come again, and with a richer heart and lips more yielding to the spirit will I speak. Yes, I shall return with the tide, and though death may hide me, and the greater silence enfold me, yet again will I seek your understanding.

"I go with the wind, friends of Earth, but not down into emptiness; and if this day is not a fulfillment of your needs and my love, then let it be a promise 'til another day. Know, therefore, that from the great silence I shall return.

"The mist that drifts away at dawn, leaving but dew in the fields, shall rise and gather into a cloud and fall as rain, and not unlike the mist have I been. In the stillness of the night I have walked in your streets, and my spirit has entered your houses, and your heart-beats were in my heart, and your breath was upon my face, and I knew you all.

"Aye, I knew your joy and your pain, and in your sleep your dreams were my dreams, and oftentimes I was among you as a lake among the mountains. I mirrored the summits in you and the bending slopes, and even the passing flocks of your thoughts and your desires. And to my silence came the laughter of your

childhood, and the longing of your youth. And when they reached my depth the streams and the rivers were singing still.

“But sweeter still than laughter and greater than all longing, you, my love, are boundless in me, and in beholding all these things of Earth I beheld you and loved you. For what distances can love reach that are not in that vast sphere? What visions, what expectations and what presumptions can outsoar that flight?

“And though this heavy-grounded ship awaits the tide upon these shores, yet, even like an ocean, we can neither hasten our tides nor wish them away. And like the seasons we are also, and though in our winter we deny our spring, yet spring, reposing within, smiles in her drowsiness and is not offended.

Think not I say these things in order that you may say the one to the other, “He praised us well. He saw but the good in us.”

“I only speak to you in words of that which you yourselves know in thought.

“I have found that which is greater than wisdom. It is a flame spirit in you ever gathering more of itself, while you, heedless of its expansion, bewail the withering of your days. It is life in quest of life in bodies that fear the grave.

“But, my darling rosebud, there are no graves on that distant shore. These mountains and plains are a cradle and a stepping-stone. Whenever you pass by the field where you have laid your ancestors look well thereupon, and you shall see yourselves and your children dancing hand in hand with your mother and father.

“Less than a promise have I given, perhaps, and yet more generous have you been to me. You have given me my deeper thirsting after life.

“Surely there is no greater gift to a man than that which turns all his aims into reality and all life into a fountain. And in this lies my honor and my reward, that whenever I come to the fountain to drink I find the living water itself thirsty; And it drinks me while I drink it.

“You are not enclosed within your bodies, nor confined to houses or fields. That which is you dwells above the mountain and roves with the wind. It is not a thing that crawls into the sun for warmth or digs holes into darkness for safety, but a thing free, a spirit that envelops the earth and moves in the ether.

“If these be vague words, then seek not to clear them. Vague and nebulous is the beginning of all things, but not their end, and I would have you remember me as a beginning. Life, and all that lives, is conceived in the mist and not in the crystal. And who knows but a crystal is mist in decay?

“This would I have you remember in remembering me:

“That which seems most gentle and bewildered in you is the strongest and most determined. Is it not your breath that has erected and hardened the structure of your bones? And is it not a dream which none of you remember having dreamt, that built your city and fashioned all there is in it? Could you but see the tides of that breath you would cease to see all else, and if you could hear the whispering of the dream you would hear no other sound.

“But you do not see, nor do you hear, and it is well. The veil that clouds your eyes shall be lifted by the hands that wove it, and the clay that fills your ears shall be pierced by those fingers that kneaded it.

“And one day you shall see. And one day you shall hear.

“Yet you shall not deplore having known blindness, nor regret having been deaf. For in that day you shall know the hidden purposes in all things, and you shall bless darkness as you would bless the light.”

After saying these things the Avatar looked about him, and he saw Charon, the pilot of his ship, standing by the helm and gazing now at the billowing sails and now at the distance.

And he said:

“Ah, patient, over patient, is the captain of my ship. The wind blows, and the sails are restless; even the rudder begs direction; yet quietly my captain awaits my silence. And these my mariners, who have heard the choir of the greater sea, they too have heard me patiently. Now they shall wait no longer. I am ready.

“The river has reached the sea, and once more the great mother holds her son against her breast. Fare you well, people of Earth. This day has ended. It is closing upon us even as the water-lily upon its own tomorrow. What was given us here we shall keep, and if it suffices not, then again must we come together and together stretch our hands unto the giver. Forget not that I shall come back to you.

“A little while, and my longing shall gather dust and foam for another body. A little while, my darling rosebud, a little while longer; a moment of rest upon the wind, and another woman shall bear me.

“Farewell to you and the youth I have spent with you. It was but yesterday we met in a dream. You have sung to me in my aloneness, and I of your longings have built a tower in the sky. But now our sleep has fled and our dream is over, and it is no longer dawn. The noontide is upon us and our half waking has turned to fuller day, and we must part. If in the twilight of memory we should meet once more, we shall speak again together and you shall sing to me a sweeter song. And if our hands should meet in another dream we shall build another tower in the sky.

“Kiss me now as I go so that when I awaken on that far shore, I will remember what lulled me so gently to sleep: the touch of your lips on mine.”

So saying he made a signal to the seamen, and straightaway they weighed anchor and cast the ship from its moorings, and they moved eastward. And a cry came from the comrades and friends as from a single heart, and it rose into the dusk and was carried out over the sea like a great chorus.

Only Eva was silent, gazing after the ship until it had vanished into the mist. And when all the people had gone, she stood alone upon the sea-wall, remembering in her heart his saying: “A little while, my darling rosebud, a little while longer; a moment of rest upon the wind, and another woman shall bear me.”

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I am Tuesday Lobsang Rampa. That is my only name, it is now my legal name, and I answer to no other. Many letters come to me with a weird conglomeration of names attached; they go straight in the waste paper basket, for, as I say, my only name is Tuesday Lobsang Rampa.

All my books are true, all my claims are absolutely true. Years ago the newspapers of England and Germany started a campaign against me at a time when I was not able to defend myself because I was almost dying from coronary thrombosis. I was persecuted without mercy, insanely.

Actually a few people were jealous of me, and so they collected "evidence," but it is significant that "the collector of evidence" at no time tried to see ME! It is unusual not to give "an accused person" a chance to state his own story. A person is innocent until proved guilty; I was NEVER "proved guilty," and never permitted to prove myself GENUINE!

The newspapers of England and Germany would not give me any space in their columns, so I have been in the unfortunate position of knowing that I was innocent and truthful, but unable to tell anyone my side of the story. One great television chain of stations offered me an interview, but they INSISTED that I say what they thought I should say, in other words, a lot of lies. I wanted to tell the truth, so they would not let me appear.

Let me again state that everything that I have written is true. All my claims are true. My specific reason for insisting that all this is true is that in the near future other people like me will appear, and I do not desire that they should have the suffering that I have had through spite and vicious hatred.

A large number of people have seen my absolutely authentic papers which prove that I have been a high Lama of the Potala in Lhasa, Tibet, and that I am a qualified Doctor of Medicine trained in China. Although people have seen those papers they "forgot" when the press came prying around.

Will you, then, read my books bearing in mind my positive assurance that the whole thing IS TRUE? I am what I claim to be. What am I! Read my books and you will see!

T. Lobsang Rampa.



RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

DECLARATION OF MRS. TUESDAY LOBSANG RAMPA

Lobsang Rampa knows the truth. He knows what he believes in and he is the person he claims to be. When the changeover occurred we had a very beautiful tabby cat with a silver coat and his attitude was surprising. Our tabby cat had extraordinary reactions towards the one I could call the New One. He showed an unusual respect towards him and anyone who saw him would have been most impressed by the wisdom of one of these 'dumb animals'.

As far as I know there is only one way to evaluate the declarations of my husband. It consists of reading all his books from the beginning to end. That's where the truth is. I am a registered Nurse and as such have a lot of experience concerning the observations of people, their attitudes, reactions or changes. Therefore I declare that everything Rampa has said is true, as far as I know. One of the most unpleasant things is the fierce hatred felt by some of the press. Yet those who react so harshly have declared publicly that they had read none of the books. Didn't a critic recently assert he had read one or two pages but did not want to continue reading it? Surprisingly, he began a fierce attack against a book he hadn't read! How, under those conditions can you 'reveal' anything to one whose mind is so closed? When a person doesn't want to believe, no proof in the world, or beyond this world would convince him. The belief has to come from the person himself.

One thing is clear, several persons have without respite attempted to get rid of Lobsang Rampa and to prevent him from writing. They haven't succeeded and they never will. As far as I know, Lobsang Rampa never was a plumber, and he is not today either...

When 'The Third Eye' was published I made a declaration to the press. It was completely distorted. The press twisted my words and succeeded in making me claim that Rampa was an impostor. It is false, I have never thought nor claimed that he was an impostor. On the contrary, I assert, as I've always said that his books are true...

I am my husband's wife, and when a woman is married to a man, she understands him, his moods, his peculiarities. If, suddenly, everything changes in him, if it becomes evident to the woman that she lives with another man, a really different man, we have to accept the reality of the way it is. It can't be proved. I was in this situation. I saw a change occurring, I observed how the transmigration happened. However, I continued to live with him. But everything is different. We live rather like brother and sister, both making the best of the difficult situation we are in. But as I've witnessed all these things, as I've experienced it, there remains no doubt it is the truth.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

A Thought

Yesterday was once today
and Tomorrow soon will be.

Today is all that matters!

SATO? What's That?

Well, a book has to have a title, eh? So how about a "computer code" version of what this is all about? It is...

Sindhi — And — The — Others.

I love cats, any cats; small cats, big cats, thin cats, fat cats, skinny cats, toms and queens, kittens and adults. Cats. ANY cats.

The Lady Ku'ei, one of my Cat Children, was very fond of remarking to the Guv, "My Ma will stop and chat with any old tom cat she may happen to meet up with," but she did not disapprove for Miss Ku'ei was no snob.

No doubt this little volume will receive its share of criticism but that is no cause for concern . . . it is written for my friends, those people who have expressed an interest in the Guv's Family. I am reminded of a quotation by the Guv and, since it is heartily endorsed by me, I will use it here:

"Dogs bark, but the caravan moves on . . . ,

"Critics usually are those without the wits to write a good book."

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

PUSSYWILLOW

SINDHI is a cat, a Siamese cat, and although she is not living on the earth now she is very much alive elsewhere. It was one of the more positive acts of my life that I cared for this little person during the very short time she was with us.

We had been in Canada a little over one year when we met her, and she had a most charming way of getting around one, of getting her own way. At her best she was most affectionate, tucking her small head under my chin as I held her, telling me in cat language that she loved me.

How did I find myself with a third cat person when there were two Siamese people already quite well established in the household? Well, really I had little choice in the matter because a man who was employed in a pet shop asked if a home could be found for her. He had heard about Miss Ku'ei and Mrs. Fifi and he said he understood we were very fond of cats, especially Siamese, and that we understood them. He had a feeling that Sindhi was not happy and would we please go and see her at his home where we could find his wife, and talk to her. Since I have mentioned Ku'ei and Fifi, and if you have read "Living with the Lama", it will be apparent who "we" are. I am "Ma" to cats, and I am proud of the fact that Mrs. Greywhiskers paid me the great honor of dedicating her book to me. The other one of "us" is the "Guv" to cats, and he was kind enough to translate the contents of "Living with the Lama" from cat language into words which could be understood by humans. Since cats make pictures instead of words this must have entailed quite a bit of ingenuity on the part of the Guv, and a good amount of cooperation from Fifi.

At that time we had a fairly big car, a used one, otherwise we would not have been driving around in a color combination of pink and gold. It was rather like a woman wearing a pink or a vivid red outfit — in a few days she would be recognized a mile away. Each time we took out our pink Mercury we could imagine everybody in the neighborhood shrieking "Here they come! With their cat an' all!" It was the very same automobile which nearly scared the daylights out of Miss Ku'ei and me when the steering "went" one day while we sped along the Tecumseh road towards Windsor. Ku'ei was definitely the motoring type and whenever possible she went with us, either shopping or sightseeing, even when we collected the mail from the post office at Walkerville, near Windsor; hence the remarks "here they come with their cat!"

As we drove along to the pet shop man's home I wondered what Ku'ei was thinking

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

about it all, but then I decided “sufficient unto the day—” Eventually we found the house and the Guv stayed in the car while I went to the door and rang the bell while just at that moment Mrs. Pet shop Man appeared in the entrance. As I discussed with her the reason for our visit she seemed most relieved and told me that her nerves were bad; the cat was getting her down and she doubted if she could stand it any longer. A wailing noise was coming from someplace inside, a voice which could only be that of a Siamese, and then Sindhi appeared. A poor thin little creature looking so pathetic, and no wonder, for the woman had no doubt transmitted her nervous state to the tiny bundle of fur standing there. “What can you do about it?” the woman queried of us; “I doubt if I could stand it another night,” she continued. “Can’t you take her and find her a home?”

By this time the Guv had approached and was taking control of the situation. He could see she was neurotic (a very thin discontented individual) and she was imploring us to take the cat, the cat who was so obviously very miserable.

What COULD WE DO? We had two mature Lady cats at home who were getting along quite well together, so what was going to happen if we came home with Sindhi? Quickly we decided, and as soon as we had bundled ourselves into the auto and Mrs. Pet shop had waved her gratitude, Sindhi, who must have been about one year old, let out the most piercing yowl. She told the world in general that she must have a tom; so here we were, faced with another dilemma. While she was in this condition it was impossible to take her home to our apartment so we thought we had better make a detour and call at the office of our friend, Mr. L. the veterinarian, hoping we would find him there. He had treated Fifi and Ku’ei when the humidity of Windsor had caused discomfort in their ears, and Ku’ei had had eye trouble also, necessitating the removal of the inner eyelid which was beginning to enlarge and soon would have covered the entire eye. This was a phenomenon peculiar to the Windsor area and, in our opinion, caused through excessive spraying of insecticide all around the side streets where there were trees and bushes, and which had been carried in the air on to the plants and grass of our garden. The little cat nestled close to me as we drove along, quiet for a while; then came another piercing shriek, “I want a tom, I must have a tom!” Poor little girl cat; we found she had sight in only one eye and we commented that she looked like Egyptian Nefertiti as she also had one blind eye. Anyway, we took to the little creature and we told her that soon she would be living with us; soon she would be sharing our home.

Mr. L. was a charming person, one of the nicest veterinarians we have met, and we have come across quite a number in our travels around Canada. He had a cat too, a Siamese tom, so he was very interested in our Cat family.

The first time he visited us, when we lived near Tecumseh, he arrived at the front door one evening where I met him and took him into the living room where Ku’ei and Fifi were awaiting his arrival. When he saw them he uttered a delightful greeting, “Aren’t they just living dolls”, and we always remember that first meeting, while many times we have used that selfsame expression in referring to certain felines.

Well, fortunately Dr. L. was in his office when we arrived and, after taking a look at her, decided Sindhi should be left with him and she would be spayed that very day.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Fortunately it was the beginning of the day so we left her and arranged to come back and collect her in the evening, assuming her condition was satisfactory by the evening. It seemed a rather different procedure from England, where a cat would be left at the Pet Hospital for two nights (the night previous and the night following the operation), in the case of a female being spayed. A tom, by comparison, was treated rather differently; his neutering operation, not being so serious, could be done “while you wait” type of thing. However, I took a little tom cat to the veterinarian here in Calgary the other day, and his treatment was the reverse of our previous experiences in this country. Smokey, an all-over black cat, was our neighbor, and his so-called Mistress (who was really his servant) was sick and therefore unable to take him, so I volunteered. Smokey was to be kept for two nights, as though he were a female, and it is interesting to see how customs change, but the Westside Pet Hospital is a most pleasant place where our own two felines are treated with the utmost politeness and care by the doctors and staff. I have often thought that so-called animals are treated with greater care and respect by the “animal doctor” than are many human animals who are left to the mercy of certain medicos.

Wherever we have lived it has been one of my earliest and most pleasant duties to find a veterinarian, have our Cat People meet him, and it has always paid off. The Cat is checked over and, in the event she needs treatment at a later date, well, she is not afraid because she has already been introduced and (we hope) feels friendly towards her doctor; therefore she knows what to expect. “A crazy idea” someone says, but is it really so strange? Considering a plant can wither and die if approached by someone who is unsympathetic (I have seen this happen quite recently in the case of a sensitive plant), isn’t it just as important, if not more so, for your pet to be prepared in advance against the time he or she may have need of professional services?

But to return to Windsor and to the events of almost a decade and a half ago when we thanked our lucky stars that we had such a wonderful ally in Dr. L. We returned home to our apartment contented in the knowledge that Sindhi was receiving expert attention, and with the assurance that we would receive a telephone call; so now our thoughts turned to the Cat Persons left at home, Miss Ku’ei and Mrs. Fifi.

Naturally those two were eagerly waiting for the latest developments, though they were so highly telepathic that we had little explaining to do. Often the Guv had said he always knew when I would be returning if I had been out shopping, or out on business, or something. He would know at least five minutes before my return because Miss Ku’ei would stretch, rise from her chair, walk around a bit, and then sit by the door to wait for her Ma. When I made a short visit to Canada, before we finally moved here from Ireland, I wore a locket around my neck in which a clipping of Ku’ei’s fur was encased. This enabled her to keep in closer contact with me telepathically, thus helping the Guv to know how I was faring on the other side of the Atlantic. We could tell by their manner that Ku and Feef half expected us to walk in accompanied by some strange, unknown creature who they would have to tolerate and teach. They sniffed around us, did some thinking, and decided the best thing to do would be to “wait and see” and, if the worst should happen, well then, true to their nature they would make the best of the situation. The day wore on; we waited anxiously by the telephone, and around four o’clock came the welcome

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

voice of Mr. L. The operation had been successful, he told us; the patient was resting as comfortably as could be expected, having not long recovered from the anesthetic, and it would be alright if we came around any time after five to collect her. So, after five we drove off, getting caught in the rush hour traffic, but at last we reached the Pet Hospital.

Sindhi looked wan and rather the worse for wear as she was passed to me; and I placed a rug around her since Windsor was quite chilly in March, then we went out to the car, after being instructed to see that she did not tear her stitches out, as another little girl cat did some years later. It was a little after six o'clock when we arrived home and I took the bundle of fur to my own room because we thought it better to be on the safe side at first — the result could have been unfortunate if she had been left with the others in her weakened condition, and different surroundings. She took a little fluid nourishment and I was very encouraged to notice she seemed to show quite a liking for me. Later in the evening we were to have a showing of photographic slides, in color.

We had a nice projector and a big screen, and we were to view these (our latest) color pictures. The Guv, you see, is a superb photographer (he was actually complemented by Kodak upon his beautiful pictures) and these were his latest flower pictures, mostly close-ups, appearing much larger- than-life in their effect. These many years later I can remember vividly the glorious reproductions, looking almost too perfect to be the real thing. That is something else about the Guv, whatever he touches immediately becomes **ALIVE**, never mind whether it be an automobile, a radio, or a camera. It gives me great joy to be able to write about some of the things which he has done, things which made a deep impression upon me but which are so ordinary to him that he would not think there was anything unusual in what he was doing. In some of these transparencies, closeups of flowers, which at that time were providing us with great interest and which we found most educational, there was an atmosphere of the ethereal, and without actually being there and seeing for yourself it would be difficult to believe how many faces and little fairylike figures were portrayed within these various hued petals. Fairies! Nature spirits! A figment of the imagination? Whatever they were they fitted the accepted idea of how fairies and nature spirits would appear, those little people who tend the growth of plants and flowers, and who are frequently observed by clairvoyants. During the filming I had to hold Sindhi on my lap, with a little rug underneath her, for she still felt rather unsure in the different surroundings and we wanted to show her quite clearly that she really was wanted. Ku'ei and Fifi were "somewhere", receiving impressions, because they could know exactly what was going on without actually watching the screen. Sindhi was snoozing and completely relaxed in the knowledge that at last she was home and wanted. One thing which seemed to interest her was the tall person who was helping with the projector; the tall person with golden hair, the blue eyes and the graceful movements.

Probably she considered she and the tall person were nearer the same age than either of them were with the other members of the Family. If she had not already done so she would soon find out that it was permissible to refer to the blue-eyed, golden haired person as "Buttercup", and that it was in order to address her thus. Mrs. Greywhiskers, Fifi, had been responsible for this name; she had considered it to be most appropriate and, as everyone in the family approved, it had come to be generally accepted. If you

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

have read Fifi's book, "Living with the Lama", by T. Lobsang Rampa, you will have learned a good deal about Buttercup and her activities. . . . Oh, yes, Sindhi would be briefed as to how she was expected to behave, and told what humans expected of her because Fifi, with Ku'ei's approval, was very orderly. She believed in firm discipline, coupled with kindness and compassion (the latter was something she had missed for the whole of her life until she came to us about two years previously), and she always tried to avoid causing unnecessary work for those who looked after her needs, these persons being Buttercup and myself. In those two years that she had lived with us we were accepted as her Real Family, and ours was her True Home. Being without sight it was fortunate that Miss Ku'ei enjoyed guiding her around the rooms until Fifi had become familiarized with all the objects such as tables, chairs, and other furniture which might be hazardous to a blind, elderly cat person. Now we would have to see how we would all manage with a sightless woman cat and a half-sighted girl cat.

What a responsibility for the Lady Ku'ei!

"I THINK it's about time we moved away from here," announced the Guv when he came home one afternoon, soon after Sindhi's arrival. "For heaven's sake," I answered, "we haven't been here very long, and anyhow where were you thinking of moving to?" We talked it over and decided we didn't have much choice in the matter since we were being troubled by press reporters, and we were gradually losing the privacy we had looked for when we came to Canada. It was only a little over twelve months since we arrived in the Windsor area and at first it had been quite enjoyable. We had lived for a few months in a furnished house near Tecumseh, on the edge of Lake St. Clair, and during that period we were left in peace. All that bothered us was the extreme cold as we had arrived in midwinter, an extremely severe winter it turned out to be too.

The day after we arrived we walked down to the frozen lake, taking Miss Ku'ei, wrapped in a rug; but we had to hurry home because we had not become acclimatized to the change from Ireland, where it was never too "freezing" by the salt water of the Irish sea, which we had just left. We found it almost impossible to go out walking at all, even to the store a little way down the road — a little store by the name of Stop'n Shop. Poor Buttercup spent a few of the most miserable weeks of her life feeling perpetually chilled, so we decided to be sensible and stay in, or use the secondhand car which we purchased soon after our arrival. It was impossible to manage without an automobile because in that area, in those days, there were no deliveries of supplies and we needed to make daily trips to the post office. By the time we moved to the Windsor district, some miles from our previous home, winter had passed and we enjoyed the warm April days; and there was an added attraction when the lakers and seagoing vessels started moving along the Detroit river, a sight which provided much interest and enjoyment.

It was quite exciting to have the Queen pass right in front of our house, too, following the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway. She was on the way to Chicago and we had a wonderful view from our balcony, and the Guv took some interesting pictures through a telescope, one of a helicopter which hovered overhead, and the effect was just as though you were standing right beside the craft. The Queen might have been paying us a personal visit, everything seemed so close. We took many pictures in those days, and

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

it was simple when one had a car for we could tour around looking for pictorial scenes. I used to have a 35 mm camera but since we do not travel around very much these days my interest in photography has suffered. I remember taking some wintry scenes across the Detroit river, when it was covered with ice, and when the slides were shown they looked quite artistic — the frozen river, the leafless trees, and the Detroit skyline in the background.

So, by the time spring 1960 came around we had spent about one year in that particular house. It was a convenient location in many ways, especially for shopping and post office facilities. We had garage space for which we were grateful considering the severe winters we had to endure. Apart from reporters coming around, life was quite pleasant. Since we were “New Canadians” and were not used to the ways of “Old Canadians” there was one incident which ruffled us somewhat. It was our first Halloween in this country and on the following morning we noticed the garden gate was missing. When we telephoned the police to report the incident we were somewhat surprised to be told, “you should be thankful you didn’t lose the roof”. There must be something very harmonious in the particular area where we lived for, on many mornings, around five o’clock and before the heavy traffic came along to assault our ears, one could hear very pleasant music — apparently coming from the river. It was most interesting and we enjoyed it immensely. Another unusual phenomenon to recollect, and I will not be alarmed if someone should label me “screwy” or of too vivid an imagination, but this was a very interesting sight.

At certain times there could be seen shadowy figures, tall figures, moving about in front of the Detroit skyscrapers, but nearer the river. I often wondered about them and then I ventured to mention the matter to the Guv who sees many things which escape the senses of most of us. He merely remarked, “Well, what of it, it is merely people going about their business in another dimension.” Well, after a reporter had waylaid the Guv while he was taking a leisurely drive by the river, telling the Guv: “I know who you are and I am going to write an article about you for the local news-paper”, we knew that there would be little peace left for us in that location. The Guv was right when he came home and told us, “It is time we moved away from here.” The problem was, where to go? “How about Vancouver?” someone said, and it sounded good. Certainly the climate should be more suitable for us, and we had been told that Vancouver Island was very much like England except it was warmer and there was less rain than in England.

But how could we take a chance and move unless someone could go first, just for a visit, to see if it really was the place for us! After some discussion the Guv said he would go himself because it was easier for him to do that than take charge of three Siamese lady cats. Also, he knew I did not enjoy traveling, and he always got a bit worried on the few occasions I had to be away. Sometimes, he says, just at the moment when I should be watching for traffic, my mind wanders, making it a full-time job keeping a mental check on me. Well, Buttercup kindly offered to go along because she does not mind traveling, and she knew someone should be with the Guv for even in those days his health was very poor.

All of our mental processes were stepped up into high gear because making the arrangements and getting everything ready would be a joint effort. This was going to

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

be quite a journey as far as our little Family was concerned because we did not enjoy being separated at any time, never mind this long journey over so many miles. Even if planes do these flights in just a few hours from one continent to another, and the whole length of our own continent, it is still a considerable distance, and if you are not used to traveling, well it can be a little worrying wondering if all will be well. So the air tickets were obtained, suitcases were packed, and the travelers departed; and I remember it was just one week before Easter.

Fifi and Ku'ei must have had many discussions about their responsibilities during the week ahead for this mission could not be accomplished satisfactorily in less than perhaps five days. There would be no sense in turning round immediately on arrival and heading home too quickly; that would accomplish nothing. Of course the three hours difference in time was an advantage. At any rate, these two veteran cats must have decided between them that they would be able to deal with the situation since it couldn't be any worse than the period a few months earlier when they had a MONKEY to cope with. That had certainly been an experience for the whole Family. At first we felt a bit lonesome when all at once we realized the others had left, but then we decided we had better get on with the process of day-to-day living. It was a good feeling, very satisfying to have these three creatures entrusted to my care for a few days. At the same time it was not without a slight feeling of apprehension because it was the first time I had stayed alone since the advent of the "littlest cat" as we sometimes referred to Sindhi. It had been simple in the case of Fifi and Ku'ei only; we had always survived without any major incidents for short periods, but they always preferred to have the Guv around as much as possible.

Things had not progressed too smoothly during the past few weeks, and during that time we had to experiment a little. For almost two years Fifi and Ku'ei had lived together amicably, even if Ku'ei had been known to mutter occasionally (in fun of course), "I wonder if I was wise in having that old biddy to live with me; after all it does take away some of the attention from me." For a Siamese that was probably quite a natural way of viewing things for they thrive on adulation and they couldn't survive without constant loving care and a sincere and definite interest in their well-being. Very recently I heard of someone in this city who had a pair of these creatures and, unfortunately, she was obliged to go out to earn a living. Due to the lack of attention this person was able to provide in that they had to stay alone for periods much too long, she lost first one of her pets and soon afterwards the other one passed on. To some extent all cats suffer through being left too long by their so-called owners; they cannot stand appearing to be neglected, and this is especially true of the Siamese.

Sindhi needed and demanded attention, and being much younger than the others (barely more than a kitten) she wanted more ACTION and fun and this gave us cause for concern. While Miss Ku could easily skip out of the way, it was more difficult for Fifi who was not able to see which way to go to avoid the Baby Cat; but Sindhi, too, with sight in only one eye must have had her problems in direction finding. One just needs to put one's hand over one eye to realize how difficult monocular sight can be, how severely handicapped one is in gauging movements and judging distances.

It was obvious that Fifi and Ku'ei were becoming nervous, never knowing if they

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

would be left in peace for awhile, and therefore the whole matter had to be given serious consideration. First of all we allowed Sindhi to go to someone else; but this was not satisfactory so she had to return to my care. She had quite definitely adopted me, and so the Sindhi problem became my responsibility. During the daytime it was not too difficult since we had a sunroom, with a door, where the Baby Cat spent a good deal of time sleeping and sunning herself. As she washed herself, and the sun's rays fell on her fur, she was able to provide herself with a good supply of vitamins. It was a nice pleasant room, the same room Mr. Monkey had occupied, but in the summer months it was almost too pleasant in that it faced south and the temperature could become quite uncomfortable by midday and in the afternoons. At night, as bedtime approached, it was a rather different situation: Fifi and Ku'ei had been accustomed to spending the nights each in their own chair by the side of my bed, with Ku'ei spending long periods right beside me, on the bed. My bedroom door would be left open and they would wander in and out at will, for cats enjoy nocturnal wanderings as everybody knows.

Ku'ei had always been MY cat, while Fifi had taken on the responsibility of the Guv's welfare, but now that we had Sindhi she seemed to need my wholehearted attention, with no interference from the others. She felt so insecure (as could be expected considering her early-life experiences), and she wondered (all the time being afraid) whether her new position as my "Baby" was in jeopardy. She considered that her place was by me, on the bed, and that there should be no competition from anyone, cat or human, especially cat. This was a very difficult situation, particularly for the one who had been so close to me for around seven or eight years, and it was to her everlasting credit that Miss Ku'ei handled the situation superbly, giving way to Sindhi continually. Ku'ei's life had not been an easy one; she had shared our many adversities, and comforted us in our moments of sadness. As a kitten she had had a sister (Su Wei) who lived for only a few months, a victim of the dreaded disease "feline gastroenteritis".

After that sad episode we became closer in our understanding of each other; and it was a moment of great joy when she found another companion in Mrs. Fifi a few years later. By the time Sindhi came on the scene the others had been together about two years. The name Ku'ei signifies "in memory of the one who went before"; and she had come to me at a time when I was suffering from the loss of a beautiful silver tabby who, at age eleven, succumbed to an attack of pneumonia. The Guv had named Miss Ku'ei and it suited her very well. It was such a suitable and, I thought, "delightful" name, and it has been used by many other felines who desired to be named after her.

Altogether I owe a great deal to Cat People in general, and especially to those who have been my companions, both in my sad and happy moments. When I would take a bath in the evenings I was full of apprehension lest a fight develop (or at least a fierce argument) while I, the sergeant major to cats, was otherwise occupied. I solved the problem by taking Sindhi to the bathroom with me, and it turned out to be a beautiful idea for we had a lot of fun. First she would sit on the edge of the bath watching me, and when I had finished and the nice hot water had flowed away, Sindhi would hop into the empty bathtub and roll around enjoying the warmth and the smoothness of the tub. In the end it was a problem to get her to come out of the bathroom. When Ku'ei was a kitten

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

she had enjoyed waiting for me while I took my bath; but she had never gone further than the edge of the tub.

After a day had passed there was a telephone call from Vancouver to let us know the other part of the Family had reached their destination and that they were eager to know how we at home were faring. On the few occasions the Guv has been away from home he has always tried to talk to me directly, but he has great difficulty since it causes him much strain to “tune in” to the mechanical device and decipher what the other person is saying over the phone. Anyone who has visited him has expressed great surprise that he could understand what they were saying since they were given to understand he is quite deaf, and then it would be explained that he uses lip reading a great deal, otherwise it would be too difficult to carry on a conversation. Once he has become familiar with a person’s wavelength, when the person visualizes their message, as well as speaking the words, then he can deal with the telephone.

On this particular occasion the line was clear, so after a greeting from Buttercup we heard the Guv saying, “Hello Ra’ab, how are you and the cat children?” All the little people had gathered around me silently, sensing the Guv was not too far away after all, when they could hear his voice. As he inquired about each one separately the ears would fluctuate so that she might enjoy the greeting to the full. Whenever he was away he always made a point of inquiring about everyone and everything because he wanted to know exactly what was happening so that he might keep a mental check on the situation. He always told me never to hesitate in letting him know if I should run into a problem, never mind whether it would be in the middle of the night, whenever he was away from home. He told us there had not been time to tour the various districts of Vancouver but we would be given all details when they returned at the end of the week. The cats settled down after we had said goodbye, and commenced washing themselves in preparation for a long discussion about Vancouver and the Guv. I understand that cats believe in the maxim, “When in doubt, start washing”. The Guv says they indulge in serious conversation while appearing to be merely engaged in a routine toilet operation.

It was surprising how the time passed by, and soon we were preparing for the traveler’s return. We had done a little reading, listened to the radio, and had our moments of fun playing with plastic balls, ping pong balls, and chasing a long piece of string. Our little radio (a plastic one) was molded in the shape of a handbag, and we listened to stations from Detroit, as well as from Windsor. We could have the stations fairly loud since we would not be disturbing anyone, and I always marveled at the speed with which the Detroit announcers and news readers spilled out the words. I can usually follow a rapid speaker, but these boys were the fastest talkers I had ever heard. At night in our room we kept the volume down when everyone was home, but it was rather a strain, especially when we wanted to listen to music, and they did have good concerts from Detroit. When I had mentioned to the Guv that I wished there was provision for private listening, it was no sooner said than done. The necessary parts were obtained and presto — we had a plug and socket all fixed up. After that there was no limit to the volume, unless we reached the point of distortion when, of course, we turned it down. I did the turning down, the tuning and changing of stations, even though Sindhi might well have done it for me, for she did

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

some interesting things. We had a carriage clock and she had a habit of reaching up to the shelf where it stood, and she would touch the repeater button because she enjoyed hearing the clock striking. No doubt she would have found the radio controls a little more difficult to operate. Until that time I did not know that if I left the private listening device plugged in to the radio it would run down my batteries, whether the radio was switched on or not. Since I was told about it I have always taken out the plug after switching off the radio.

Something else I learned was that unused batteries, that is new batteries, should be kept side-by-side, and the exposed metal parts should not be allowed to come together and make contact, otherwise they would run themselves down. This cannot possibly be well-known considering the number of times a store has handed me a package of batteries all jumbled together. Sometimes I have wished I knew something of basic electronics, but at least am now able to test my own batteries with a small device given to me by the Guv. It is a handy little instrument and I feel quite important when I am asked to test the batteries for someone else's radio.

But to return to my responsibilities of caring for the home and my trio of felines. At that time we had a neighbor who was living temporarily in the lower part of the house, and on the few occasions when she, or we, needed a little change, she would come up and chat with me while we took a cup of tea together. The cats enjoyed having an occasional visitor and she was an interesting person, an avid photographer, and very interested in oil painting. Her name was artistic sounding too — she was called “Flora”, and she was a small person physically. Although I had a very good idea of the needs of my Cat children, I still could not communicate with them as clearly as with another human; so I enjoyed this little diversion which left me feeling refreshed. On occasion though I may have remarked that one of the cats may be needing something, and the Guv has replied, “Well that is exactly what she is saying.” Fortunately there were two nice people living in the house next to ours: two sisters, who were teachers, and their Family had been amongst the early settlers in Canada (they had emigrated from France). They owned their house, and ours also, and I could always call upon them in an emergency. They had another home in Amherstburg, a beautiful cottage, which they had built some years earlier, and they loved to spend their summer vacations in that cottage in Amherstburg. Although we did not see much of them we did meet occasionally in the garage, which we shared, where we chatted for awhile. But being teachers they were away most of the day, and often on weekends they took off for the cottage. Sometimes they would take a peek over the dividing wall of our gardens and they would admire Ku’ei and Fifi who loved to sit on the grass down there, and eat some of it if they were in the mood.

Fifi took some watching in those days for she would walk around and out through the garden gate, not realizing she was “out of bounds”; or perhaps she wanted to have some fun with me. As soon as I found she was missing I hurried along the alleyway to get her and bring her back into the garden.

For an elderly lady cat she certainly did move quickly; but we had a happy time that first summer on Riverside Drive.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Now it was the spring of another year and we were feeling very happy in the knowledge that soon our Family would all be together again. With the best will and the greatest effort we all became just a little bored. The Cat people liked to have the Family around, being busy, thus giving themselves an interest in following our activities. So, on the Friday, which happened to be Good Friday (towards the end of April), we had a big family reunion when the others returned. We talked about Vancouver, which seemed a nice enough place, and the Guv wanted to know all about how we had managed at home; and he spoke to each Cat person separately. Unfortunately Buttercup felt sick when she arrived, but after having a rest she quickly recovered.

I received a very nice gift of a book entitled "The Cat", which was written by a veterinarian. It was inscribed "To the Ma of all the Cats" and, although the writing closely resembled the Guv's, it was "from Sindhi Blue Eyes". It is still one of my greatest treasures and whenever I take it from the bookshelf I feel that Sindhi is close by.

So life continued on with many things just the same as ever, and we found that to live one day at a time was the best way to survive; but we had to make a few adjustments it seemed. Previously Miss Ku'ei had always accompanied the Guv and me when we took the car to collect the mail each morning, except on the high humidity, hot stifling days when even she couldn't enjoy it and would stay at home with Fifi. Now we realized we could not leave Sindhi alone with Fifi because we could not be sure that the little cat would not harass Fifi — and that we would not tolerate. The only thing to do then was to leave Miss Ku'ei with Mrs. Fifi for company, and take the Baby Cat with us. Fifi did not enjoy traveling since her life had been too full of it, but for Ku'ei it would be quite a sacrifice to forfeit her morning drive. It had made her unhappy on those days when the humid heat proved too much for anyone who was unable to shed her fur coat, but Ku'ei was a most understanding person. Sindhi would sit in the car with the Guv while I went into the Walkerville Post Office to collect the mail, and then we would take her for a drive around the streets before returning home. The Guv used to say that if someone approached the car while they were waiting for me she would become quite fierce, telling them in colorful language what she thought of them. He was most concerned because an untrained Siamese can be quite frightening and he didn't know what to do about the situation. In this case there seemed to be more to it than simply an untrained Siamese since, when she was free of her "attacks" she was the sweetest little person one could hope to meet. She was given every consideration and understanding, and the Guv never spared himself in trying to fathom the cause of her apparent unhappiness and unpredictability. We debated whether the difficulty could in some way be connected with her blindness of one eye. Was there some damage? And what had caused the eye problem anyway?

There was no mistaking the fact that something was very wrong, and there was a definite need for constant supervision. Therefore, I continued to devote more and more time to her needs, and I tried to show her that being difficult did not help at all.

By this time the Guv had started to write another book, which meant controlling the Cat People more than ever, especially the little one. So, as I had to devote much time in the role of Cat Guard, I decided to put some of my thoughts and experiences down on paper. I brought out the typewriter and with a big feeling of hope and an idea of achiev-

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

ing something, I decided that if my charges behaved themselves, and if there were not too many diversions, I might possibly end up with something in the way of an acceptable story. I made notes about the Guv; how we had been together for about thirteen years and how the number thirteen had cropped up so often, especially in the years since we had been associated with each other. And then it came to my mind about the Dalai Lama of Tibet, the “Great Thirteenth” about whom I had read and heard so much.

He who was acknowledged to be the last Incarnation of the Dalai Lamas, the fourteenth having publicly proclaimed that he was not an incarnation. My story was going to be full of interesting things, to me at any rate, and hopefully to a few other people. I would have a lot to say about Ku’ei who had come to me in a time of great stress, and when just a few weeks old had sat on my shoulder while together we read a beautiful cat story called “The Cat who went to Heaven”; a delightfully illustrated book all about a little cat who had such a happy experience that it was more than she could contain, and she went straight to Heaven. Unfortunately that book is most likely out of print now. If only I could get all my ideas organized and set out clearly in my mind, then I would be in business.

Some time earlier I had been given to understand that a publisher would be pleased to consider a manuscript if I gave it a “fairly strong occult flavor”. However, it was not to be since I had not felt qualified to write upon the occult, though I was not without experiences in this direction, and the moment had passed.

When I had put together a few pages of notes my Cat Guard duties were less quiet because the Guv had finished his book, but I enjoyed the relaxation it provided for it was a long time since I had done any writing. For a change, and because I had the urge to do so, I had enjoyed a period of studying handwriting instead of concentrating on writing myself. I found this to be a most fascinating science and I met some interesting people, in the business world and in private, and I saw some most interesting handwriting specimens. The other day we were talking about spontaneous impressions etcetera and the Guv said that if he was to alter something after the first writing it was never as good as his first effort. I remarked that a number of times I had written down passages as they had occurred to me, and experiences just as they had come into my head at odd moments, when I felt “inspired”, but that usually I just threw the pages away. I said I didn’t see any use in keeping them for who would be interested in them anyway? Buttercup suggested it was foolish to destroy something you write for it is in those moments of inspiration that one captures something which, if not kept, could be lost forever. The Guv maintains that writing is perhaps one per cent inspiration and the remaining ninety-nine per cent perspiration — in other words, plain hard work. While the Guv had been writing his book, which was all planned in advance and just needed transmitting to paper, he was thinking of the future.

Vancouver would have suited us he said, but how to get there! We would not be allowed to have the cats with us in the cabin if we traveled by air; or in the compartment if we contemplated a train journey; and it was too far by road. I have often wondered why one cannot take a cat, or any pet, in a private room on a train in Canada, even though one can do so in the United States. I have traveled from Canada to New York and from New York to Canada with one or two cats in an ordinary sleeping compartment, on an

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

American train, without any trouble at all. Perhaps we Canadians are somewhat neurotic blaming cats for causing our hay fever, various allergies, and nervous disorders, when a good part of it is imagination — all in our heads. We have made many inquiries about these rules and were told by the authorities that at one time pets WERE allowed on Canadian trains, especially if one traveled in a private sitting room or bedroom. However, the public objected and the practice was discontinued. If it was within my power to have those rules changed I most certainly would, thus avoiding much discomfort and actual misery for many pets.

We were agreed upon one thing and that was to find another place to live; then someone thought of Fort Erie which was a rather convenient journey and not too far to travel. It would take about four hours by rail, with no changes. Once more it would mean someone going first to see what it was really like, this place situated at one end of the Niagara Parkway, close to the Peace Bridge, linking Canada to the United States. The Guv decided to take a look at the district and he said it would be quite suitable but decidedly smaller than Windsor, with a population of around nine thousand. It seemed to be a flourishing little community. We thought that a complete change might result in an improvement in Sindhi's attitude, and we sincerely hoped it would have this effect. The main problem was that Fort Erie, like many places, had an accommodation shortage and we were unable to find a house or an apartment. I was finding it more and more difficult to cope with the feline problem as, sometimes when I was alone with Sindhi in my room she would become excited and start to struggle in my arms. It seemed that whenever she became excited something beyond her control happened and she would become very difficult to handle. Often I had to leave her in the room alone, closing the door, and find myself another place to stay for the remainder of the night — often on the divan in the living room, with Ku'ei and Fifi.

We had arranged to have a Fort Erie newspaper sent to us so that we might follow the advertisements for accommodations because there were so very few vacancies that it was rarely they were ever referred to a real estate office. One day I was halfheartedly looking over the advertisement page when I noticed "House for Rent or Sale", so my interest was aroused and it was only a matter of seconds before I was on the telephone to the advertiser, and soon I was in possession of the essential details. It seemed this dwelling was situated about three miles from Fort Erie and about sixteen miles from Niagara Falls, and set in its own grounds — part of which was reserved for summer cabins and holiday-makers.

It seemed to be just what we needed and the owner, Mrs. C., said there were lots of trees and she was sure the whole place would appeal to us. The house had been, and still was being used as an office from which Mrs. C ran the cabins; but the season would be over by the end of August and the house would be available at any time in September.

This meant another journey to view the premises, and another discussion as to who would go to see the place. I offered to make the journey this time, but I had to consider the "Little Cat". Since our neighbor, Flora, owned a car, and as she would have some time to spare on the weekend, I said "How about me taking Sindhi along?". Everyone appeared rather taken aback but I could not have gone away with a clear conscience if I had to leave

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

her behind for I should have been worried to death wondering what she was up to.

Some people can just take off, leaving behind all their problems, and they seem to be none the worse for it; but I have to stay home or take my problems with me. It is not that I think other people cannot manage, but if I decide to undertake a venture I have to see it through, and Sindhi was my “venture”.

I left a note under Flora’s door asking her to telephone me when she returned from the office so that I might approach her with my idea. Fortunately the proposal met with her approval. Actually, she said she would enjoy the outing she was sure, and so we went ahead with our plans. The Guv was somewhat concerned about Sindhi undertaking such a long journey, as I knew he would be, but it was obvious that either she would accompany me or I would not be able to go.

We planned the undertaking for the weekend since Flora had to be at the office during the week, so we arranged to start out on the Saturday and return on Sunday. We fitted the car out comfortably, and Sindhi would sit in the rear seat beside me with her traveling basket, a nice warm blanket, and a tray for her other needs of nature. Food was provided also because she would need that on arrival, if not before, since cats often will not take food while traveling.

Their metabolism seems to undergo a change and they do not seem to feel the need for anything until they reach their destination and after they have got themselves settled. Domestic cats take about three days to settle down, to get their bearings and become orientated; and until they do get settled they suffer, so that is a good reason for keeping a cat indoors for at least three days after moving. If he or she gets outside of their new home, they just cannot find their way back because they have not become re-orientated.

THE car had been washed and polished and was all ready and waiting for the three of us. The oil had been checked, the gas tank was full, and on this beautiful summer morning Sindhi and I were all ready, and we would call for Flora on the way downstairs. We bade the Family goodbye, with a hug for Fifi and Ku’ei, and reassurance from Buttercup that everything at home would be well looked after so there was no need for me to feel concern. A special message from the Guv who admonished us to be very careful and not to drive too fast. He patted Sindhi affectionately, telling her to be a good girl cat and that he would be missing her but that Ma would take good care of her he was sure. I had to admit (privately) that perhaps I had “bitten off rather more than I could chew” in undertaking this trip (two hundred and sixty miles each way, and parts of the highway were not in too good a condition). However, it was too late to change my mind — the only thing to do was to go ahead and make the best of the situation.

Flora settled herself in the driver’s seat and I sat with Sindhi in the back of the car. Since we were starting early we were not hampered by other traffic on the road. Therefore, we relaxed and enjoyed the scenery and unpolluted morning air, and it never crossed my mind that I would be making the trip again within two or three months, with not one but three Cat People, in a different car and another driver. We sped along for something like an hour and a half and then noticed a roadside restaurant. It was adjoining a service

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

station and seemed like a convenient place to stop for breakfast. Sindhi stayed in the car which we parked in the shade because a closed car can become extremely uncomfortable for a little cat on a hot summer day. After we had finished our meal we felt refreshed and ready to start off again, and so we continued along Highway 401 for mile after mile, through St. Thomas (the city — not the Saint), and on toward Fort Erie. Fortunately neither Flora or I wanted to keep up a nonstop conversation and soon we were oblivious to our surroundings and lost each with our own thoughts. However, drivers seem to keep part of their mind on the mechanical aspect and, immediately there is a need for full consciousness they are instantly alert; otherwise they seem to “tick over” — appearing to propel the vehicle automatically, just like a cat who apparently is sitting dreaming his life away but a slight sound will bring him back to full attention and action.

Although we had lived in Canada for almost two years, still we had not become used to the long distances people traveled, especially by car, on the roads. Two hundred and sixty miles was nothing to a Canadian, but to people such as I and my Family it seemed a very long way.

I wondered what was in Flora’s mind for she too had had many experiences, not all of them pleasant. She was also a New Canadian, having emigrated from Europe. Her life had been full of obstacles and she was doing her best to carve herself a new life. I Would always entertain a warm feeling toward her because she had been one of our earliest contacts in this country: She had been instrumental in making our arrival more pleasant than it would have been, by her kindness in providing all the necessities for our immediate use in the furnished house we had rented. I can still picture the beautiful rosy apples which greeted us as we walked into the living room; however, now we have become accustomed to the pleasures of Canada’s apples, peaches, and various other delights which this country produces.

My reverie undisturbed, Sindhi close beside me, I re- membered Coralie (another young person who I had met in those early days). Coralie was a native Canadian, the first Canadian born person I had met. She was employed in a bank in Riverside Township, and nothing was ever too much trouble for her (which was a great help when everything was a bit different in this New Country).

After I had been to the bank a few times I saw she wanted to say something special to me, and she shyly volunteered the information that her Mother was an avid reader of the Guv’s books. “Oh yes”, she continued, “Mother enjoys the books immensely and she would really love to have one of her volumes autographed by him. Thus a pleasant association resulted which continued until after we left the Windsor area.

Thus I reminisced on the events since our arrival in North America. . . . I had often marveled at the thought of a person we knew in a store in Riverside who traveled sixty miles in an evening just to visit and to play cards, and then make the return journey (another sixty miles) to be at her place of work early the next morning. Then there was the Pet Shop Owner who we met fairly often when we called for Cat Nip or Cat litter, or some other small items of interest. This man had seen the Guv’s name mentioned in an international magazine of some note, and I found it most amusing when he commented,

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

“But you cannot get a mention in there even if you pay.” At such times as these, with no particular problem of the moment to occupy one’s thoughts, there seemed no end to the recollections which come to the surface: I recalled another impression of that Pet Shop. Two beautiful Siamese cats were there awaiting a home; they were fairly adult and I felt attracted to them. They were well past the kitten stage and I went close to the cage where they were, just to be sociable and to greet them. Then I realized they must have thought I was going to take them (and judging by their voices they must have been asking me to do so) and it saddened me that I was unable to do anything about it.

Perhaps one can be too sensitive about things, but I have always felt a certain remorse for approaching them and possibly raising their hopes for a moment, then appearing to let them down. I have often wondered about them and I strongly believe that Siamese cats especially should not be allowed to stay in a pet shop — that orders should be passed on to the breeder. They are too sensitive for the only kind of treatment pet stores are able to provide, and many stores will not contemplate detaining them in such conditions.

At last — we saw by the signposts that we were approaching Fort Erie and we sighed with relief — all of us now beginning to feel weary and getting tired of driving. Just before reaching the Fort Erie Hotel we noticed a sign indicating the Business Section; but it branched off to the left and we wanted to go straight ahead. Finally we arrived at the motel where we had made previous reservations (just across from the Fort Erie Hotel and situated a fair distance from the main shopping area). Fort Erie has two areas — it is in two parts: The south end, which is near the Niagara river (being the original older district), and the north end (newer) more modern, and the main shopping street is Jarvis Street.

We were staying nearer the older part and we had chosen a motel, deciding it would be easier for parking and more accessible for Sindhi’s needs; also, we hoped fewer staff would intrude if she was to be left in the room alone.

We could have done very well with a rest because the temperature had climbed quite a lot by 2 o’clock in the afternoon; but, uncomfortably warm as we were and somewhat exhausted, there was no time to lose, so we made Sindhi comfortable and then we drove off. We had been told about some places to rent in the south end; however, they did not seem to suit our requirements so we decided to go along to see the house on the Parkway. First of all, we returned to the motel to find Sindhi awake and rested, so we took her with us. Once more we passed the south end of the town, then past the foot of Jarvis Street, continuing along the Parkway until we came to Cedar House (the name had appealed to me and I was not disappointed when I saw it); it was built of cedar and I could hardly wait to look around the place.

Sindhi stayed in the car with Flora while I went to investigate. I noticed a few people wandering around the grounds throughout my investigation. Mrs. C. was waiting for me in the house and she was very helpful. She showed me around the rooms which were all on one floor, including a nice sun room which unfortunately was packed full with furniture.

Then we went into the basement to see the water heater and storage space; then

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

out through the side door to see the boat which was docked by the creek and which I thought looked very interesting. This was something we had not known about before and I felt it would be an added interest, especially for the Guv who enjoyed being on or near the water. I went and called Flora to come and take a look around because it is always better to have more than one opinion. She too considered it to be ideal (wishing no doubt that she could take up residence also). We adjourned to Mrs. C's quarters to discuss business details, and she was good enough to provide us with a nice cool drink before leaving.

Of course nothing was decided on that visit because I would have to discuss it with the Family on my return to Windsor. I would tell them all about the nice little house, the lovely trees, and the water (and the Guv would have a clear picture if I concentrated while I described each detail, and he would know whether it was right for us, and what to suggest). Yes, I thought he would like it, with all those trees which he loves, and the Niagara river just across the road; and I was sure the Cat People would enjoy climbing trees and playing amongst the leaves which would soon be falling, though I hoped no-one would come to grief through climbing too high or falling off a branch, or something. However, all this was in the future for nothing had been settled. I had noticed there was a garage, something which would be absolutely essential, for the winter would be extremely cold (wasn't that particular area situated in what is known as "The Snow Belt")? Shiver, shiver, I thought, even though it was no later than July and Mrs. C. was keeping cool under an enormous electric fan.

So we took our departure and returned to our motel rooms where Sindhi soon curled up for a snooze, after dining on a piece of cold chicken and some Carnation evaporated milk. For some reason most of our cats have preferred this brand of canned milk, with occasionally a little cow's milk to moisten their dry biscuits; and always we have a bowl of fresh water placed in a convenient position, something which all cats find necessary and which is just as essential for them as it is for humans.

Flora and I were feeling quite tired by this time, but we needed some food also and this could not be obtained through the motel facilities (excellent and well appointed though they were in every other direction). As the Fort Erie Hotel was just across the road we decided to try the dinning room there for dinner, and we felt much better afterwards,

We were fortunate in having the attention of a very charming young woman who told us she had but recently arrived and therefore was unacquainted with the housing situation, which we had been discussing. Of course we assumed that Lillian was a waitress, otherwise why should she be looking after our table, and it was some time later that we were made aware that she was studying the hotel business. At any rate the meeting was a fortunate one for us because at a future date Lillian was instrumental in helping us with another moving problem; and through her we spent a most happy time in another part of Ontario. I have had many such experiences in my life in that I have met someone, apparently by chance, and it has led to other incidents (mostly fortunate). At one time I would have considered such events merely that — CHANCE; however, eventually I came to realize that a greater force than "chance" influences our lives, and that most of

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

the things which happen to us are planned (somewhere, by someone); even sickness and accidents; and we plan many of them ourselves, even if we find it difficult to accept the concept.

Our rooms were adjoining, with a connecting door. It was more sociable that way, and we thought Sindhi would enjoy the extra space — making it seem more like home and thus giving her a feeling of greater security. We decided to retire to bed without delay so that we would be rested for the coming day, in preparation for our long trek home. There was a television in Flora's room and she told me the next day that she had looked at the screen for awhile before going to sleep (hoping it would help her to "unwind" after the somewhat hectic day). It had been quite exhausting for her since she had done all the driving, as well as providing pleasant companionship for the little Cat and her Ma. As for Sindhi and me, well, we slept in spasms — I slept during the periods when Cat was quiet; but several times I felt feline paws walking over me. Also, she did her share of caterwauling when I would look up to find her sitting high on a tallboy or some other high place. That little creature must have been familiar with every piece of furniture in the room choosing first one place and then another from where she would sing her "solo", but eventually towards the early dawn she and I settled down.

The return journey was uneventful; we had traversed the territory before so there was nothing new to distract our attention. It was another heavenly day, and again we had started out in the early hours. As we sped along the Highway my thoughts were of Home and the Family — four of them eagerly awaiting our return (we expected). My makeup being such that my Home means a great deal to me, I do not enjoy being away from it or leaving the Family for very long. It is not that I consider myself to be indispensable for there is no one who cannot be done without; it is merely that my nature demands stability and reliability, which my Home represents. I have not preferred the constant moving which has been our lot, but since there is nothing one can do about it I have ceased to worry, and have adopted the maxim, "If you cannot change it — accept it." Being of an imaginative nature I speculated on the reactions of the Family regarding this property I had just seen. Would they feel the same as I did and decide to give Cedar House a trial?

Personally, I hankered after the freedom it would offer — a house situated all by itself with no other dwelling close by, I visualized myself amongst the trees where, like Ferdinand the Bull, I might just sit and smell the flowers. From this it may be deduced that I am not an energetic person, not physically at any rate; but I do have a great affinity with tree life, and the Guv has increased my devotion with many interesting stories of their origin and purpose. I know that to be close to them induces harmony and tranquility (if one believes), and I know that they are indeed thinking entities. As we drove along I had a vivid memory of an incident when Silver Tabby lived with us. He spent many hours resting on a big branch of The Old Apple Tree, just by the back entrance in our little garden where we had lived in a London suburb. I remembered the Guv was having a telepathic conversation with Silver Tabby, as we all sat quietly in the room, when, expressing a look of surprise, the Guv asked audibly, "However did you know that?" Immediately came the response, "Well, I will tell you — Mr. Tree told it to me."

Since that time I have held the Tree People in even higher regard. The American

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Indians had a great respect for trees and in their writings one can read of The Great Tree Spirit, who they held in deep veneration. Yes indeed, I hoped with great fervor that everyone would agree this was a move well worth considering.

It would not be strictly correct to say that our return journey was ENTIRELY uneventful for, before we reached Windsor, the car “conked out” — on the Walkerville road, a few miles from home. So my first greeting to the Family was by telephone, with a request for someone to come and collect Sindhi and me. Flora had to stay with the automobile until a mechanic could get out there and see if he could get it going; otherwise it would have to be towed away. Judging by Flora’s expression I guessed that all was not well as we sped along, and the engine seemed to lack its natural “purr”; but she did not comment until we actually came to a halt, and then she did say something . . . which I will not repeat here!! Later she admitted that, in her eagerness to reach home as quickly as possible, she had overdriven and the car just would not (or could not) make it. The Guv was most tolerant when I reported our predicament and he said it would not be long until a car would be there for us. Later he explained how a machine, or an instrument of any kind, will give far better service if you give it the attention it needs, plus a certain amount of understanding. Many people have commented on the Guv’s magic touch when dealing with a car, a camera, and even a typewriter, when another person could do nothing with it. The Guv and the instrument seem to blend together and become one unit, and I have seen him produce really good pictures from an ordinary box camera when another person would do no better with a far superior instrument. Even the tools he uses receive the same treatment; I have never known him to put them away after use without the same care he reserves for a sophisticated piece of machinery, and it is not an exaggeration to say you would have to go a long way before finding such a perfectionist in whatever task was being undertaken.

Fifi and Ku’ei looked contented as though they had been well cared for in my absence (as they had been) and we were all happy to be together again. I was very proud of Ku’ei who had never spent more than a very few nights of her life without me. Once when she was quite young the Guv and I had found it necessary to be away together for twenty-four hours, and on our return we were told she had taken no food at all. It certainly gave us a fright, so never again did we both go away at the same time unless it was for only a few hours. It was quite obvious that if our trip had lasted another twenty-four hours Miss Ku’ei would no longer have been at home to greet us.

The Guv had a private conversation with Sindhi and I didn’t dare think of the interpretation she was placing on that outing — how she was describing her experiences. She probably said, “Thank heaven I’m back with you Guv and not cavorting around the countryside with those crazy women. I did hear a whisper though, that she had found the trip to be so long she was sure she had been all the way to Vancouver!

After some discussion, and having made the big decision to uproot ourselves again — everybody agreeing it would be for the best, we began to look forward to the move with pleasurable anticipation. What a change it would be to get away from all the Riverside Drive distractions where, just below our windows, traffic went speeding by at all hours of the day and night. At the other side of the road were the railroad tracks — and

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

it was almost at the end of the line, so with trains passing by and the shunting which went on, there was hardly a quiet moment. Ocean going ships, lakers and local craft on the Detroit river added to the pandemonium and when the Cat People went into hiding at the sound of the frequent foghorn blasts, we felt like doing the same.

Really there was much to commend this change, and everybody believed it would be a successful move so we began to make preparations. One important item was what to do about our furniture which we had bought the previous year, and while not wildly expensive or elaborate, was still something we owned. There would be very few things we could take with us to a furnished house which was not very big and already crowded, so what could we do? Our first idea was to approach the owner of the store where it had been purchased (which we did), and to our surprise and utter dismay we were informed in a not too polite manner that there was no demand for used furniture and he was just not interested. If this was true of Windsor, we found other parts of the country to be somewhat more reasonable in this respect; or perhaps we had just been unfortunate in our first experience. However, it's an ill wind that profits no one, and we were able to assist a young man who, having just got married, was having difficulty in getting a home together.

He was very pleased to accept our offer, and so it was arranged that on our departure he would take all but the very few small personal items which we would need ourselves. We had reached the point where we almost expected to have to pay someone to take the goods away, so the young man had helped us too in removing them. He had done us one or two favors in the past, so it was a case of "one good turn deserves another".

How is it that a family can accumulate so many possessions in the course of a few months, I wondered. Certainly we were no exception, and I was reminded of it the other day on hearing that Mrs. Ford, the President's wife, had to go back to their old home in Virginia to do a lot of sorting out in the attic, or something, before finally settling into the White House. Well, no doubt the President's wife had a lot more sorting out to do than we had, and she had only one (instead of three) Siamese to help her but Top Cat "Shan" was probably already well installed and performing important duties at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Anyhow we certainly found a great deal of unnecessary paraphernalia, and after disposing of it we were lighter in spirit, as well as possessions, while vowing that never again would we give way to hoarding articles which we did not need.

Everything was planned for our departure in the early part of September, the first week if possible as we were eager to get to what would be our new home — the place where we would be staying for at least six months with an option to continue the tenancy on a monthly basis. The Guv's book was completed and in the hands of the publisher so we were, in a way, "ticking over" as far as our business and professional activities were concerned.

Our traveling arrangements were all in order, particularly regarding preparations for the Cat People. A friend, Mrs. Ruth Durr (or just "Ruth" as she had come to be known to us), had offered to drive me (along with Fifi, Ku'ei and Sindhi) in her fairly big, if not so new, blue car. So that was a great help and we were delighted to accept her offer because we had been wondering how we would manage. The Cat People liked Ruth and

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

they treated her as one of the Family because she spent a good part of the day in part of our house, which she used as an office while she was waiting for her own store to be completed. Her supplies had begun to arrive and she had no place to keep them in the meantime; so the Guv had offered her some space, with the blessing of our Landlord, and she has always been grateful to the Guv for, in a way, being responsible for her start in business.

Indeed he had given her a great deal of moral support and encouraged her to branch out on her own when she had seemed to hesitate and ponder upon the responsibilities involved (and now she is possibly the leading supplier of books in her area). When her store eventually opened, we used to drive along and get our supplies from her, and if you have read Fifi's book, "Living with the Lama", Ruth Durr will be no stranger to you. She always kept in stock a delightful selection of Cat books, and each time she has come across something which she thought would interest us she has been kind enough to send us a copy.

So, final arrangements were made and at last THE DAY arrived. The Guv was quite sick and it was not certain whether he would be able to travel; it was a horrid situation, with our place in something of an upheaval, and we could not be sure he would feel any better tomorrow. However, he did start out later in the day and was able to do the journey after making an overnight rest en route.

It was a relief to the Guv to know that Ruth was going to be with me, especially as she cared for and understood Cat People, and she was "owned" by two of them — a friendly "black and white" whose name I do not recall for the moment, and a Siamese named Chuli.

Now it was time for leaving, so we picked up the suitcases and bags which would be needed immediately and the five of us made our way to the car (in a few minutes we would be on our way once more to Fort Erie — at least it would be the second time for Sindhi and me). When we started out I had one creature on my lap, one on my shoulder, and the third (Fifi) sitting sedately by my side. They were all within my reach so that I was able to keep reassuring them that all was well, and until they became tired they were interested in everything. I was sure the Guv had spoken to them because their conduct was remarkable and I was proud of my trio of Cat People.

There was plenty to think about and so I appreciated the cooperation which the other three passengers were offering. The three Felines seemed to be enjoying themselves, especially Miss Ku'ei who had always adored driving. As I have often remarked, she seemed to take great pleasure in just sitting on my lap, neck stretched out, and head hanging over my knees. It was just as though she had left her body parked there and gone sailing away to another place; and we had often talked about the great pleasure she derived from this method of recreation (which suited her so well).

Ruth seemed to be occupied with her own thoughts and I soon found myself looking toward the future and provisionally making plans for my side of our activities. Before coming to a final decision it has mostly been our practice to discuss with each other what we were thinking of doing, and it has always seemed a good idea because then

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

problems can be avoided, and in a way “ironed out” before they are allowed to grow. I knew roughly what the sleeping arrangements would be because it had been discussed before; and really, in a two bedroom dwelling there was little choice.

Since a good part of the day was always spent in the main room, it was obvious that would be most suitable for the Guv; and the big picture window would provide a pleasant view over the Niagara river. But first of all it would be necessary to rearrange the furniture and take away the huge piano which dominated the room. Buttercup would have the room near the entrance and that would leave the Cat Family and their Ma to the so-called Master bedroom which was set up with twin beds, a view of the grounds, and a somewhat musty odor due no doubt to the moist atmosphere and lack of use. Ruth was going to stay overnight and I would do my best to see that she was comfortable, and left undisturbed.

On this second trip we had not started out from Windsor so early, so by the time we reached Cedar House it was close to supper time, and we all felt tired and hungry so we looked forward to a nice meal and a good night's rest.

LIFE very rarely turns out the way we plan, and perhaps it is a good thing so that we are prevented from getting into a rut; we have to keep on the alert, always ready to face the unexpected. That first night was not very restful after all for everyone seemed over tired and disorientated, as indeed we were. In the first place I had deposited Sindhi in the sun room and left the other two Cat People to investigate the rest of the house because Ruth and I had a few things to do before settling down with the Children. After a few minutes I noticed Sindhi also wandering around and I thought my eyes were deceiving me, but after she had emerged two or three times even though the door was closed I realized there must be another way to get out of the sun room. I felt rather foolish when eventually I saw a kitchen window leading into the sun room was wide open and Sindhi Cat had obviously been amusing herself at my expense. Although we sat down to a very simple meal consisting of a few supplies we had brought along, we really enjoyed it, followed by a nice pot of tea to which Ruth was very partial, and soon she decided to retire as she had to get back to Windsor the next day and attend to some business matters regarding the store.

By this time the Cat People were beginning to look rather weary, and the Little One was quite restless and somewhat irritable, so I debated the problem of how best to get us all settled for the night. In the end I decided to put Sindhi in the Master bedroom and stay with her for a time until she felt a little more rested, and then I would share the chesterfield in the living room with Fifi and Ku'ei. I noticed a big armchair also which the Cat People might find a bit more comfortable if Ma should prove to be restless. Before going to sleep I thought I would have a little session with my small radio, and I knew the programs would be coming from Niagara Falls or Welland while the main newscasts would be relayed from Toronto. Fort Erie did not have a radio station but that was not important for it was quite simple to tune in to Buffalo, New York, which was just across the river, and we later enjoyed some very good programs from that city.

But on that first night, all my efforts were doomed to failure. No matter what I did

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

I couldn't get a sound out of the thing — it seemed quite dead. I shook it, twiddled the knobs, and finally gave up in frustration and weariness, deciding to try the Land of Dreams instead, with the intention of putting my radio problem before the Guv who would have no difficulty in solving it. But dreams do not come to order and in the darkness I found myself drifting around and remembering past experiences; some pleasant, others not so pleasant, and some probably not even worthy of recording.

At one period of my life I had used a certain method of inducing sleep which usually worked; it was a process of “regressing” my thoughts, thinking back — back — and further back on the events of my life, and usually I didn't get very far before achieving the desired effect — SLEEP. Later I reasoned that it was not advisable to indulge in this practice so I gave it up in favor of looking to the future; looking forward and making plans with the intention of improving the days ahead instead of just reliving the past which, I decided, gets one nowhere. Besides, now I am able to induce the state of sleep by complete relaxation which I have learned through the Guv's books. So why work hard at something when you can achieve better results with less effort? Now I compromise with myself when resting for a few minutes, or even in going about my routine duties. I allow myself to daydream a little and take a peep into the past, otherwise how can I hope to improve the future (and as that system was presumably used by the old Atlanteans, how could I hope to improve on it), and this way I find the practice a pleasant and useful form of relaxation.

So, while not in a deep sleep but just hovering near the border, I felt myself drifting around, wondering about the future and how it would compare with the past. Life in Ireland (that remnant of Atlantis) had been very enjoyable, living as we did by the sea, on the Hill facing Ireland's Eye and Lambay Island, and the Mountains of Mourne away in the distance but not always visible. We had taken a drive one evening around the Hill of Howth and that was how we spied this “House for Rent” sign, and the welcoming cry of the sea gulls made us feel at home. The memories of Howth came flooding into my consciousness and I remembered how the Guv used to let himself down the side of the cliff on the end of a rope. He used to enjoy “exploring” the caves which were there at sea level, and I used to think it must bring back many happy thoughts of his younger years.

The Guv was more agile at that time and he was able to take walks around the garden with Fifi and Ku'ei who loved to accompany him; and I used to take pictures of the Family. But cats do not enjoy being photographed — not our cats anyhow.

We were living in this particular house when we found Fifi, or did Fifi find us? And for that reason alone I would reserve a special place in my heart for Ben Edair, the little house which for a time provided a measure of peace and sanctuary for us.

From a place somewhat higher a little plateau on the Hill, I had taken a short ciné film of the Guv where, first he sat on a rock where I took a “close-up”, and then he walked toward me, and the result was very pleasing even though the equipment we had used was quite modest. The beautiful blue of the sky, blending with the saffron of the robes created a delightful effect and we derived much pleasure from viewing it on the big screen, on which we showed slides and short ciné films in the evenings. The Irish people had been

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

very friendly towards us and I always felt an affinity with them; and the Guv and I used to enjoy listening to many of the Irish songs — one Irish lullaby having a great appeal for us.

Personally I had always found great pleasure and satisfaction in listening to the recordings of John McCormick, the Irish tenor. His voice seemed to soothe my nerves and raise my “vibrations” (a much overworked word these days) . . so with all these pleasant memories flooding my mind on that first night it was not surprising that I woke up feeling refreshed and contented, though my sleep had been “fitful”.

Later that morning I remembered another episode which had not been so pleasant: It was one evening when the Guv said he would take me out in one of the dinghies, which could be rented down by Howth Harbor and which was powered by an outboard motor. For a time we were really enjoying the trip when gradually an eerie feeling pervaded the atmosphere. Dusk seemed to be descending prematurely, and then suddenly a squall blew up and we had to turn towards the shore as fast as we could. It was not until we reached home that I realized how serious and in what great danger we had been, and how it had taken all the Guv’s energy and knowhow to prevent us from capsizing and being carried away — probably disappearing forever. What a responsibility it would have been for Buttercup (who expressed great relief on our return) had she been left with two poor orphaned Siamese People; and how distressing for Fifi and Ku’ei.

We breakfasted a little late and Ruth said she had spent a comfortable night, having been supervised periodically when a cat would walk over her bed to check and see whether she was still breathing. After breakfast she suggested driving along to the grocery store in the town to get a few provisions which we urgently needed, and while she was away I tidied up around the house as much as I could.

On her return (which was around eleven o’clock) she had a light lunch because she wanted to leave no later than midday; but she was hoping to see the Guv before leaving and we had no idea of the exact time he would arrive. So I went out with Ruth to her car and at that moment, almost as though planned, just coming up to the entrance was the easily identifiable pink and gold Mercury bearing the Guv, with Buttercup at the wheel — just in time to say “Hello” and “Goodbye”.

At last the Family were together again, so we all sat down and reported our experiences since leaving Windsor. Nothing too exciting seemed to have happened to any of us fortunately, though we did remember one or two small details which had not been attended to before our departure.

But it was a simple matter to telephone the owners who lost no time in dealing with these simple problems. My radio was standing on the table and the Guv asked me how I had found the programs and whether I had listened to anything special, or if I had found any one station better than another. Rather sheepishly I had to admit that I could not pass an opinion since the “so-and-so” radio had refused to work for me. And I really did feel like a sheep when he examined the thing and found the batteries had been put in the wrong way “round. Ah, well, I thought, we live and learn.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

After that problem had been dealt with we were eager to take a good look around the place, so when the Guv was ready we went exploring — first of all down to the basement to look at the hot water and heating arrangements. The Guv examined everything carefully while the “People” poked their noses into every nook and cranny. We were interested to see a workbench, fitted with tools, which showed that Mrs. C’s late husband must have been something of a carpenter; but we were not at all interested in a billiard table which, in our opinion, occupied too much space. So we moved it to one side of the room, much to the chagrin of Mrs. C. when she found out (it seems that a billiard table has to be set up very accurately and we had really revealed our ignorance in treating it in such a thoughtless manner, when she had paid someone to install it).

The Cat People often went down to the basement, ostensibly to catch a mouse, and sometimes we wondered who would run the fastest, mouse or cat, if by chance they did encounter such a creature. Since they looked upon themselves as People and not Cats, one hoped they would not allow a mouse to chase THEM.

Each of the Cats wore a harness and lead when she went outside so we were able to maintain a proper check on their movements. The harness was exactly that and not just a collar around the neck, with a lead attached, but with pieces of leather fitting around the “arms”, providing a comfortable effect even if it became necessary to give a slight “tug” occasionally. Until a cat gets used to being “harnessed” it is not unusual for the creature to sit down, refusing to move; and in Miss Ku’ei’s case it took a good deal of time and patience before she acceded to the arrangement. Of course the procedure was introduced in kittenhood and later she would never dream of going outside without being “dressed”.

It was not long before Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers was shinning up a tree, and the Guv was almost having a heart attack in case she would break away and climb so high that we would not be able to reach her. Of course, we attached a piece of twine to the end of the lead, which was not long enough to satisfy her, and there were times when we had to run into the garage and fetch a ladder to assist us in rescuing her. It had long been Fifi’s ambition to do some tree-climbing and she was going to make the most of the opportunity while it lasted. When she began to get tired she would rest on a wide branch (of course the Guv always chose the most suitable trees for her exercises), and knowing how little pleasure she had ever had, it gave us pleasure too to see her sitting there with an expression of absolute content — and a definite air of achievement.

Miss Ku’ei and Miss Sindhi were not so interested in tree-climbing but they loved investigating on the ground and playing with the various hued autumn leaves which were beginning to fall fairly rapidly now. Looking back on those weeks before the advent of winter, one is left with a delightful sense of satisfaction in the knowledge that those little people had had such a happy time out-of-doors, which was something they had all missed in their earlier life.

The Guv was eager to try out the dinghy which was moored in the little creek, just down a few steps and close to the rear entrance of the house. So, at the first opportunity I was pleased to accompany him. We decided to make the trial trip without other pas-

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

sengers, just to be sure everything was safe and in good working order (and we had not forgotten our experience in Ireland when we were caught in a squall). Out of the creek we moved into the Niagara river; and everything went well so we spent an enjoyable time. I was not too afraid to go on the water because in an emergency I would be able to swim a little, and I knew the Guv would see that nothing too awful would happen to us. Of course, I may have had a few subconscious reservations because once I had almost drowned, and would have done so had there not been someone at hand to rescue me immediately. And another experience which had caused amusement in spite of my predicament, was on a river in England when, for some reason, I and my boating companion were going to moor our boat. While I was reaching out to pull the boat in it gradually drifted away and I found myself in the water, feeling very undignified and altogether miserable, while my companion could do little to help, being overcome with a fit of laughter at the sight of me slowly slipping out of the boat and drenched to the waist. The situation must have been cause for mirth to the onlooker, but it left me chilled and not very amiable until at last I had to laugh also.

Well, we took trips on the Niagara river as often as possible, and we were fortunate that year in that the warm weather lasted until about November. Mrs. C. had taken away the screens from the windows and put up the extra "double" windows in preparation for the winter, but the temperature remained so high that we had to revert to the summer arrangement and put back the screens until almost the end of the year.

Sindhi took several boating excursions with us, and she behaved very well but her temperament continued to be unreliable, so we still felt greatly concerned about her. The warm autumn days were conducive to idling on the water; and on occasion we would just drift in the other direction, up the creek instead of down into the main river.

Sindhi seemed to enjoy these outings, at least she did not protest, though she probably kept private her real thoughts on the matter. If the Guv was not going out, and there was shopping to do, I would accompany Buttercup, and Sindhi would go along too, sometimes going as far as Niagara Falls which was bigger than Fort Erie and therefore enjoyed a greater variety of stores. There were no stores close by Cedar House so it was necessary to take the car each time shopping had to be done. It was interesting to note the different foods each girl cat liked best. Fifi always enjoyed lobster (canned lobster) which seemed to contain everything necessary for her physical well-being, and since she had been half-starved during the greater part of her existence, it was necessary to see that she had all she needed to keep her going in her later days. Canned lobster is far too costly these days, but when Fifi was with us we always managed to keep her supplies adequate and, apart from the solid part, she also loved the liquid which to her was "Lobster Wine". Ku'ei was not greatly interested in food, and she was a most adaptable person in this respect. Having moved from one country to another it had been necessary to take whatever each country had to offer; thus, at one period she enjoyed rabbit cooked in a pressure cooker, which she considered very succulent, but when rabbit was not obtainable she would switch to chicken or fish, and she would take her food in a most polite manner.

Ku'ei was a most dainty person and her table manners matched her appearance,

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

but on occasion I would marvel at the sight of this apparently fragile creature manipulating a big chunk of chicken, perhaps a leg, grasped tightly between her teeth, head held high so that the meat did not touch the floor, marching off to a quiet corner where she might really get down to a good meal without interference and audience. To digress a little from the problem of food I must put on record that Miss Ku'ei had the most beautiful features which any cat (or human for that matter) might envy, and each time I had to prise open her mouth to give her vitamins or other medication, or even spoon feed her when she was sick, I never ceased to marvel at her beautifully shaped mouth, and I gloried in the delicate beauty of MY CAT. Her coloring was a little darker than the normal seal point, probably due to the fact that her father was a "chocolate soldier" (a chocolate point Siamese), while her mother was a seal point. Her eyes, like those of Elizabeth Taylor, were a deep violet — a color which has been declared "very unusual".

In my enthusiasm for Ku'ei and her beauty, my affection for Fifi and Sindhi was no less and never wavered. Fifi was probably the sweetest natured Cat Person we had ever known, her thoughts were constantly fixed on the welfare of others and she never desired anything for herself. As for Baby Sindhi, wasn't she my Big Responsibility, and so charming in her own special way. She never had a great interest in any special foods and, judging from her appearance when we first found her, it seemed that she had suffered greatly from lack of care and understanding, and had probably been grateful for any scraps which came her way. It was no problem to satisfy this little person, and she always joined the Guv and me at breakfast when the three of us started the day with a meal of scrambled eggs which she ate with much gusto.

Later, when the time came that Sindhi was no longer with us in the physical, when she finally had to leave our care, it was a long time before we were able to bring ourselves to take scrambled eggs — and never again for breakfast. Such are one's emotions, and we would not contemplate doing anything which would bring back too vividly, and too soon, our sadness at losing this much loved Person.

Right in front of the picture window in the living room we had a most wonderful display of wildlife. Birds in glorious garb would come to take food which we had put out for them, and one of the most colorful of these birds was the Red Cardinal. One of the greatest pleasures of our day was in watching these Nature People, and always we would find amongst them a large number of so-called "house sparrows", a bird especially close to my heart. Even now when I am out walking in the morning, just collecting the mail, I experience a delightful "glow" at the sound of the chirping song of greeting, which I like to believe is something special for me.

One sparrow for whom I had had a special name used to fly from telegraph pole to telegraph pole, sometimes swooping down before me as I walked along the street — and even waited while I did a little shopping before accompanying me home again. I used to think the Guv had told Pete Feathers he should look after me!!! And I felt a real affinity with Francis of Assisi.

One of our extra special friends at Cedar House was of great interest to our Smaller People. This creature was a very friendly raccoon and he often came in front of the win-

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

dow. It was really something to witness our three when they spied him for they must have thought him enormous.

Recently I met someone who was employed in the building where we now live and her conversation reminded me of those days at Cedar House. Lisa told me a little about her life and how she came to Canada from Germany, made a home for herself, and started out with a little dog as a companion.

“But now”, she took great pride in relating to my anxious ears, “now I have a cat!” “And is he BIG!” “He is a “Coon!” We have enjoyed many conversations with Lisa, and she is a most kind person who delights in presenting little gifts to those who treat her with kindness and respect.

This period at Cedar House was a time of peace and contentment, and no doubt there may have been (and probably were) various problems and minor irritations, but it is nice to remember the HAPPINESS.

I have a friend who is fairly well endowed with this world's goods, and she came to visit us all the way from the Orient. We spent a very enjoyable time within the environs of Montreal and she was especially intrigued with the Queen Elizabeth Hotel where we spent a lot of time exchanging experiences. Friendships do not come easily to me so this was a period of special significance; and Suzanne was not too satisfied with her life at that time. During one of our discussions we came to the subject of happiness and one day she made quite a bright suggestion she thought. Of course I did not take her seriously when she suddenly said, “You know, Ra’ab, I have been thinking that it might not be a bad idea if we made a deal.” I wondered what was to follow, and then I was highly amused when she continued: “How about me trading my worldly goods in exchange for your state of “happiness?” I believe she was half serious too. Needless to say we did not make a deal, and neither did she really expect it. We have corresponded for something like four years now and Suzanne has attained a greater degree of contentment and tranquility, assisted very greatly (she says) by Angel, her devoted Siamese — the same Angel who refers to me as “Mama-San of Cat People”. Happiness and true friendship are things worth striving for. To have them one needs little more, and without them the tapestry of life is less colorful, thus the poorer.

To add to the pleasure of each day were squirrels and ground hogs to entertain us. We were surrounded by all these creatures, and more. But one thing we were thankful for — we did not have frogs in the bathroom, an experience which was not denied us in South America where in our first home we had a more or less permanent Mr. Frog resident in our bathroom — much to the dismay of the Family, including Miss Ku’ei who began to wonder to whom we would next be offering hospitality. Miss Ku’ei had quite a sense of humor, and her telepathic comments (translated by the Guv) caused us much amusement, adding a little zest to our secluded life.

It was really interesting to see her watching birds from the window, especially something large like a pigeon or a gull. She would become quite excited and, with a muttering sort of “chatter”, was probably telling the bird to “Just wait until I can get a hold of you — you will provide a beautiful meal for me!” One always hoped these remarks were

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

not meant to be taken seriously.

As the days gradually shortened and the evenings seemed longer we all retired earlier, each to our own room so there was more opportunity for reading and listening to the radio. Miss Sindhi, like my shadow, was never very far away from me — my thought was that if she stayed right beside me with the door closed I could devote the greater part of my attention to reading or listening to a radio program. Towards the end of the day one needs to put aside the strains and stresses of the day and be able to enjoy a little period of relaxation without interruption. Unfortunately this does not seem possible for many people, or possibly they do not realize the necessity of a quiet period occasionally — how it would assist them in coping with their problems and making their lives altogether more enjoyable, and fulfilling.

So, knowing there would be no feline hissing or spitting, Sindhi and I were able to make the most of each other's company since no one else was likely to intrude. Miss Ku'ei put up with this state of affairs for some time (not very happily I felt), and then she gradually asserted her authority in a quiet sort of way. At first she would come into the room, along with Sindhi and me, and she would settle herself down on a chair on one side of my bed, or on my bed (with Sindhi on the other side) and stay for short periods only.

When Sindhi became too restless Ku'ei just had to leave and join Fifi on the chessterfield in the Guv's room, where she would spend the remainder of the night. But Miss Ku'ei was quite a determined young lady, as are most persons born in July, and in the end she had so completely regained her position that she was once again staying all night with Sindhi and me; thus the Guv had become Mrs. Fifi's sole responsibility during the hours of darkness, a situation which gave her the greatest possible satisfaction. I sometimes wondered whatever must have been said to the poor little Sindhi Cat to make her tolerate Ku'ei's intrusion into Sindhi's quiet time with Ma. Perhaps it was just as well I did not know what had been said for no doubt it would have made my ears burn, so I would never know whether it was from a sense of apprehension as to what her fate might be if she continued in her truculent attitude, or whether she just decided that "the battle was not worth the effort". But the end result seemed satisfactory for these two settled down into a sort of armed neutrality.

If cats are subject to the same influences as human animals, then Ku'ei must have spent many miserable moments through being "shut away" from her Ma. Being a Siamese she had a double reason for being unhappy about the position, for Siamese People are noted for their trait of possessiveness; they usually expect to be a "One Person Cat" as far as humans are concerned, and they do not easily tolerate competition from others of their own species. Often a Siamese will be just as happy in the company of a dog, but there is one exception regarding the possessive attitude. If one has two kittens of the same age, and even of the same litter, they will each accept the other without malice, and indeed they will often spend a happier life than one Cat Person all alone, especially if human attention is not readily available — or if the cat would be left on his own for long periods. Like Siamese, July born people often suffer very greatly through a feeling of loneliness — a fear of being misunderstood, or even not being understood at all. In some ways these people may be looked upon as the martyrs of the world, and sometimes they

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

will consider themselves as such. They will work around the problem (or project) until they have attained the desired goal, be it a situation or an object upon which their mind is set. In this respect Miss Ku'ei was very "humanlike", and also in the way she would display great affection for the person whose cat she understood herself to be, more than to another person — just as many July born "Human Animals" are (so to speak) "one-person cats".

The so-called master bedroom was stuffy and I never really got to feel "at home" or "comfortable" in those surroundings, though it could have been worse except for the fact that I tend to live more in my mind than in my surroundings. If my mind is fairly free of problems I am not greatly concerned with my surroundings because, usually, my thoughts are in another dimension. Still, the room was a bit depressing, set low on the ground; consequently always rather dark, with a feeling of dampness, and anything but a friendly atmosphere. When the lights were out and the curtains drawn aside (after we had gone to bed) I used to amuse myself by watching the traffic passing along the Parkway, by the edge of the river. Of course I had to keep the curtains drawn on the occasions when I was going to do some reading because the house, although set in its own grounds, was not sufficiently secluded to preclude curious onlookers and those who are known by the horrible title of "Peeping Tom".

Even though it means doing a bit of trespassing, certain people do not seem to be able to resist the urge to pry into the private lives of others, especially if the "attraction" is a lighted room with drapes undrawn. Cedar House was no exception.

It was nice to listen to the radio and we did this fairly often while watching the traffic; and the Cat People seemed to enjoy the musical program, but the broadcasts which stayed most clearly in my mind were the talks preceding the United States presidential election. Listening to the Republican candidate, Nixon, it would seem that only by voting Republican and continuing on the lines of the Eisenhower administration could America survive. Then there would be the young Democrat, Kennedy, apparently full of charm and persuasiveness, advocating a complete change. So it was no wonder the voters were a bit confused, perplexed, and left wondering who would really serve the country best. It has always interested me to hear of the promises each candidate makes in the hope of being elected. So these talks were no exception, especially in the light of subsequent events.

Each of those candidates has had an opportunity to exercise his skill as President of the United States, and most people would have found it hard to believe that, within the span of less than a decade and a half, both of them would be out of office due to forces beyond their control. Richard Nixon must often have regretted continuing in the political arena, following the time he lost the Governorship of California when he declared, "Well, you won't have Richard Nixon to push around any more." Those words were directed to the press of course and one is left wondering, just a few weeks after his resignation as President, whether he will ever again enjoy a measure of peace; or will he have to endure being "pushed around" for the remainder of his days. Whatever misdemeanor a person may or may not have committed, surely there must be a limit to the shame, embarrassment and persecution they are expected to endure. And those who are so prone to judge and pronounce sentence are not always so free of guilt as they would appear.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

The campaign period of the early sixties came to mind again this week when it was announced that the last of the Kennedy brothers had found it necessary to abandon all thoughts of entering the presidential, or vice-presidential, race in 1976 — he had decided he could not contemplate running for either position two years from now. Considering the fate of his two elder brothers this was obviously the most sensible, and indeed the only decision left, for after all who amongst us is anxious to go headlong into disaster when the warning is crystal clear?

By this time the mornings were becoming quite cool, and we felt rather sad when we thought of the rapidly approaching winter months. But it was still warm enough to take the Cat People outside in what was now a “fall” sunshine. Buttercup and I had quite a time keeping these creatures in check since they had more energy now that it was cooler. They were as lively as three young horses, and they would have enjoyed more than anything to break away from their leashes and, like young horses, gallop away into the distance. On some of the colder days Sindhi and Ku’ei would go out driving with the Guv and me; Sindhi having been told she would have to behave herself — or else!!! Mrs. Fifi would stay home with Buttercup.

If we wanted to take longer than just a few minutes drive we might go as far as Welland, which was about the same distance as Niagara Falls, where we would pass along by the Welland Canal (which is part of the Great Lakes Waterway). Another place we might visit was beyond Fort Erie, right along Garrison Road, a few miles further than the Fort Erie Hotel. This was a little community by the name of Crystal Beach — a well-known holiday resort populated in the summer months by many United States residents who owned summer cottages there by the river and, during the tourist season, very noisy with its various “fair” type attractions.

It was during this period that we decided it might be a good idea to have a different car; perhaps something a little more economical since the Mercury had needed a fair amount of “attention”; and its gasoline consumption was considerable. It was a bigger vehicle than we really needed, so we cast around for something smaller. After the usual Family discussion we contacted a company in Niagara Falls and arranged for the proprietor to come to our house so that we might have his opinion on the matter. Finally, after some negotiation, we found ourselves the owners of a little Renault — a car of French manufacture which was approved of by Mrs. Fifi (being of French extraction herself) who considered it would provide good service, though she was not planning to travel in it unless absolutely necessary.

The acquisition of this little car brought back memories of one or two episodes in Ireland which had caused us a good deal of amusement and which, even as I recall them so long afterwards, I am unable to suppress a chuckle. I feel sure that the Guv, with his acute sense of humor, will not object to these incidents being included in the “Sindhi” story. While living in Howth, near Dublin (well, not more than a dozen miles from that city), we had a visitor — a bearded young man, and one day he turned up at our house with a new car, a small affair which he called a “Bubble” — or something.

Anyway it seemed to us a most odd contraption, and one had to pull open the plastic

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

roof before one was able to get inside the “machine”. (Before going any further I have to say that, “Yes, I do have the Guv’s permission to tell the story.” Well . . . , I just informed him that he had given me the go-ahead!!!) This vehicle was only a two-seater, at most, and the Guv received an invitation to accompany the bearded young man and “take a spin” around the countryside. The Guv, never averse to a fresh experience, agreed of course — even if he did look askance at this strange device. As they left, Buttercup and I had to smile at the sight of them — apparently enclosed in a plastic dome. It was not until they returned, however, that we were made aware of the really amusing part: The weather being warm, they had opened the roof (and since the inside space was so limited they no doubt needed the extra air) and they went driving right away beyond the city, enjoying the scenery and probably absorbed in an interesting conversation. Suddenly the Guv realized they had violated a traffic regulation by making a crossing at a red light (and of course there just HAD to be a guardia, an Irish policeman, around). The two occupants sat there in anticipation, waiting for the guardia to come over to them and issue a ticket. And eventually he arrived — but it seemed that the sight of those two bearded “characters” seated in that small “Bubble” was just too much for the officer who was so overcome with mirth that he could only cover his face with one hand while he waved them on, and he himself turned away before they could see his almost uncontrolled laughter! Perhaps this is not such a dignified term to apply to the Guv, but perhaps he will forgive me since my intentions are respectful, but I have to admit (and it cannot be denied) that he is a “good sport” for he daringly accepted a second invitation, and the second incident occurred right in the middle of the bridge which spans the river Liffey — right in the city of Dublin itself. This time, on the O’Connell Bridge, in the center of the city, apparently the clutch had burned out, for the car suddenly stalled and was full of dense white smoke. The driver (our bearded young man) apparently panicked, stepped out, slammed the door and walked away, leaving the Guv to deal with the guardia who, quite naturally, appeared on the scene. Happily, the Irish police officers are very tolerant, and not without a sense of humor either.

Reverting to the subject of beards, we had a few unpleasant experiences in the early days due to ignorance on the part of some of the young people of North America. Especially do I remember an occasion at Crystal Beach when we were standing by the car, where we had parked near a drug store, and I was just going inside the store when a group of youths began to make movements as though they were stroking an imaginary beard, and their remarks (anything but polite) were meant to be heard by us. Yes, the Guv wore a beard for a special reason — he had suffered a dam- aged jaw. But now it seems that we have come “full circle” and beards no longer are a subject of ribald remarks but are being sported by just those types who scoffed at us.

THERE is one big advantage in owning a mini-automobile and that is the ease with which one may find a parking space; but there is also a big danger too in that someone in a much larger car may be speeding along without noticing the “mini”, and it would be a dreadful thing to find oneself disappearing underneath such a vehicle. However, thanks to a kind fate we suffered no such experience while that little car was in our possession, and we enjoyed its compact coziness; but it must have caused something of a problem for the Guv who was somewhat “bulky”, and it must have been rather a problem position-

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

ing himself in its small space. At any rate, this little “box” served our purpose for some months, and it was disposed of only because we were going to be out of the country for a time and we could not take it with us.

As I contemplate these pages I relive once more those days at Cedar House. It is now October and the same time of the year as when we used to “tootle” around the roads and the ground of the Niagara strip; often we seemed to be moving very fast and making a lot of noise, but we never reached our destination very quickly. The little car was rather like a little person — all fuss and bustle. But we liked our little Renault, even if Miss Ku’ei would have chosen a Volkswagen instead, preferably a red one.

It was beginning to get colder too, just as it is now here in Calgary, and as one gets older in years it is not a time to look forward to, for one’s blood is thinner and it is harder to keep warm. As I look out of the window of the apartment building (which is our home) I see signs of early October frost and snow and, having been out collecting the mail already, I have also FELT the effects of the sudden change in temperature. But no doubt the body’s metabolism will quickly adjust to this change. Just across the street, to the left, we are witnessing another sign of CHANGE, and the Guv too feels sad to see a group of little houses undergoing the process of demolition. The “wreckers” can bring down one of these small dwellings within the space of thirty minutes and I can see the Guv’s feelings reflected in his expression: “Houses, like people and animals, are created; live out their life-span and, again like people, having suffered through the strains and stresses of “living” become outdated and, thus, have to pass away to make room for something more modern and more suitable for the times.” Each morning I pass a few of these dwellings and I gaze upon them with longing, though I could not imagine myself living in one of them having become accustomed to apartment style life, but I still feel the past joy of ones own home with its little garden where one might plant one’s feet firmly upon the earth, and enjoy the comfort of a grassy lawn. Hardly a day goes by without bringing to mind the words of my fellow countryman as I pass these little places: I can hear the echo of Thomas Hood who “remembered the house where he was born”, and how there was “the little window where the sun came peeping in at morn”. Poetry and daydreaming may be out-of-place these days but my case seems to be incurable, and I do not think I would want it to be different. As the Guv intimates: “So long as we are aware of the dividing line between daydreaming and reality we have little to worry about — we are not in serious trouble for, after all, we have to THINK before we can act, and if we can make our dreams come true then perhaps we have achieved something.” I like to think that is how it goes!

Today our friends, the sparrows, look a little dejected — they have not become accustomed to the cold weather either, and they are sad to see their shelters being torn down, for trees are very sparse here so the eaves of houses provide a measure of protection for bird-life.

As I walked around the block this morning attending to my errands, with the snowflakes dancing over my face, one small “doggie” seemed to be enjoying a morning walk with his Master. Today in particular I was thinking of “nature creatures” so I took a packet of bread crumbs to scatter on the waste spaces where cars are parked, or where

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

demolition is finished and building has not yet begun. Why my special thoughts of nature today? Well I felt sorry for the little creatures crouched on the telephone wires, probably wondering how they were going to survive the cold of winter and whether anyone would pass on a few crumbs when the frosts came. I had another reason for wishing them happiness today for I remembered that this was the anniversary of the birth of Francis of Assisi (the patron saint of animals and all creatures of nature).

Most of us have an ideal, one person who they admire more than any other, and in my own case if there was one entity I would wish to emulate, to formulate my life upon, it would be Francis of Assisi who gave up a life of comfort to devote himself to the good of his fellow men, and who was especially dedicated to the creatures of nature who he loved and was loved by them in return. Birds used to perch on his shoulder, and he would address them as “little brothers”. On occasion he would wait for them to finish their “chat-ter” before continuing a discourse with the human creatures who gathered around him. There is in existence a beautiful Prayer attributed to St. Francis and hardly a year-end passes without someone sending me a copy, which I always feel would be worth applying to one’s own life. Since I learned that this Prayer originated in Tibet it has an even greater significance for me than ever, and I realize how much we owe to those who have brought from that once mysterious land so many pearls of wisdom and ideas for good living; not least of these is our Guv, Lobsang Rampa. I have in my possession a wooden figure of my “ideal”, brought from Italy naturally, and wearing the simple brown girdled robe of his Order, which is still worn by the Franciscan fraternity. This figure has a bird perched on the shoulder and another creature resting at the feet, and I derive much inspiration and pleasure in its beauty and significance. I have heard this Assisan saint referred to as “Probably the first of the flower people!!!” But was not the founder of the Christian religion one who flaunted convention and who, if He had lived in our present era, might well have been looked upon as a hippie? At least He had long hair, which is now frowned upon by the establishment; and he was definitely a pacifist, so . . . who are we to judge anyone after all.

A Prayer of St. Francis

Originally from Tibet

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace.

Where there is hate, may I bring love;

Where offense, may I bring pardon;

May I bring union in place of discord;

Truth, replacing error;

Faith, where once there was doubt;

Hope, for despair;

Light, where was darkness;

Joy to replace sadness.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Make me not to so crave to be loved as to love.

Help me to learn that in giving I may receive;

In forgetting self, I may find life eternal.

Francis of Assisi

We are taught not to be envious of others but most of us suffer from this defect at one time or another (a human trait which we understand we must learn to overcome), and there are two special qualities about St. Francis that I admire, one of them being his beautiful singing voice. Before his so-called “conversion” he was somewhat gay and carefree, and he would roam the streets with his friends, singing songs in a joyous mood, and his well-to-do-merchant father must have been very proud of his handsome and talented son. The second quality which I admire is the ability to “tune in” to nature, to the elements, and become one with “Brother Wind”, “Sister Moon”, and the like. It was the same with all living creatures — they came to him without fear and with complete trust; and to Francis they were all his “little sisters and brothers”. I confess to being envious of his ability to commune with them all, and if I am possessed of any ambition at all it is that one day I shall be able to commune with nature creatures by telepathy. I know that my cats, for instance, are fully aware of my thoughts, but it would be a wonderful thing to know EXACTLY what they are saying to ME instead of having to more or less hazard a guess as to their thoughts and needs. Yes, that is my goal.

In the compiling of these pages I seem to have fallen into the habit of digression, so I hope I am forgiven. At least I feel that I am in good company for the Guv freely admits to using this practice. I sincerely hope that I am not unconsciously copying his style for, not having his knowledge or his training, the result would be disastrous, and a very poor imitation indeed. If I should appear to have adopted any of his phrases I would like to state that it was not intentional; BUT, I would add that, having read and studied the fifteen volumes of the Guv’s, it would be rather surprising if I had not “absorbed” some of the author’s expressions. If this shows too much I beg to be excused (and not accused) for any misdemeanor I may have committed.

My digressing seems to be digressing too far, so let us return to that October at Cedar House, which resembles this October in Calgary. The summer seemed to be extended indefinitely, as it is here this year. Two weeks ago we had snow and frost, while now we are experiencing an Indian Summer, which one hopes will also continue indefinitely.

We are about to revert to normal Mountain Time following the summer’s Daylight Saving Time, and it will be wonderful if the temperature stays in the seventies as the days shorten.

Those late October days of 1960 were not very exciting — just calmly satisfying; but one evening we did have a bit of excitement. Just as dusk was approaching we had to call the fire department and ask them to “come quickly” because there was a fire and we were afraid it was getting out-of-control. Soon the brave men arrived, accompanied by the noisy roar of their engines, and the flames which were threatening to engulf one of our trees were dealt with in an efficient manner. Someone must have put a match to

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

the fallen dried leaves and soon a big tree was well and truly ablaze. Fires are most unpleasant things to experience, or even to witness, and I saw one at quite close quarters a few years before. During the time we lived in Surrey, England (in a little house named Rosecroft), there was a serious fire in a house just across the road, almost next door to the little "Cottage Hospital". It was a small dwelling with quite a lot of resultant damage, and I certainly hope I will never be closer to a burning building than I was at that moment. To see pieces of charred furniture being brought out onto the street, and the dejected expressions of the occupants as their few goods were ruined by fire and water, was something one would not wish to repeat. In England, in those days smoke chimneys would often catch alight and they sometimes proved to be veritable death traps. Oh yes, we did have a blaze in our chimney while we lived at Rosecroft, but fortunately and to our great relief it was quickly extinguished.

As November approached winter caught up with us and we had a nice carpet of snow in the grounds of Cedar House. The frost was quite biting to the skin but still the Cat people insisted on going outside, chiefly in the middle of the day because the gradually weakening warmth of the sun made conditions somewhat more pleasant and tolerable. As was natural, Miss Sindhi did not seem to feel the cold and north winds so much as the older felines, Mrs. Fifi and Miss Ku'ei. Sindhi would evade all my efforts, all my attempts, to get her into the house when it was felt we had had enough.

Being young and lithe it was not easy for a middle-aged "Ma" to catch the elusive creature, but in the end we managed with a compromise (most Ma's, usually give in, in the end, just like all human Mamas): I would promise her a nice tidbit if she would come to me, and eventually she would put on her most charming manner and oblige. These sessions used to bring back to mind another incident, this time involving a big black cat who was so huge that he earned for himself the name of Mammoth. Mammoth had been staying with us overnight because his Family were moving or something, and I was to take him from our apartment to South Kensington, London, where his Family would be waiting.

Well, I took this great big cat down the stairs (it was a converted house and therefore no elevator), and being rather small myself Mammoth would have been capable of carrying me instead. A taxi was waiting by the sidewalk and we began to arrange the seating for the two of us when someone from the house distracted my attention, calling me back to discuss something or other. Suddenly there was a wild yell from the cab driver who was in a panic, and he was telling me, "Hey Missus, yere cat's runnin" up the road!" Certainly by that time I was in a panic too, even if I did not show it, and fortunately Mammoth was a cat of great common sense who realized my difficult situation and suddenly turned around and began running towards me. I was most thankful for it would have been an unhappy position for me had I lost another person's CREATURE. Fortunately the London taxi drivers are, in the main, a philosophical and pleasant breed of individual, and judging from the remarks of this one he was now finding the whole situation cause for loud laughter. . . .

I do not find it easy to write this part of my narrative because it brings me closer to the time when Sindhi would no longer be with us in her physical body; though she

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

has remained very close to us spiritually, communicating with us frequently during the ensuing years.

The time came when we could no longer ignore the situation — no longer blind ourselves to the truth. Our little Baby Cat, it was realized, was very sick indeed, suffering from damage to her brain which undoubtedly had been caused by a blow she must have received when a kitten and which had resulted in the lack of sight in one of her eyes. So, the time came when this little Cat Person, who had come to mean so much to us, had to make her lonely journey to the Land where she might recover; where she **WOULD** recover; to the Guv's "Land of the Golden Light" or, as I like to think of it when I go visiting in my dreams, "Catland".

THOSE who have read the Lobsang Rampa books may wonder how it was that there was never any mention at all of Miss Sindhi, until "Twilight"; but there was a reason for it. This little girl cat was with us at the time the Guv was writing "The Rampa Story" and he suggested she be included in this story; but she preferred it otherwise, so in deference to her wishes all reference to our Baby Cat was omitted.

However, circumstances change over the years and now that she is a **WELL** person, with a balanced outlook, she has no objection to her Ma writing about our experiences together. I am reminded of the 35 mm photographic slides which were taken of the three Cat People sitting on the chesterfield in the living room, accompanied by their Ma.

The Guv was the photographer and he posed the subjects beautifully — two creatures on my lap and Granny Grey- whiskers sitting by my side in her usual dignified French manner.

For a time we suffered a great feeling of loss and real sadness, but then we had to put aside our sorrow and get on, once more, with the process of living. Sindhi, after all, was much better off for she had been a most **UNWELL** little person during the greater part of her very short life span; so our loss was definitely her real gain and we just had to find satisfaction in her newly found health and happiness.

We had been in this country a little less than two years and the going had not been easy, many customs and ideas being quite different to those of Ireland and England, which was to be expected in a relatively **NEW** civilization. We did not quickly adapt to the brashness found in the two border towns in which fate had decreed we should find ourselves for about five years following our arrival. The cost of living (a very topical subject at present) was much higher than we had been experiencing and, since our income was based on the "Sterling" factor, it was necessary to practice the strictest economical methods in order to exist. But . . . in spite of the obstacles, we **DID** have our times of fun and merriment. The Guv and Buttercup, both being quite daring one never could predict what they would be up to next, and frequently I was beset by the greatest apprehension if they seemed to be away rather longer than usual. The Guv, being acutely alert mentally, physically too, especially in an emergency; and Buttercup, ever ready for something different, they undertook ventures which would have been beyond Ma's powers of endurance. We often smile, if not laughing outright, when Buttercup in a serious situation is overcome with laughter herself, and the more desperate the situation the more she sees

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

the humorous side. One day she and the Guv came in dripping with water and Buttercup (like me on occasion) seemed incapable of telling a coherent story. We both seem to have a penchant for seeing the “funny” side of a serious situation. However, it seemed from what I could gather from the Guv’s description that he and Buttercup had been walking on the ice on the creek, which but recently had begun to freeze. Buttercup apparently stepped on a very thinly frozen part and, rather naturally, fell through. Of course the Guv reached out to grasp her hand, but he slipped too (we tease her, saying she pulled him in); so they both “went under”. Obviously Buttercup saw the amusing side of the situation even while she was experiencing a thorough dunking, and I was given to understand she laughed all the way to the house. I really sympathized with her in her predicament since the same thing has happened to me — much to my embarrassment. Of course the Guv’s sense of humor is often calculated to test one’s self-control which, on occasion, seems to be almost nil as far as those two members of the household are concerned.

A few minutes ago I was telling the Guv what I had just typed, so he displayed an amused smile at the memory, while at the same time remarking: “Well, you know what really happened, don’t you? It was like this . . .” So he went on to explain how there was stagnant water under the ice where the creek met the Niagara river itself. The fast-flowing water had scoured the underside of the ice, leaving only a thin platform on the surface which, when it was stepped upon, “snapped like a carrot”. “I don’t think I can write that bit,” I commented. “Snapped like a carrot does not sound good,” I continued. “Go ahead” he said, “that is an apt description and write this too.” So I have a little more comment from the Guv, and it pleases me for now we are quits since I contributed a page or two to Chapter Eleven of “Twilight”, he is reciprocating with a few lines in what will probably be Chapter Eleven of the Sindhi Story. So here are his further remarks . . . “What is known in the Old Country (England) as Salt Ash Rig, which means “wet behind and no fish”, because when people went fishing near Salt Ash Bridge they got wet where I said, but no fish because the river is polluted by dockyard effluvia.” I wanted him to write some more because my piece was longer, but he said “NO! After fifteen books and all the hullabaloo about the last one — leave me out.” Too bad, I consider, but . . . who knows! . . . He may have second thoughts and help me out again when I need to have something explained. I certainly hope so for he is very kind and always ready to assist someone in distress. I must work on it . . . and I am fairly certain that another opportunity will present itself sooner or later; and, if necessary, he knows I will ask him outright for assistance. If I don’t ask him he is sure to come along at just the right moment, probably with the remark: “Well, what have you done now? Are you stuck or something?”

AFTER reading the first part of my story someone suggested my narrative should be written in two or three parts, so this seems as suitable a time as any to make the division. The first part was completed over one month ago, in November, and looking outside one could easily believe that Spring had arrived. Well, Easter will be upon us in around three months so the winter will be a short one for us here in Calgary, the city which was named for “clear running water”; but whether the meaning still holds good is a matter of opinion . . . Let us not get too far ahead of ourselves for we are not yet out of the Christmas festive season. Actually I am writing this on Christmas Day itself as I ponder on the many delightful greetings I have received, even though there is no celebration of this event

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

in our home. As well as the joy of celebration there often seems to be a lot of sadness as the old year is drawing to a close, giving way to the new.

Today we hear of the devastation of a whole city in Australia where many people and animals have died; others injured; most of the survivors in danger of dire sickness; and nearly all of them left homeless.

From a more personal angle, I have just returned from a funeral parlor after paying my last respects to the memory of a friend's husband, the friend being quite distraught at this particular time.

One cannot feel anything but sadness at witnessing the grief of those who are left to struggle on alone, as best they can, following the "loss" of a loved one, many people not being able to accept — not believing in anything following this life. It is especially hard for a husband or wife who had led a shared life over many years. An apt illustration for life after death was given to me, and I would like to pass it on — the transition may be likened to the egg and the chicken:

Does a chicken feel dead because it emerged from the egg? Rather is it very much alive. And the butterfly! Does IT feel dead because it emerged from the caterpillar? No, of course not — it too feels very much alive. How does one know that the chicken may not have felt imprisoned while in the egg; likewise the butterfly, waiting to emerge from the caterpillar state. Thus with the human body, or animal either for that matter. To leave the human shell temporarily, even in sleep, can be a wonderful experience, so how much more so to leave permanently. It seems that the greatest difficulty for those who "pass over" is the grief which the friends and relatives display — those who are left behind. If we think about it, we who are left to mourn are really sorrowing for ourselves, for our own loss, and not for the one who has gone on to far, far greener pastures. Most of us have heard of one person at least who, while experiencing a serious illness, has told of going to some glorious place far more beautiful and more peaceful than anything which could be experienced down here. Especially does this seem to be true of a person who almost drowns, and then recovers — often expressing disappointment that the beautiful experience had to end.

Then one has heard of someone who really did not want to return to their body, and they distinctly remember being told that they must return for their lifespan was not yet finished, and there was still a task to be accomplished or a lesson to be learned.

Many books seem to have been written recently about the process of dying, and it is becoming accepted more and more that the so-called "mystery of death" is nothing more than a transitory state, a condition commonly known as a state of transition such as happens in the case of the chicken and the caterpillar.

From a personal angle I can truthfully say that, although my Mother long ago passed to the other side of life, I still often feel her presence very strongly. This feeling is especially strong around Christmas time because, for one thing, she was a very spiritual person and this period meant a very great deal to her. Her strong religious convictions helped her greatly in coping with the many vicissitudes which beset her, not the least

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

of her problems being her somewhat wayward daughter who had been anything but a placid child.

It may be advisable before going any further to mention the reason for my bringing something of my personal, earlier life into this story. This was also suggested to me so, just to show that not all May born people are always obstinate and cussed, and being in one of my more amiable moods, I conceded to this request — or suggestion. So, to return to the matter in question — the problem of death and transition.

In the days subsequent to my Mother's passing I was very unhappy for some time because she meant more to me than any other person. One may have many friends and associates but only One Mother, and I had never been able to envisage life without HER in the background. I often had the impression that she was trying to contact me, trying to give me a message following her "transition". It seemed she was trying to impress upon me to go into a certain room where I would not be disturbed and there she would manifest herself before me. Paradoxically, I did not go, even though her message was insistent over a period of some days, and it must have been the cause of much sorrow for her. In those days I had a sort of fear regarding communicating with discarnate beings, so I did not do her bidding for I was apprehensive about coming face-to-face with a ghost. Why should I have been afraid (in death) of some- one who had shown me only love, and the greatest affection in life??? As humans we are most strange, are we not? As a child I was extremely impressionable, and often timid (the aforesaid remark will no doubt cause much amusement in my present household), and it would distress me to walk past a churchyard on a dark night. I would look the other way and hurry past for I was quite sure I would see something unpleasant. When I look back upon those days I wonder how I could have been so foolish, but then I realize that such are the foibles of childhood.

While on the subject of the "other world", of which most of us still know so little, I am reminded of something which frequently happened to me as a child. In the morning, before actually awakening, I could feel myself spinning, spinning, spinning, like a top; and then finally — bonk, I was lying on my bed — awake and slightly confused. This used to worry me for a long time but now I know that I had been merely returning to my physical body after traveling around in my sleep and I happened to remember, to be aware of the occurrence. But in those days the whole thing was beyond my comprehension. Why am I telling of my own personal experiences instead of keeping to my favorite theme — CATS? Well, as previously stated, it is simply because it was suggested to me and, while I much prefer to live in, and write about the world of cats, especially my own creatures, I can be, on a very rare occasion, sweetly reasonable and prepared to follow another person's advice. I am always prepared to listen to anyone who has a worthwhile suggestion — and the other day a most charming gentleman of my acquaintance commented that he would like to see me writing a book, or books, for children. But to write for children one needs to have a special kind of outlook, and training perhaps; but I gave it a lot of thought and it would make me happy to be able to entertain this segment of society.

From the earliest days I can remember I have always felt that there was a special reason for my existence, for my continuing to keep on living. And I must have exhausted

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

the proverbial nine lives of a cat; each time I have been in danger something prevented the event becoming a tragedy.

It took me quite a long time before I realized my ultimate purpose, but now I am aware of it I am trying my best to fulfill my “behind-the-scenes” task.

But let us get back to Christmas — the time for children, and for remembering — and for the Family life of Childhood. Hanging up one’s stocking by the chimney (in a REAL house instead of an apartment), waking up in the middle of the night wondering if “He” had been, and not daring to make a sound lest one disturbed “Him”. Santa Claus was a very REAL PERSON.

My Mother used to tell me about a little girl whose name was Topsy, and “Santa Claus” visit to “Topsy” is still imprinted on my consciousness:

“Through the loneliest hours of the night she watched

For she knew the Saint would come

Because right up from her childhood days

He never had missed her home.

But some of the girls at school had said,

Had said it again and again

That there really was no Santa Claus

And as Topsy was only ten

And the wisdom of ten was not very wise

And the girls who said it were tall

Our poor little Topsy had blinked her eyes

Til the tears began to fall . . .”

This little rhyme, the origin of which I am unaware, was of such interest that it has stayed clearly in my mind, along with many other thoughts of a good and loving Mother whose only fault may have lain in her leniency towards her strong-willed, and sometimes hot tempered, daughter. But the example she showed would far outweigh any minor defects from which she may have suffered. A person who sees only the best in all other humans, always making allowances for them, must in my book of values have attained some degree of enlightenment.

Ah, yes, I still believe in Santa Claus.

SOMEONE once said, “It is not what we fear but what we desire that is most dangerous.” Surely that remark contains a great deal of truth for our desires are often exactly the opposite of what is good for us. Our fears often prove to be groundless, but our desires are something else again—

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

The other day I read an extract which shows that a fear, or apprehension of the unknown, is not uncommon. The piece went like this: A mother said to her child, "If at night you see a ghost, or in the cemetery you see apparitions who threaten you, don't be afraid. Be brave and attack them; then they will run away." The child considered the remark for a moment and then came back with, "What if their mother has given them the same advice?" I thought this quite amusing, though very sensible from the child's point of view, and quite worth recording here since it fits in with my story.

When I was quite young I used to hear the older people discussing what they termed "White Brothers" and apparently these discarnate figures could be seen quite clearly by certain people. A true experience was related by a man who was traveling on horseback through dangerous terrain. Suddenly a group of bandits were about to leap towards him, ostensibly to rob him and cause him bodily harm, when just as suddenly they drew back, nervous and afraid, with ashen faces, and disappeared. The man who had been traveling on horseback related that during the journey he had been accompanied by two figures, one on each side of him, and both of them riding horses. The white-robed figures were so solid as to be easily seen by the traveler — and apparently by the bandits also, hence their fright; thus the traveler was protected while he completed his mission. Being of a very imaginative nature, I would listen in awe about the society of the "White Brotherhood". Fortunately these happenings were accepted in my home, thus I had no trouble in accepting the unusual experiences which confronted me later in my own life.

You have heard people say, "I have never seen a ghost. I have never seen anything unusual . . . Why don't I see some of the things I hear about?" . . . "Other people see things but it seems that such experiences are not for me."

How do we know whether or not we have seen a ghost which is merely an extension of a person, detached and manifesting some distance away from the physical body.

You will find a person deploring the fact that they "never see anything such as a flying saucer", and wondering why other people have all the luck. How do we know whether or not we have witnessed the sighting of a U.F.O.? Unless we are well acquainted with astronomy we cannot be sure that a "star" in the sky is not an unidentified flying object. It has been my satisfying experience to witness some of these apparently unusual phenomena through a quite powerful telescope and anyone who has had such an opportunity as this would hardly be likely to disbelieve the fact of their existence. The magnified colors and shapes are a really wonderful, never-to-be forgotten sight. But I am not sufficiently informed, or experienced, to have a discussion regarding the pros and cons of U.F.Os, so I will leave this subject to those who are more enlightened on the matter — those who have really made a study of it.

I will stay with ghosts . . . which seem to be more my forte.

Some years ago I had a very interesting experience while living in the suburbs of London. I was standing on the platform at South Kensington waiting for the train which would soon be arriving, and which would take me the journey of twenty minutes or so to my home in Surrey. Just idly watching the other passengers and wondering who they were and where they might be going, what kind of jobs they might have, etcetera, I saw

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

an acquaintance, standing nearby, with whom I had recently been chatting in an office. I was a little surprised to see her going home so early as she had not appeared ready to leave when I had left. As the approaching train pulled up, stopping before us, we entered at the same time, and sat down together — immediately becoming engaged in conversation. The young lady seemed to be rather quiet; but she looked more full of color, more radiant, than she had seemed on other occasions. She was carrying a purse (or handbag) and a larger bag containing her office needs and the like, and these items attracted my attention — my eyes being riveted on their brightness. The colors of the large bag, especially, were quite vivid and seemed to be surrounded by a “special” glow. The meaning I am trying to convey is one of extreme brightness, not actually more colorful but really **GLOWING**. We were not sufficiently closely acquainted to be talking about anything very serious or intimate, merely carrying on a light conversation — probably both wishing the journey was over so that we could quickly reach our respective homes. I had a beautiful silver tabby cat waiting for me, and I knew he would be anxiously awaiting my arrival; and he would be ready for supper so, after alighting from the train we sauntered out of the station and onto the street. I believe I asked her whether she was going my way; but apparently she wasn’t — and she simply drifted away. Later that evening I mentioned the event to the third person who had been in the office that afternoon and how I had traveled with Miss Secretary. You can picture my surprise when I was told, “You could not possibly have traveled with her for she was still in the office talking to me.”

What was it? An unsolved mystery? Not at all! Miss Secretary was merely thinking very strongly about her own affairs, and wanting to leave early, and she had used so much thought power in the effort that she had made a “form” and actually traveled out to the suburbs in such solid form that she could be seen. This is not a rare occurrence for I have read and heard of many similar instances; so I do not find it strange — but just something of extreme interest. The same very bright light was visible when my Silver Tabby was preparing to make his final farewell and getting ready to return to his heavenly home, and caused (I believe) by unseen entities who came to assist in his passing.

Another time I was sitting in a bus in the Maida Vale district of London. It was raining quite heavily and the bus stopped to allow passengers to enter or leave the vehicle. I was indulging in a bit of daydreaming, as usual, when suddenly I came back into focus at the sight of a young, attractive woman just entering the vehicle. She was fair-haired and wore an attractive headdress, and a coat light in color.

It seemed most strange that, although there was a real downpour at that time, this young person was completely dry — as dry as if she had stepped right out of a beauty parlor; and this surprised me! Also the fact that she seemed to be enveloped in a “brightness,” which was missing as far as the other passengers were concerned.

NEW YEAR — 1975: A brand new year and already just over one week has passed. In the light of experiences and events it feels more like several weeks, and it is nice just to sit down and record some of these happenings which are now history. Over and over again the thought comes to mind that really today is the only day which matters — having done one’s best in each situation one can look back with satisfaction, and forward with anticipation to what one hopes will be even greater achievements tomorrow, which all

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

too soon will be today.

Look to this day!

For it is life, the very life of life . . .

For yesterday is already a dream,

and tomorrow is only a vision;

But today, well lived, makes every yesterday

A dream of happiness, and every tomorrow

a vision of hope.

From the Sanskrit

With the New Year winter has really arrived in Calgary, although Winnipeg is having a much worse time; but the zero and subzero temperatures, with snow and strong winds which we are experiencing, are just enough for me as I get bundled up in warm clothing each morning at eight-thirty in preparation for a walk to the post office to collect our mail — a walk which I really enjoy. Today the local newspaper comments that “Those who have been THINKING “snow” will be rewarded, even if the price they pay will be bone-chilling temperatures.” Unwittingly perhaps, the writer admits that Thought is Real, a form of energy which has the power to make things happen. This is encouraging for too often events are looked upon as “coincidence”. So, if the newspaper makes such a statement, why gosh, it must be true.

How many people just seem to act without much thought, expecting all good things will come to them without any effort on their part — not realizing that things happen only when we plan them first in our minds. We have to devote a great deal of thought power in our lives, otherwise we are no more, or less, than vegetables; and it has often been said that “we are what we think we are”. If we think confidence, we radiate confidence, and others will believe in us; but if we are timid, undecided and changeable, we transmit this atmosphere to those around us, leaving worth cultivating.

The past ten days have been full of activity and of planning; full of action which has brought some quite satisfactory results, including new acquaintances with like interests to my own.

On Christmas Day I had paid my first visit to a Funeral Home and witnessed the sadness of an acquaintance whose husband had passed away. Just one week later I was asked to assist in another case of sickness - this time a beautiful Siamese Mother Cat. Nikki, a delightful Blue Point, had been sick for some months and it had been decided that the time had arrived when her discomfort and pain should come to an end, and she should be allowed to go Home. The person with whom Nikki had lived for around twelve years was under great emotional stress, and she said she would appreciate some assistance during this trying time. So, a comfortable carrying basket was prepared for this delicate little creature and I went along to Shirley's house where she was waiting with Mother Cat Nikki. All arrangements had been made and we drove carefully to the Pet Hospital (the

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Westside Hospital of course) where we were received with quiet understanding. Having passed the basket over to Dr. R., the veterinarian, we stayed until Nikki had quietly and peacefully passed on, to her Real Home, after which we made our way back to our own Unreal homes — our temporary earth abodes. In spite of the loss and accompanying sadness, we were left with a warm feeling of achievement knowing that Nikki, the little Mother Cat, would have no more pain and discomfort from the tumors which had caused her to suffer the trauma of surgery on several occasions; tumors which had probably been caused through the consumption of too many “pills” when she was “calling” and a delay of several years before spaying, and then only because the authorities decided the pills could be harmful.

At home Shirley has two male Seal Point Siamese, both of them of a quite mature age. One, Nikki’s son Ichabod — aged ten years, and a Grampa Cat of sixteen years but who gives the impression of being very much younger. He carries his years very well, with dignity, and I was honored to meet this Cat Family, who were most polite when I visited them in their home. And I have been invited to call upon them whenever I find it convenient — which I wish could be more often.

If I were to give a title to the past week or so — the first days of 1975, it would just have to be “Feline Affairs” week.

On the first day of the year a man asked me if I knew someone who would take his two Siamese cats because his landlord was making his life difficult, not wanting him to have pets in his house. Tiki and Shara, two Gentlemen Cats, were around one year old, he told me. They were Seal Point and very healthy, but if something could not be done very quickly they would have to be sent off to the S.P.C.A.

Well, I had to make a number of telephone calls, and I spoke to a number of acquaintances about the situation — and came across quite a number of obstacles: Some people were interested but wanted only one cat; some wanted younger cats; others wanted this, and others that. I could not bear to think of these two young cats being sent to the S.P.C.A., and the possibility of them being “put to sleep” was something not to be contemplated. Something just had to be done! But what?

After much negotiating, and temporary arrangements made for the future, Shirley went with me to collect these two fine specimens, Tiki and Shara, and helped me convey them to the veterinary hospital for a checkup, etcetera. They were to have their annual distemper and rabies shots, and were to be neutered since that is most essential for tom cats who are going to be so-called “pets”. As we arrived at their house (a few minutes late since we almost got lost finding the place) they were waiting for us, and while driving to the Pet Hospital they displayed near-perfect manners; and they were no trouble at all. I have been given to understand they had received a good European disciplinary training, and everybody at the Pet Hospital was really excited at the sight of them, with their dark seal coloring. Shirley was very interested in a big female Siamese sitting in a big cage and waiting to be shipped to Toronto, most likely by air, where the Family were moving to a new home. Tiki and Shara had shared their home with three teenaged girls who would certainly miss their pets; and one was left with a feeling of sadness at the

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

apparent uncaring attitude of a Landlord who would cause the disruption of two young feline lives, a disorientation which could take a long time to rectify.

Shara and Tiki are now in a temporary home (which may prove to be permanent), with understanding persons, a mother and daughter, who are quite intrigued with these two boy cats — although they already have a Family of Felines — and on the two occasions when I have visited them, Tiki and Shara greeted me enthusiastically.

So, the first days of January kept me so busy that there was no time to record the experiences until now.

But it is a nice time of the year for a number of reasons — one of the most important is the bringing together of friends, old and new; those who for one reason or another think about us but never seem to get down to communicating — other than by telepathy, which can at times have as much effect as a letter. Such a person— is Gertrude Lavery, who lives in Australia, and she has corresponded with me for about a decade — or just a little less. Mrs. Lavery is of German origin and at one time we communicated via a tape recorder, but sickness and other commitments have intervened and now we manage quite well with about two letters a year — at Christmas and halfway through the year (on our respective birthdays). This interesting person, with whom I have exchanged many thoughts, many ideas and experiences, now lives in West Perth. She is very satisfied with her small apartment, and Mr. and Mrs. Hyde (who own the building) have been most kind and helpful — providing the greatest assistance during Mrs. Lavery's difficult period of ill health.

And their Siamese cat, Cindy, often visits her and enjoys sitting on her lap while she reads and writes letters. Apparently Cindy is a very good Watch-Cat, and she won't allow any other felines into the yard. She has been known to terrify creatures who infringe on her territory, while they have to take refuge on the limb of a tree. Mrs. Lavery has given me permission to mention her in this story, even suggested it, and I am very happy to do just that as I was to receive last week her first letter of 1975. Mrs. Lavery has kept in touch through the years and her encouraging letters have cheered us in some of our darker moments.

Yes, we have had more than our share of "dark moments", and this is one reason I want to keep my story light — to remember the pleasant times.

While on the subject of Australia I am reminded of another delightful person, who wrote several letters to us around the time that we first heard from Mrs. Lavery. This person was also living in Australia and I remember her particularly for the sympathy she showed at the time of the Lady Ku'ei's last illness, which was caused by the harassment of the media, and I will always remember how she finished one of her letters, with the following words:

"Why do they (the Press) judge so harshly that which they do not understand — for judge you harshly they have."

She was referring not only to the Press but also to various individuals who, through jealousy and envy, had taken great pains to egg them on.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Many times have I felt a glow of gratitude towards this English person who was at that time living in Australia, and often I have regretted losing contact with her — she who was there at just the right moment.

THIS will be the third part of my story; a true story by the way, and perhaps the pleasantest to record for I am going to tell of our two present Felines — our Cat People of TODAY; not yesterday, but of THIS DAY, and tomorrow, which soon will be today.

At this stage, here in Calgary my personal private life leaves nothing to be desired, but at the same time there is more than a tinge of sadness — in the fact of the Guv's extreme sickness and the pain which he suffers at all times. We are often told, and we read too, that a certain amount of tension and stress is necessary for an individual to survive, to make progress, and that without this "tension" we would be in danger of collapsing. Well, in my opinion and in the opinion of many others, Lobsang Rampa has suffered far more than should be expected of anyone; and much of the suffering could have been avoided if certain persons had attended to their own affairs instead of meddling in other people's business. It is very true that the more a person is working for the good of others, the more the obstacles appear and evil influences seem to fight for superiority.

Only this morning I heard from England that all kinds of people are putting out all kinds of stories; first time authors are going along with the news media and cashing in on what they have persuaded themselves is a bit of sensation, a bit of scandal, thereby hoping to secure for themselves a bit of temporary fame. I had not intended to introduce any of this into my story but I have been so disgusted at the things I have heard that my conscience tells me if I did not utter a word of protest I might just as well be condoning the acts of those who "write" saying Lobsang Rampa is a phony — a fake. It cannot be reiterated too often that his books are absolutely true; they are all his own experiences, and he and his works are accepted by enlightened Tibetans; the present Dalai Lama on occasion sending him encouraging messages, the latest being a few weeks ago through a mutual acquaintance in the United States of America. The severest of his critics must agree that he has something; it shows by the number of his books which have been sold and the number of persons who have been helped through them.

These facts speak for themselves. It has been pointed out to us quite often that those who make the biggest noise are those who have never read the Rampa books and have no idea what they are about. It makes me sad that so much of this criticism originates in England, a country which the rest of the world has so long looked upon as an example of right thinking and right living. A certain section of the British, in spite of their apparent aloofness and fair-play attitude, are inclined to revel in sensational stories — not necessarily accurate, and more often than not anything but — I should know, having spent a good part of my life on that little island, and learned from experience. Some of the newspapers, especially the Sunday issues, can be really hair-raising, and once they get hold of a subject they tend to adopt a "flog a dead horse" attitude; and the great reading public (the number is obvious if one checks on the number of copies sold), which consists of the greater part of the population, enjoys it "to the death".

When I lived in Ireland a British pressman told me that truth and accuracy are

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

secondary in importance when reporting — what really matters is the sensational value, whether it results in sickness, or even suicide, for the victim.

The Pressman must have his story even if he has to “fictionalize.” Probably small countries suffer from this much more than the larger areas of the world where, one hopes, the people have bigger minds and give the individual a chance to vindicate himself. An Englishman, Mr. Cyrus Brooks, once volunteered the remark, when we had commented upon the adverse and unwarranted publicity we were receiving, “Oh well, an author stands up to be shot at.” Well, it is the opinion of many people that Lobsang Rampa has received more than his share of shotgun blasts — mainly caused through hate and spite.

Some years ago we contemplated living on a much smaller island even, the smallest island in the English Channel. We were in communication with the late Sybil Hathaway, the Dame of Sark, who ruled over that little island.

There was an accommodation problem so the idea fell through, but I often thought it would have been nice to live in a place away from automobiles, buses, and all power-drawn vehicles such as Sark island offered. On the other hand, I wonder whether we would have found the peace we were looking for, in a community that was little more than a village. Perhaps this is one of the reasons I enjoy Calgary, for here no one bothers us — we are left to live out our lives in whichever way suits us best. The people here must be amongst the most friendly in all of this large contingent, and it is interesting to see their smile of appreciation when they realize that one is a Canadian Citizen.

Cleo and Taddy, the Seal Point and Blue Point Siamese people are Canadian-born, of course, and they are futuristic felines, being born in the Constellation of Aquarius. Since they will be celebrating their respective birthdays towards the end of this month, it seems a most appropriate time to bring them into my story. They have brought much joy into this household, and we have a lot of fun together. Cleo, the little one (scraggy by Taddy’s standards), is the most understanding Cat Person we have met. And Taddy, the big Fat Cat, needs a great deal of my attention and encouragement, not being quite so self-confident as her sister. I must point out that of course these two are the Guv’s cats as well as mine but, really, it might be more accurate to look upon ourselves as “their cats”. Cleo has a delightful sense of humor, and to see her put her little face up close to the Guv’s ear and blow into his hearing aid is quite an amusing sight, as when she is sitting somewhere on high and reaches down to give me a light touch with her paw, being careful not to bonk me too hard, for I understand she would not like to upset her Ma who I am proud to say she holds in high regard.

These two Cat Persons are as well-behaved as any creatures I have ever met, and probably better behaved than most. Just to show how well, I must relate the following

On these January nights, with their lower temperatures, I sometimes feel the cold in my bones, and since my bedroom faces North it never gets warmth from the sun. Therefore, I use an electric pad which warms the bed before I retire, and does the same should I wake up feeling chilly during the night.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Cleo often sits on the pad (which is covered by a sheet and a blanket) a little while before bedtime, and occasionally she drops off to sleep while she waits for me. The moment I am ready for bed myself this little cat will come sufficiently awake to trundle off to her own bed, sometimes shooting off like a bird, where she and Taddy have a hot water bottle to keep them warm.

This delightful gesture of Cleo's really impresses me — her supreme consideration for others; but that seems to be her whole attitude to life — to cause as little trouble as possible, and to help others whenever she can.

Taddy has a slightly different approach to life, believing herself to be a rather grumpy old biddy; but her Ma holds a rather different opinion of the Big Fat Cat who weighs around twice as much as her sister, Cleopatra. Taddy would be the first to agree that Taddy's main interest in life is FOOD, and I understand she believes herself to be UNDER FED also.

Sometimes when I am reading in bed or listening to the radio, Fat Cat will come and plonk herself beside me, resting her paws on my arm so that I am unable to move, and there she will stay for perhaps half-an-hour; then she will go off to visit the Guv and check to see if adequate food has been left out for the night — “for the cats”. A little later she returns and decides to relax a little by sitting on the pillow behind my head, arms folded and a look of bliss upon her sweet face.

The other day someone gave me a tape recording from the Jonathan Livingston Seagull film, so the three of us have been spending many enjoyable moments imagining we are sky-birds flying high with Jonathan Seagull, who had that beautiful story written about him.

Cleo and Taddy take their duties very seriously and many times each night they wander off to visit the Guv, trying to cheer him and hoping to ease his pain with their purrs of affection, showing him how they care about his well-being.

They have been known to take turns “on duty”, and when the Guv is more sick than usual they are very concerned indeed. During the past two nights Miss Taddy has been putting in extra hours because she has been very worried lest the Guv was about to leave us. Oh yes, Taddy puts on an apparently gruff exterior but, in reality, she is possessed of a really nice and kind nature; and she is aided greatly by a most devoted and intelligent Cleo Cat. I understand Taddy is very proud of her knowledgeable sister, of the graceful curves and agile movements, and that when she refers to the “skinny cat” she is merely making the remark in fun.

THERE must be no greater lovers of riding in an automobile than Siamese cats. Perhaps other types enjoy it too, but most of my experience has been with Siamese, and they were all fascinated with it. Fifi Greywhiskers was an exception, but she had traveled around so much in unhappy circumstances and conditions that, in the end, HOME was all she wanted. The Silver Tabby (of pre-Ku'ei days) objected most strongly when taken into a small Morris Minor car.

Yesterday we went for a drive towards the foothills, it being in the form of a celebra-

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

tion birthday party for Cleo and Taddy — for where would you find a Siamese inviting other Siameses, or any other kind of cat, to visit them. So — a drive seemed appropriate and we enjoyed it immensely.

It was the first time I had viewed the city from such a height and the atmosphere was so pollution-free that we could see everything in detail, from the television building on the Hill to the Calgary Tower (the mainland mark was clearly visible), as well as the many high-rise apartment buildings — one of which is our temporary home.

Cleo enjoyed herself by sitting on the rear window, arms folded, and looking into the car; while Taddy “hiked” around under and over the seats, muttering occasionally when she stubbed a toe.

Many drivers and their passengers showed interest in the Little Cat, and as we would pause at intersections she was pointed out a number of times.

On the way home we called to see Tiki and Shara, and Mrs. Potter who looks after them, along with the other felines. At present she has a litter of Siamese kittens, and they all yelled together — then purred, putting their paws out in greeting (Siamese cats are very polite if you treat them civilly, as intelligent persons). Of course I left Cleo and Taddy in the car with the driver and went into the house alone. Mrs. Potter cares for a number of cats, of different types, and her so-called “Catery” is one of the happiest places and best appointed I have ever heard of. The big “cages” are two-floor affairs, and the inhabitants use a ladder covered with carpeting to ascend or descend from one floor to another. Tiki and Shara have settled down extremely well and it is quite likely that Mrs. Potter will adopt them permanently.

During the past few days, and seeing how Cleo and Taddy have become such beautiful creatures, I have been reminded of the time they first arrived into our household. Poor Little People! Rather undersized and somewhat afraid, I had brought them to Fort Erie from Niagara Falls one Sunday morning. Two weeks earlier I had gone to see these Little People with their sisters and brothers, and it had been my responsibility to choose them. We had already decided upon the Blue Point, who we were later to name Tadalinka; so I had to choose another creature to accompany her. I was told that the Little Cleopatra (who was named already) had near-perfect markings for a Seal Point and that I could take her if I wished, otherwise she would be kept for breeding purposes. So the matter was settled. But the Little People were two weeks short of being able to leave their Cat Mother and therefore arrangements were made to return for them two weeks later, and I was given to understand that those two stayed close together during the whole of the waiting period.

After the departure of Miss Ku’ei it had not occurred to me to consider having any more cats because the situation was quite unsettled as far as our movements were concerned we were not sure where we were going to be living.

Another problem was the frequent ban on having a pet in an apartment complex, and this was a cause of much concern. We were to have more problems in this respect a few years later when we moved to Western Canada where, in British Columbia (Van-

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

couver and Victoria, on the Island particularly), there is an almost total ban on having a pet. You could not be much worse off if you had the plague — you make a few inquiries and call upon one Superintendent after another and are offered a nice comfortable place, situated fairly high, with an attractive view, and within the price range you have set for yourself. Then, “Come along, Ma’am, I will take you up in the elevator and I am sure you will not be disappointed.” I accompany Mr. Superintendent and we chat amiably, each of us weighing up the other; and we view the premises together; and then I am ready to discuss the project in more detail.

Eventually, and before getting too involved, I casually mention my two well-behaved little Lady Cats. And then comes the bombshell: “Sorry, Ma’am, no pets allowed by order of the Company. It is Company policy.” The atmosphere has changed and Mr. Superintendent suddenly finds he has many things awaiting his attention and he cannot get away fast enough. It was for this reason that we found ourselves in Calgary, where Cleo and Taddy are more than welcome in our present home; but I understand that even in this city it is sometimes a bit difficult getting settled into accommodation if you have a Cleo or a Taddy. Just before leaving Vancouver we were attracted to a desirable location which offered a Penthouse, with a good view of the sea; so we experienced a short period of hopefulness. This time it was the janitor’s wife who showed me around, and she was most friendly and anxious to have us because she said they were tired of renting to younger persons with “their noisy parties and rock ‘n roll mentality, and all that goes with it”.

Especially did they need quiet tenants because the people in the adjoining Penthouse were rather important; they had been there for sometime and already there had been some annoyance through previous fellow tenants causing a disturbance on the communicating patios.

“You are just the type of people we want,” said Mrs. Caretaker “who don’t make too much noise and so cause less trouble for us.” “That’s just fine,” I answered “but you know we have two “pets”, two Siamese Ladies,” and I observed her reactions as I made the announcement. She made no secret of the fact that in her mind we would be a most desirable family to have in her building, so I was counting on it rather strongly. After giving the matter a few seconds consideration she suggested we just take the cats into the apartment as quietly as possible, not mentioning about them to anyone, assuming that once inside they would never need to be taken out until we were leaving the place. What to do about the patio was not mentioned, and I imagined the scene if Cleo and Taddy were to wander into the neighbors’ quarters, unannounced, when cats were not even allowed into the building.

Apparently the Rental Manager, who was off duty (otherwise he would have interviewed me), was not in a position to allow pets so Mrs. Janitor warned me not to mention anything about it to him when we would sign the lease; so I told her I would have to discuss the matter with the other members of my Family and then I would contact her again.

Naturally the Guv would not agree to such an arrangement. He would not take his Cat Children “though the back door”. They would enter openly with us or we would give

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

up the idea altogether, which we did; and, as I mentioned, that was one of the reasons we took off for Calgary, which proved to be somewhat more humanitarian — or should it be “humane”?

Oh dear, there I go digressing again! But now let us return and pick up the loose threads which we left in Fort Erie. Following the time that Sindhi had left us we had been beset by many difficulties, which finally resulted in our making a journey to South America where we hoped things would improve. While the trip was most educational it proved to be anything but a happy period. Certainly the climate of Uruguay was pleasant, without extremes of temperature, so it was fortunate that by the time we set foot in Canada again Spring was already with us.

During that summer in Fort Erie, Miss Ku’ei and I spent many moments strolling along the street outside the small dwelling where we were living. Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers had passed on some time before, thus Ku’ei felt a great sense of loss; and this loneliness for her adopted sister brought us closer together, but often when we were enjoying our walks in the warm sunshine I felt an urge to provide for her as much companionship as possible because I had a feeling, a premonition if you like, that it would probably be the last summer we would spend together; which, unhappily, proved correct.

She struggled through the following Fall and Winter months, and the following Spring, as the days began to lengthen she seemed to be a little brighter — to be improving a little. Naturally I was very happy about this; but my joy was short-lived for, suddenly, sadness tinged our lives once again, with disastrous results for my Ku’ei Cat.

A Press reporter arrived from the local newspaper to tell us about an incident which had occurred in England and he wanted to see what we had to say about it. A young man had committed suicide, and while that in itself was not uncommon, it seemed that one of Lobsang Rampa’s books had been found in the young man’s room, along with works by other writers no doubt, but apparently none so well-known as the Guv; therefore not so newsworthy.

Just tailor-made for the Press though, and with a fair amount of encouragement from one or two private persons who considered they had “an axe to grind”, the affair was blown up out of all proportion to the actual facts.

Fortunately, having been forewarned, we were not too surprised or startled when, towards the evening of the same day, another Pressman appeared at our door. Oh, yes, he was a middle-aged individual who appeared full of concern for us, being quick to accept our hospitality and, on the surface, a typical friendly Canadian.

The story he told was that he had been to the Niagara Falls area “on a case” and as he was driving along, preparing for the return journey to Toronto, he had received a telephone message in his car. He said his Head Office had told him there was a news item in the offing and, since he was in the area, he may as well call and investigate it. All very casual on the surface. Apparently he had shown little interest in the project, which anyway was going to delay his arrival home in Toronto, until he suddenly realized it was something to do with the author of “The Third Eye” which was causing the interest; so

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

then, he said he was “turned on”.

It was after that interview at Fort Erie that I vowed I would never again cooperate with a newspaper man or woman, after the way this one accepted our hospitality professing friendship and understanding of the situation and leaving with a promise of sympathetic coverage, together with a book by the author which he said he was sure he would enjoy reading. The next day we were greeted with a report which we might never have recognized except for one or two remarks, and the author’s autographed volume having been included in the “copy” with the caption, “The Murder Book”.

Yes, apparently a nice family man, brimming over with sympathy and understanding — returning again two days later to complete his investigation, but not receiving such a friendly reception — and there disappeared any confidence I might ever have felt towards ANY news reporter.

Miss Ku’ei, having seen this type of thing happen again and again during her comparatively long life, just gave up and her condition rapidly deteriorated until she could no longer withstand the lies and deceit, the treachery and misrepresentation of the facts — man’s inhumanity to man which to so-called “dumb animals” is beyond comprehension — and so she left us.

Was it coincidence I wonder that, before too long, that particular newspaper left us also. It ceased publication and is no longer in circulation—

Anyway, I have often given a thought to that particular reporter — without admiration. Ours was not an isolated case of harassment and from what one learns the situation is not getting any better. Just today I read a comment by Lauren Bacall, the screen and stage star who surely has led an exemplary life, and there seems no reason that she should be maligned by the media.

Like many of us she has suffered many difficulties and set-backs not of her own making; and she was a great help to her husband, Humphrey Bogart, during the critical days of his terminal illness.

Regarding the Press, she has this to say: “Probably the most infuriating things are the lies they tell about you. I don’t understand why people make up such stories. Does it make them feel important?” (McCall’s — February 1975). With Miss Bacall, many of us are left with no answer unless it is that newspapers sell in greater number if they concentrate on SENSATION and FICTION, rather than the TRUTH.

How often have I proved the truth of the saying that “every cloud has its silver lining”. Just when everything appears at its blackest, there, on the horizon, glows a ray of sunshine and hope.

Suddenly we were confronted with an unpleasant situation, although the whole affair had really been nothing at all to do with us, and this situation led to the loss of my dearest companion, The Lady Ku’ei.

I grieved for myself. I was very lonely without her company, though she was much better off having gone to join Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers and Miss Sindhi, and all the others

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

who were there waiting for her to return Home.

Showing a selfish attitude I did not enjoy being left alone and I did not want to experience such a situation again. I reasoned that if I did decide to have another creature, inevitably I would have to repeat this experience one day — assuming I lived that long. The next one would leave and once more I would be overcome with grief. Then, as the picture became a little clearer, and feeling a little less selfish for a moment, I thought: “Supposing MY life-span should prove to be shorter than that of another Cat Person! What would become of the creature who by then would have become used to MY ways and the ways of MY household?”

Eventually, after much thought and discussion with the Family, I saw that perhaps all these obstacles may only be excuses and that here was another opportunity for helping Cat People who need to get their earth experience just as we humans do, otherwise they would not be placed down here.

If I could help to make life easier, even for one of them, then surely it would be worthwhile. So eventually I decided to go ahead with plans for finding a Little Person. And my search ended when I met those two, Cleopatra the Seal Point Siamese, and Tadalinka the Blue Point Siamese, and they provided the silver lining to the dark clouds. This was just what we needed, but once more our peace had been disturbed and again our lives were not our own.

Various reporters, fiction, or rather “feature” writers, whose work might at times appear more fictional than fact, kept appearing at our door, all wanting to tell a story, and life was becoming quite unbearable for us.

Again we had to review the situation, and it was obvious we would have to consider making a further move, something not one of us was happy about since we had barely settled down following our South American experience. To those who say, “It must be wonderful moving around all the time, seeing fresh places and getting to know different people”, I would tell them: “Don’t you believe it, for unless you are absolutely compelled to do so the time taken in physical and mental energy, the cost of moving, and the things which get “lost” or damaged in transit, added to the problem of arranging a new home (an accommodation address in our case, which is usually a post office box), and making oneself known to the business people, etcetera, can leave one quite exhausted.” You might ask, “Why a P.O. Box. Can’t you have your mail sent to your home? Why run around making extra work for yourselves when the mailman will go to your door?”

To that I can only say that it does not work because we have tried it. When we lived in the Montreal area we thought we would take a chance and use our private address, which we did to our regret. People would just wander around the grounds of Habitat and look for us, especially on Sunday afternoons. They wanted to meet Lobsang Rampa, the well-known author, and they thought it was just a matter of asking and they would have immediate access to him; and of course they were quite surprised and disappointed when they had to leave without seeing him. One amusing experience comes to my mind, and this was a case of two young readers of the Guv’s books.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

One day when he was out these two arrived at the door; they were quite pleasant and well-mannered and, I believe, they were just temporary visitors to Montreal, having traveled from the U.S.A. It is not easy to deter young people these days; they wanted to sit on the steps outside to await the return of Lobsang Rampa — the object of their visit. At last I persuaded them that it would be foolish to wait since their presence would not be exactly welcome; but not before they spied a pair of shoes just inside the door, exclaiming, "Tell us, are those his shoes." As they walked away, looking quite disappointed, I felt sorry for their wasted journey.

Well it was a good thing all was quiet when the Guv returned because he gave me to understand that I had done well to shoo away the visitors because they would not have been at all welcome. Still, I knew just how they felt, and later they wrote a nice letter of apology for disturbing us.

As will often happen in life, something good comes along just when we seem to have come up against a blank wall, and this was one of those times. Knowing that if we were to stay on in Fort Erie, especially in the same accommodation (and there was little choice, for rented houses or apartments were at a premium in those days), we could not expect to be left alone. We felt it was essential to make other arrangements, and quickly.

But what could we do! In which direction might we turn Feeling less than cheerful, I went around to the Post Office to buy some stamps and post some packages, and while I waited my turn at the counter I heard a voice behind me which seemed familiar. I turned around to see who it was and there stood a young matron who I had not seen for quite a while. I felt a bit more cheerful while chatting with Lillian who always had an encouraging attitude to life. We talked for a few minutes and then I happened to mention that we contemplated having a change moving to a fresh location, and to my surprise she was able to make a suggestion. It seemed she had contacts about three hundred miles away — far up the St. Lawrence River, near the city of Brockville, and still in Ontario. She gave me an address and a telephone number, so after a quick "thank you" and a quicker "good-bye", I hurried home with the good news. At last it seemed that we may have found a place which would suit us, temporarily at least, and I personally felt that so-called "fate" had not deserted us.

Fate! Or an interested entity! I am inclined to believe the latter for, while Lillian and I were together talking, I had the strongest impression of Miss Ku'ei. It seemed that SHE was responsible for arranging that meeting in the Post Office, and during all the intervening years I have continued to believe it was so. Miss Ku'ei and Lillian had saved the day for us and we were to enjoy a period of peace and calm during the ensuing months.

It must be quite difficult to arrange things down on our materialistic earth, where we hardly dare allow ourselves to believe, or contemplate, anything which we cannot see or prove.

It has been explained by the Guv that one can liken it to the act of trying to put a phonograph needle on a certain part of a disc, hoping to touch the right place. To arrange for two persons to be at the same place at the same time can prove quite a feat — the rate of vibration of a discarnate entity is much more rapid than ours on the earth plane and it

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

is not exactly a simple matter to just make something happen at a certain time.

So many happenings are attributed to so-called CHANCE, coincidence, or blind fate. But if our senses were a bit more “alert” we would realize that most things are planned.

Of course we have free choice in our actions, within certain limits, but it is how we think and how we act that determines what happens to us. This I know from absolute personal experience, for if I were feeling dispirited and gloomy everything would go wrong and the atmosphere would be radiated to those with whom I might come into contact — to those around me. On the other hand, when I have felt cheerful, contented and happy, everything would go right. If I went on a shopping expedition the articles I bought would be harmonious and satisfactory, while an unhappy mood would produce the most terrible results — wrong colors and wrong styles in the way of clothes or furnishing for the home. One particular time, I was having new eyeglasses and while the lens might have been fine the color of frames I had chosen were atrocious — for me; so dull that they looked dowdy, and certainly they did nothing for me. Another time, I purchased some house slippers while in a blue mood and they were of a most unpleasant style, not suitable at all.

This sort of thing happens very rarely these days, I am happy to relate, for I feel more equable than ever before in my life. Therefore, I am less likely to make a mistake in judgment.

Since I have been guided into the way of what I call “Right Living”, I have seen and learned many things which previously I had just taken for granted, thus missing many of the more real joys of life.

MOVING one’s home (as I believe I have mentioned before) is, to many people, a traumatic experience, and in our circumstances it definitely was no picnic for my household. Sometimes, in my idle moments, I would count up all the different homes where I had found myself at various times in my life. It was easily a good runner up with sheep-counting, if one had difficulty in inducing sleep and one had tried everything else. It was quite interesting to visit again, in my mind, some of the nice places and some not so nice, but each interesting in its own way; and I enjoyed recalling some of the associations I had made throughout my life.

There was the experience of quite young days, trying to ride a bicycle on a country road where I had to mount the machine on the grassy slope at the side of the road and, if possible, dismount the same way — unless I had fallen off in the meantime. “Why all the fuss?” you may ask. Well I learned to ride on a man’s bicycle since that was all there was available, and I never managed to get onto the thing in the accepted manner. However, I managed in the end to transport myself from one place to another, often “losing my head” in an emergency and riding over small stones or anything else I might try to avoid. My sense of direction and balance would never win me a diploma, that was certain.

A certain charming gentleman of the district used to take a walk with his wife each evening and apparently he derived much interest and amusement in watching me

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

while I engaged in the difficult maneuvers. However, I could forgive him for what I then considered his misplaced mirth, for this gentleman, who has now passed on, gave me a great deal of encouragement and guidance at a time when it was most needed and the association helped me to understand what life was all about; and for this I have always felt kindly towards this man — one of my earliest mentors.

Although I did not realize it at the time, I see, on looking back, that I must have been something of a tomboy — and I was always falling and getting cuts and bruises. A few years later, after I had become a rather better bicycle operator, I decided I would like to try my luck on a motorcycle so I “conned” a friend into letting me try. It was a nice sensation but I decided to stick to my “cycle” as I had by then acquired a machine more in keeping with “a lady” (with strings over the spokes of the rear wheel, which protected my clothing).

How these things stay in one’s consciousness, having been indelibly impressed in the formative years. And there is another mini-story I must relate, for anything which can make us smile is worth recording — provided the amusement is not at the expense of another person’s feelings: In my youth I was a regular churchgoer, sometimes twice on a Sunday but invariably once, as well as Sunday school in the afternoon. Often we had lay preachers taking the service because the Minister in charge of the diocese could not be in all the places at once. Some of our lay preachers had a most interesting message for the congregation, and I have always thought of one man in particular because he was such a good God-fearing person and, what was most important, he “practiced what he preached” which was a simple and straightforward way of life. He was employed by a farmer in the capacity of “shepherd”, which occupation appealed to us children for wasn’t he in the same occupation as that of his Master, his Leader, the entity whose concepts he followed? Yes, he was indeed a faithful disciple of the Good Shepherd, and for this he was respected. But it was not altogether for this reason that the memory of Old John has stayed with me; it was his natural manner — so friendly and genuine; and he spoke in just the same style whether he met one in the street or whether he was delivering a sermon. One Sunday morning, when he had been designated to take the service, everything went as usual and we were enjoying the hymns and the prayers — and then we came to the sermon.

Perhaps we had been a little late in starting the meeting, or the hymns might have taken longer than usual, or the prayers; after which we sat back to enjoy the discourse, ready to listen to John’s theme for the day. He had been expounding his views for some minutes when suddenly he took out his watch from his vest pocket and announced, “My goodness, it’s late! I must not be too long for my Sarah Ann will have the dinner ready.” So the service finished quite promptly, with John the shepherd hurrying home to his Sarah Ann and no-one minding; instead, everybody loved him for his simple manner. This delightful old gentleman left his earthly shell many years ago but I will always retain a soft spot in my heart towards him. It seemed to please him that I had the same name as his wife, and when he saw me coming along the road towards him he would call out happily, “Ah, here comes our Sarah Ann!”

And so, one pauses to contemplate, “Where would we all be without our fond

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

memories of past days?" They sure help to improve the present, and make a better TODAY.

So, there it was; soon we were making plans for the next important step in our lives, all the time wondering what this Tomorrow had in store for us. Cleo and Taddy were barely four months old, and they had been with us less than two of those months — barely time to get settled into the Family Routine. But even at that early age they were very alert, and once I very nearly suffered a heart attack where I couldn't find them anywhere in the apartment. Eventually, having searched in every other place, I had the stove pulled away from the wall in the kitchen and, with a sigh of relief, I saw those two miniature kittens emerging, looking surprised and slightly the worse for wear. They were such tiny creatures, even for kittens of their age, and that is why I called them "miniature".

It was fortunate that this time the proprietor of the store where we had bought our furniture was willing to take back everything. It was all in such good condition, and had been purchased so recently, that he had nothing to lose — deducting just enough to cover the cost of getting the goods back (although he had his own van), plus a little more to cover his "overheads"; and he would still make a profit, he said. This arrangement was a great relief to us, and we were more than satisfied with the arrangement. Since we were going to be living in furnished accommodations again we had only our personal belongings to transfer, and as we had not had a preview of the place it was deemed wisest to take as little as possible, giving us more room to move around, assuming there was that much space available.

For two nights before the journey it was necessary to stay in the Hotel at Fort Erie because we would be without furniture, linen, or anything, if we had stayed in the apartment.

The arrangement was awkward, but unavoidable, because the furniture was taken away two days before we left, while our personal things (suitcases, etcetera) would not be going until the evening before our trip to Prescott — our final destination. However, it all worked out satisfactorily; and in any case we couldn't have done much about it when the store proprietor was, in a way, doing us a favor, and we had to have the removal van on the only day it was available.

Difficult though it is to have to break up one's home, there are a few compensations — the most important being the wonderful feeling of "freedom": Freedom from too many possessions, and freedom from getting into a rut. After all, there is still truth in the old saying, "It's an ill wind that profits no-one." So, indirectly, the press had propelled us out from a certain amount of security, and forward into an as yet unknown future with its unexplored experiences. The price had been costly; not only the loss of a loved creature, but financially; for even in our grief we have to live and sustain ourselves physically.

It entailed a certain amount of waiting, on each of those two days, before everything was cleared away from the apartment, so I was able to exercise my mental processes (which had become somewhat "rusty" during the past months while we had been marking time). What a strange feeling to be sitting amongst a pile of suitcases and other packages, together with the furniture. And after the furniture had been taken, it was even

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

more strange to be in an empty apartment with only one's personal goods. Have you ever noticed how an empty room "echoes"? And how such weird impressions pervade the atmosphere?

I relived some of our experiences of the past year, and even further back — back to the time of the writing of "The Third Eye" when we had been living in MOST DIFFICULT conditions. I often marveled how that book was ever written — the Guv typing while an irate neighbor banged on the adjoining wall because the typewriter was aggravating her nerves. In spite of all the obstacles, I could still recall a few pinpoints of shining light which were made possible by the Guv's patience and sense of humor; AND Miss Ku'ei with her own particular sparkle.

For some reason my thoughts kept dwelling on the kindness and tolerance of the Guv: How understanding he had been when my Silver Tabby had passed on; how he explained that, although the grief was mine, I was making it difficult for Mr. T. Catt to settle down in his new surroundings while I mourned for him. The Guv had taken me from the suburbs of London into the city to get a Cat magazine, where we could find an advertisement for Siamese kittens. He had not been feeling well, and I was not very interested in the venture, but eventually I began to see the sense of his suggestion and acted upon it. As usual the Guv knew best, and this resulted in the arrival of the Lady Ku'ei, who proved such a blessing to us — a definite one-person cat who careened around the curtains and furniture, and who (when I was alone with her) would let out a low growl, almost like a dog. We had been quite concerned, on the second day after her arrival, when we realized she had climbed a good way up the living room chimney. With the use of a mirror we could see her sitting there on a protruding ledge — refusing to be coaxed down and too far up the chimney for us to reach her. In the end the Guv had to drill a hole through the outside wall and make a space big enough for her to be reached and brought out. Quite amusing in retrospect but not so funny at the time.

I often envied the ability of the Guv and Miss Ku'ei to communicate so perfectly by telepathy; but I was fortunate in receiving any messages which were of special interest, and any which were meant for me. In those days of Miss Ku'ei's early life we had many creatures in our garden—baby shrews and mother shrews, and a delightful mole, with her young. It was a great pleasure to watch these people from our window.

One day a neighbor cat, or was it a "stray" had wandered into the garden. Somehow it had got caught on the wire fencing dividing the gardens, and since it wore a collar it was unlikely that it was a stray. There it was — in a most undesirable situation; and if the Guv had not hurried out and rescued it, soon it would have been a dead cat — hanged by its own collar. And there was the starling who had been injured, and who was hidden amongst the foliage — almost ready for leaving this life. The Guv had stroked it . . . spoke to it . . . and helped it on its way to happier pastures. He explained to me that the bird could now depart knowing there was still LOVE and COMPASSION to be had amongst earth people — and thus the little creature would adjust all the more quickly to its next stage of existence.

I have often thought of the shelter that trees and other foliage have provided for

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

nature creatures in their distress — for trees, especially, have far greater powers than is believed by the majority of people, not only physically but in the way of intelligence. Trees definitely are thinking entities, of a high order.

As I dwelt upon memories of nature people, I remembered the time in South America when the Guv was standing by the window — looking out. When I inquired the reason for his sad expression, he remarked that he was just watching a bird who was coasting around trying to find a place to die.

By telepathy, the Guv knew that the bird's nest had been destroyed by vandals and the bird had lost the will to live. So, I thought, telepathy, too acute, can be a two-edged weapon.

Soon it would be time to leave the apartment, so I must not take too much more time with my reminiscences . . . but, before my eyes came the picture of a little rabbit which I had as a child. Somehow it found its way through a hole in an old sofa and disappeared into the interior, and my mother told me later that I wept the whole night through, wondering at the fate of my pet. But now time was passing; the suitcases and everything had been taken away to the station — so I would have to go too. Taking a last look around, locking the door, and leaving the keys with the Landlord nearby, I wandered over to check the luggage at the baggage department of the Canadian National Railroad Station, and then made my way to the Hotel to join the others. We were all tired and needed a good rest in preparation for the next day's journey. That night it was not necessary to count either sheep or houses — my relief was so great that we were finally ready, and sleep beckoned with open arms.

THE Thousand Islands — a real wonderland; and that was the district we were bound for. I have often marveled that the name was not immortalized in some other manner than that of salad dressing. "What kind of dressing would you like with the salad, Ma'am?" is the frequently asked question on visiting a restaurant. If one is slow to answer the inquiry is followed by, "The Thousand Islands, perhaps?"; and because it is so well known and palatable — which accounts for its popularity — that is what one takes in the end. Still, I think those beautiful and historical islands are worthy of being associated with something more inspiring than mere food.

You don't agree with me! Well, we are all entitled to our own opinion and I stick to mine.

It was a glorious day for traveling, and the flight did not take long, but we had to start out from Fort Erie by car for we took off from Welland, some miles away. There was no airport at Fort Erie, but the car ride was no problem. Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy did not like the noise of the plane; but now they are well-seasoned travelers, and that was the first of many trips by road, rail and air. The aforesaid remark brings to mind a radio program from England during the days of the second world war. The participants, it would be announced, had arrived by land, sea and air; and the name of the program was "In Town Tonight", prepared by Peter Duncan — a very well-known radio personality. Sorry, another digression! So, back to the events of the day.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

It was around three o'clock in the afternoon when we reached another noncommercial airport, near the city of Brockville, because Prescott being somewhat smaller did not have one, and from Brockville we had to drive the ten or twelve miles to our destination.

Yes, the Cat People had completed their first flight . . . and in the years to follow there would be more. I thought it fortunate that by reason of the day of their birth they ought eventually prove to become excellent travelers, especially air travelers, for is not the sign of Aquarius one of the three airy signs, and very futuristic?

Personally I enjoy flying, but the others of the family (human especially) are not so enamored with it. However, it was a case of Hobson's choice for there was no train between the two points, and a journey by road would have been too exhausting for all of us, taking about six hours, perhaps more. And the best route would have been through part of the U.S.A. which might have posed a few extra problems. So, after all, the air trip was worthwhile and we were able to provide a little pleasure for a Fort Erie friend who had done many services for us, and still continues to do so. This episode had its amusing side too, and it seems that if your mind is so tuned you can often see something funny in any situation. Since the aircraft had to return to Welland in any case, we thought Pauline might as well enjoy the trip, and she was most anxious to accompany us, but she had one small cause for concern: She had two young daughters and they were quite worried about the safety of their mother traveling homewards in the company of two men — the pilot and copilot. Of course Pauline considered it a huge joke, but it made her feel good to know that her children were so very concerned for her welfare.

With certain misgivings we approached the Daniels Hotel . . . and entered, inquiring for the manager, who soon appeared; so we introduced ourselves and soon we were directed to our suite, which proved to be eminently suitable.

Although we did not know it then, the year ahead was to prove one of the most satisfactory periods we had encountered for a long time. Ivan Miller did everything possible to make us comfortable, and our accommodation was quite adequate for our needs. Ivan took a great liking for our Cleo and Taddy, and he would greet them with, "How are you Guys." They had a great love for Ivan in return.

We seemed to have made a very satisfactory move, and I was reminded of a remark made some years previously, when we lived in Windsor, and we had a visitor from Upper Canada (from the Kingston area) who said, "Why don't you come to live in the Kingston district, or further up the St. Lawrence river where all is calm and beautiful?" This person found Windsor too industrialized, and too low-lying. Well, I reflected, here we are, and soon we shall find out for ourselves whether we will like it or not. In the days to come we explored the area and came to know the surrounding district very well.

It was during those pleasant Prescott days that we came to know Mrs. Mary Ann Czermak from San Francisco, when she had reason to come to our part of the world; and I was speaking to her a few days ago when she mentioned that not only might I mention her in my story but that "indeed she would be honored to receive mention". So, thank you, Mary Ann! And I'm happy to know you still have pleasant memories of the Canadian

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

food. Mrs. Czermak wanted to make something of her life besides just being a housewife, so the Guv suggested she study photography more deeply since she was an exceptionally good amateur photographer even then. Following his advice she now augments the family income by doing just that; and she specialized in photographing horses for a time, attending shows and meeting many interesting people. Since she was able to work in her own neighborhood, the greater part of the time, she was able to combine her lucrative hobby with her homemaking duties, which were not allowed to suffer at all. About seven months ago Mrs. Czermak acquired a little stray kitten (who is now a lovely cat), and just this morning I received a delightful picture of Cat Person Suzuki, sitting in a dignified pose inside a dishwashing bowl, if a pose in such a setting can be termed “dignified”.

I had mentioned in a recent letter that, judging from her handwriting, Mrs. Czermak had “blossomed” since the advent of Suzuki; her writing was more rounded and pleasant. She agreed with my comments, saying she felt herself to be a different person, and continued: “Nobody has ever shown me such unconditional love as this little Girl Cat.” And it seems the whole family agrees that it’s impossible to imagine the household without her. A nice tribute! Mrs. Czermak has quite a liking for Canada and its beautiful scenery, having visited this country several times. She came to New Brunswick while we were there and later paid us a visit in Montreal. She took a trip by sea from Saint John, New Brunswick, to Digby, Nova Scotia, on the ferry, and she was so enthralled that she ran out of film before the outing ended.

She amused me the other day when she mentioned the most delightful Bay of Fundy prawns she had enjoyed at the Moon Palace Restaurant in Saint John, where we had dined one evening. “What a memory”, I told her . . . “To remember after all these years”. “Yes”, she said, “I can still see in my mind’s eye the lovely reddish color of those prawns.”

It appears to me at this moment that a good title for this book might be “Flowers of Friendship”, for so many pleasant incidents come to mind which cannot be ignored. I have mentioned previously that friendships do not come easily, and neither do they — quality definitely being preferable to quantity. It just occurred to me the other day that my few personal friends are owned by Cat People, and that makes the association all the more precious. Another truth has dawned upon me, and it is this: You can have a really close association, leading to a firm and lasting friendship, with someone you have never met physically. I have such a friend in Tessamarie — and her Siamese cat, Keeta. In our more difficult times we have been able to provide encouragement and pleasure for each other, through letters and very infrequent telephone conversations. This is a person for whom I have much admiration, and the only problem I encounter is in trying to decipher her minute handwriting; but this is quickly overcome by using a small magnifier, and her cheerful comments are well worth the effort. At my bedside I have a little book of Oriental Wisdom which Tessamarie kindly presented to me, and I enjoy reading the philosophy of Confucius, Lao-Tse and others.

Having mentioned a number of feminine acquaintances and friends, and lest it be thought one may have an aversion to masculine companionship, let me hasten to record that such is not the case . . . my few close associates do include the opposite sex.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Not everyone who reads this wants to hear about ALL the people who interest me, or who are interested in me, but I might mention two or three of the persons I have known for a few years. The first two have the same name but they are spelt in different ways — there is John (who I have known the longest), and Jon (who came into our life a little later). Both these gentlemen are friends of my Family and we have come to know each other quite well. John has visited us a number of times and we have spent many interesting moments in each other's company. A follower of the Guv's beliefs, and an avid reader of the Rampa books, he has introduced me to a few other interesting authors. One of the nicest things John ever did was to bring along the story of Jonathan Livingston Seagull by Richard Bach, because otherwise I might have missed that delightful story.

The other friend, Jon, is another person who finds great benefit in following the teachings of Lobsang Rampa, and he has often commented how his life has changed for the better since he has known the Guv. Jon is interested in photography and he has made astonishing progress in a matter of two years and, since he is owned by two beautiful cats, he is never short of a photographic subject; and some of his pictorial scenes are something to be remembered. Living in British Columbia gives one many opportunities for making artistic reproductions of mountain, ocean, and city life. This friend paid us a visit last month and just before he arrived I had cut my finger. "Look," I said, "I have sliced the end off my finger." He looked (although the sight of blood makes him feel squeamish), considered for a moment; then, with a whimsical smile commented, "My goodness, but don't you think that is a drastic method of trying to lose weight?" We enjoy his sense of humor even though at times it might seem rather misplaced.

Another gentleman of our acquaintance lives in England and he visited us here in Canada some years ago, so it was my pleasant duty to show him around a corner of our country. The particular Province was that of Quebec and the city was Montreal, so there was quite a lot to see in that particular corner; and, being an ardent horticulturist, he was particularly interested in the Botanical Gardens, where we took quite a large number of photographs of the trees and plants and various flowers.

We dined together two or three times in one or another of Montreal's delightful restaurants, and the topics of conversation were interesting and enjoyable to both of us and are still remembered with pleasure. One has to be prepared for all sorts of remarks in the course of one's life, and Mr. Sowter startled me somewhat as I was casually contemplating my amethyst ring which had been a gift, the amethyst being a stone which I understood induced calmness and placidity in the wearer, and I believe it had such an effect. Whether it was said in fun or seriously I did not know but, after contemplating me for a few moments, Mr. Sowter suddenly remarked, "Mrs. Rampa, I would have thought you had progressed beyond the wearing of jewelry." I must say that his comment gave me food for thought, but then I decided there is nothing wrong with wearing jewelry; if so, it would be strange that so many church leaders, such as Bishops, wear an amethyst. Well, if Mr. Sowter should read these pages I am telling him that I no longer own that ring — not because I did not like it or believe in it, but for a reason which is not relevant to my story.

Well Mr. Sowter thoroughly enjoyed his visit to Canada, and amongst the items he

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

found to take back with him was a beautiful Rosenthal bust of Nefertiti, something else to remind him of a pleasant experience, and he says he has placed her in an ideal position at the top of the stairway in his home, where he is able to greet her in passing.

Mr. Sowter is a dedicated bird lover and I admire him for the interest he takes in the R.S.P.B. (the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds). As gifts, he presents to his friends such items as Bird Calendars, table covers with bird designs, and the like. The other day I received a delightful handkerchief, and printed on it was a design of beautiful feathers in various colors and shades of colors. Truly a gentleman of excellent taste and sensitivity — for all this is done in the interest of the Bird Society of Great Britain.

It was our intention to stay at the Daniels Hotel for a short period only, simply to give us sufficient time to look around and find a furnished house or some other dwelling more permanent and homelike than we could expect from hotel living. This was easier said than done for property was not so simple to obtain, either for rent or even to buy — the latter not of interest to us in any case. There is much activity in the district, factories such as R.C.A. and the large Dupont Company; therefore, all the workers had to be housed and this was a direct cause of overcrowding in that little town.

Strangely enough, Prescott sported only one hotel, although previously there had been several; all of them gradually disappearing; some probably having become too decrepit for further occupation while one, at least, had been destroyed by fire just a few months earlier.

After a week or two of vain searching we approached Ivan, the hotel manager, with the intention of asking about a longer stay in the suite we occupied. "Your hotel is very nice" we informed him, "so perhaps we can come to terms with you regarding a longer tenancy, if you are agreeable."

Ivan's response was indicative of his whole attitude throughout our stay and we quickly came to an arrangement. He was pleased to hear we were finding the place so satisfactory, and we sighed with relief knowing we might enjoy the remainder of the summer months without the dreary grind of home-hunting.

One of the worst experiences we encountered was the invasion of those little creatures, shad flies. They came all around the window screens, and in one's hair; even on the food if one did not take extra care. When these creatures first appeared we wondered whatever was happening; but the whole cycle was completed in a matter of about two weeks — to our immense satisfaction. This invasion seems to prevail in just a few areas, and they seemed to be particularly attracted to Prescott. It was our first, and only, encounter with shad flies for which we were truly thankful.

The weeks passed, and occasionally one or two members of the Family would go off to Brockville where there was a greater variety of opportunities for shopping. The drive along by the river was a delight, and often we wished we could find a place to live somewhere along that stretch of ten or twelve miles.

It was in Brockville that we met the veterinarian who would be caring for Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy, and we came to know this gentleman quite well for all cats need

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

a checkup periodically, just as human animals do. By the time those little people were just a few months old we realized they were not very strong physically, and when Taddy developed a limp we were quite concerned. Gradually the time approached when we had to prepare for the operation which is required for all little girl cats if they are going to be raised as “pets” only. That is the spaying operation which is performed so that there will be no likelihood of them producing baby cats.

We had noticed when we took them out for a drive that they had some difficulty in maintaining their balance, and we were somewhat concerned about this also. Dr. Wang, who had given the whole situation a good deal of thought, decided to have some X-rays taken prior to the operation. He was rather puzzled about Taddy’s limp, and he pointed out that there was a danger she might injure herself while struggling under the anesthetic so we would be wiser to find out the cause first. It was not a simple procedure to place two cats in position to have their limbs X-rayed, but being nice helpful girl cats, the pictures were obtained and interpreted to show there really was cause for concern: It was found that these two little people had what is known as osteoporosis — a softening of their bones; and there was evidence of a number of minor fractures in each case.

It was necessary to provide them with plenty of calcium tablets, supplemented with Pablum (baby food), which they enjoyed when mixed with the concentrated juice from a little cooked lean beef (they will not take fatty juice! If it is “fatty”, one has to cool it in the refrigerator and then remove the solid fat before heating and offering it to the creatures). If possible, it is better that they should take the preparation themselves, but in this case I spoon-fed them so they were sure of getting it, and each would have her share.

We were not in a position to play about — it was too serious; and a few months later we had the satisfaction of seeing Cleo and Taddy becoming more healthy, Taddy having lost her limp, and even though it was well past the usual time for spaying, at last they had the operation . . . and soon they were home again.

I have to comment here that life in hotels is not the ideal situation for two Siamese queens during their “calling” periods. However, Dr. Wang kindly supplied some little pills, to be used during those times, and this made life more tolerable for the Family, the other guests, and especially for the little people themselves.

We have kept in touch with this particular veterinarian during the ensuing years, and we just heard from him last week. I have been asked whether he is of Chinese nationality, and though I would not mind whether he were Chinese or any other nationality, I have to say he is of Norwegian descent, and I will always have a feeling of gratitude towards him for detecting the deficiency with which our Cat People were beset and which delayed for a time their natural growth.

During that summer after our arrival in Prescott, the Guv was able to write one of his books. He must have felt the atmosphere to be conducive to writing in order to achieve this in the rather limited space, especially since it was such an excellent piece of work — probably my favorite Lobsang Rampa volume, apart from “Living with the Lama” and “You, Forever”, which of course is a “study” book. Yes, I found quite a lot of humor in “Chapters of Life” and, indeed, the dedication was in favor of Miss Cleopatra

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Rampa and Miss Tadalinka Rampa, who, if the Guv had not been more alert than they, might have chewed up the pages as soon as they were completed. In those days, due to their deficiency, they would chew anything they could get their claws on (twine, rubber bands, etc.), and it meant a constant vigil to keep all these things out of their way. I was warned that rubber bands could easily cause an obstruction of the bowel, while Taddy seemed to root them out from nowhere.

However, it was all well worth the effort of caring for them, for now I have two beautiful cat companions who are loyal, loving, and definitely a credit to the Family. Mentioning Dr. Peter Wang, the Norwegian, brings to my mind a book about Norway, written by a popular author of my young days. The book described Norway beautifully — the fjords, the beautiful scenery; and the author was Marie Corelli. Oh, yes, the title of the work was “Thelma”, a name which I like very much, and I am reminded of it each time I meet Miss Thelma Dumont who has done so much in the way of helping me with this book, such as typing, pointing out errors for correction, and showing a real interest in the project. While copying from my rough typescript, she has made a point of commenting upon any parts which she found of special interest; and, judging from her remarks, I know she has been reading it in detail. One day, in the early pages, Thelma suddenly asked: “Are Ku’ei and Fifi still with you?” And when I had to answer, “No, I’m afraid not,” she looked quite sad. “I rather wish you hadn’t told me,” she said. She is a very sensitive and capable person and without her help and real interest it is doubtful my story would have reached even this stage. Her sadness disappeared when I was able to tell her, in answer to her query whether the Guv was still around, that, “Yes, he is,” and she exclaimed genuinely, “I’m so glad.”

So the days and weeks rolled by and soon everyone was preparing for Expo “67, the big Centennial celebration which was to be held in Montreal. Gradually it came to our notice that various persons were planning to visit Expo “67 and at the same time intended to “stop off” at Prescott to pay their respects to Lobsang Rampa. It seemed a wonderful idea except that we did not welcome visitors at any time unless they were invited, which was a rare occurrence. Since Montreal was a mere two hours drive away from us we became more than a little concerned, for we knew it would be no problem for anyone to find us since Prescott was not a big place.

Ivan was very busy, in anticipation of welcoming Centennial visitors, and the girls in his coffee shop were being fitted out with their last-century dresses, while Ivan himself started to grow a beard. The scene was changing and we were in rather a quandary once more. It seemed that, for “the duration”, we really would have to find some place to stay which was a little less prominent; but — where? Soon it would be one year since we had arrived at the Daniels, and since it was impossible to secure anything more private we began to look further afield.

One day I happened to mention that New Brunswick seemed to be a nice area, perhaps it was worth considering.

“I have heard that the scenery is rather like the Irish countryside,” I commented. So the idea gradually formed in our minds and before very long we were making inqui-

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

ries and preparations for the trek from Ontario, across the Province of Quebec, into New Brunswick. We had decided upon the city of Saint John as being most suitable because it was situated by the ocean, which we decided would be a nice change after the St. Lawrence river area of Upper Canada.

Ivan seemed sad that we were leaving and he smiled when we suggested he would need our suite to accommodate all the important visitors who would be arriving during the summer.

At last the Day arrived, a lovely May day, when we departed in a fairly roomy; if not too modern, aircraft; and the journey took somewhere around three hours. It was late afternoon when we reached Saint John, Atlantic time being one hour ahead of Prescott's "Eastern daylight".

It was a lovely time of the year to be living in New Brunswick and we found the people quite friendly though a little aloof until one had lived there long enough to "prove" one's self. The apartment which we rented overlooked the Harbor, and from the uppermost floor (which was the thirteenth) we could watch ships entering and leaving the Port of Saint John. The superintendent of the building was very interested in his job and he looked after the tenants extremely well. He was especially helpful towards the older people, and his patience seemed inexhaustible.

This was another quiet time in our lives and we made the most of it, enjoying a drive around the district occasionally; and the Cat Persons were very satisfied to go on these leisurely trips.

As winter approached we liked the milder temperature since Prescott could be extremely cold, with more than a fair share of snow. Of course snow soon melts in coastal towns and cities, but it seems that Saint John has suffered some quite dreadful snowstorms during the past winter. Certainly the fates were kind to us that winter; but, in passing. I might add that anyone who plans to pay a visit to that part of the Maritimes might be well-advised to include an umbrella in their luggage.

It is election day here in Alberta, and the first week of Spring — by the calendar anyway. In reality we have snow and cold winds from the north sweeping along at twenty miles per hour; and when I awoke this morning the temperature was six degrees (F.) above zero, and the weather man kindly informed us that equaled 1° C. Last month it was much warmer and everybody was preparing to cast off their winter clothing, but now it is back to big winter boots and scarves to keep us warm from head to toe. Still we expect the warm Chinook air will be along soon so that we can all smile again. Someone may say, "But what is all this to do with your story?"; and I have to answer, "Well, it IS my story — moving around the country with my Family, feeling the atmosphere of the various provinces, and comparing them."

As I start to write this, the last part of my book, my mind wanders back to the Maritimes, to Saint John in particular. Although the Guv was even then using a wheel chair for moving around, he was still not too incapacitated. We enjoyed idling around the road outside the apartment building, the Guv with his wheel chair, accompanied either

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

by Buttercup or me; and soon the local residents came to know us, often stopping for a chat. One day when Buttercup was accompanying the Guv she was approached by a small girl who had been hanging around and viewing them with interest. At last, having summoned sufficient courage, she went right up and addressed Buttercup. "Do you take him out every day, Miss?", she said. Then she dashed off, without waiting for an answer, her courage suddenly deserting her, leaving the Guv and Buttercup highly amused.

This episode reminds me of something which happened just a few days ago when a young man came here on an errand. Being the son of one of our friends he had heard about Dr. Rampa and he was most eager to see the Guv, having combed his hair specially we were told. The Guv was not at all well that evening but he could not bear to disappoint a young man who had made a point of tidying himself up for the occasion. It was a pleasurable event lasting all of fifteen minutes, and Andrew was off home again. Later when we talked to our friend, Andrew's father, to inquire whether the young man had found the visit worthwhile, we were told, "He said he was sorry for the old fellow as he has no legs below the knees". For a moment we were nonplussed and then we realized the Guv had been sitting in the lotus position, which he finds most comfortable, and over the sheets it looked exactly like an amputation. Another cause for amusement, all of which helps to keep us cheerful.

Yes, it was a happy time in Saint John; and the Guv wrote another book, the idea for the cover being taken from a photograph of that time, where he was holding a prayer-wheel and a begging bowl. For those who may be interested, the title of the book was "Beyond the Tenth".

Our home was not very far from the Bay of Fundy and the Reversing Falls, so named because at a certain point under the bridge a stretch of water on the Saint John river collides with water from the Falls, causing a reversal of the tide; and this is a very popular tourist attraction. The tides are higher than anywhere else in the world, running into the inlet between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and rising up to 60 feet.

Some people say that distance and the passing of time lend a sort of enchantment, and that things were never so good at the time they happened as they are in retrospect; but of our stay in the Maritimes, I can only say that we enjoyed and appreciated it at the time.

Water is possessed of a magnetic quality and the sea has an added mysticism. Many are the tales told by some of the Atlantic fishermen and older residents of strange happenings at sea and in the remote districts, tales the validity of which we could well appreciate.

The New Brunswickers are a proud group of loyalists and their province provides much of Canada's history. There is a small island a short distance from the harbor which is the burial place of many Irishmen who came to Canada in the days of the great potato famine, but who developed a plague and never reached the mainland of the New World.

They had not been allowed to leave their ship, by the authorities, for fear they should spread the disease which had been caused by starvation and overcrowding.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Therefore, as they died they found their last resting place on that little piece of land.

Off the mainland there is another place of interest, Grand Manan island, where President Roosevelt kept a summer home and where he spent many vacations, away from the problems of his high office.

After a stay of about a year and a half, it was necessary to make another break in our life-pattern and so we went to Montreal; but the following year we were drawn back to New Brunswick for what proved to be a rather short and somewhat distressing period.

On our second visit we stayed in the Admiral Beatty Hotel for a few weeks while we waited for our apartment which was not yet ready. The hotel manager was most helpful and treated us extremely well, as did his dining room supervisor who also acted in the capacity of hostess and who was always most solicitous for our welfare.

Everybody was helpful in Saint John, especially the two men who operated a fish truck, and who transported the Guv (together with his wheel chair) when he had to move from the railway station to the hotel and later from the hotel to the apartment. These men manipulated that hoist in a most professional manner — and they were obviously delighted to be of service.

While we stayed at the Admiral Beatty, Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, happened to visit the city, and when he passed through the foyer we had the pleasure of seeing His Royal Highness. Everyone seemed excited when they heard him coming down the stairway (the elevators, it seemed, were not swift enough for him), and as he strode past the crowd they waved enthusiastically and applauded him. We seem to have had more glimpses of the Royal Family in Canada than we ever did in England for the Queen Mother visited Saint John on our earlier stay, and since the Royal Yacht “Britannia” had docked in the harbor we were able to look out and see Her Majesty as she made frequent trips to and from her temporary home. And of course we had the opportunity of seeing Queen Elizabeth the Second herself a few years earlier.

When we lived in Montevideo, President Goulart of Brazil came on a visit — and there was a reception right below our apartment building, so we were able to stand out on the balcony and watch the proceedings, at the same time getting some photographs of the occasion, and it was most interesting and quite exciting.

Another interesting and rather exciting incident occurred around that period when the then ex-President Peron tried to stage a comeback from his exile in Spain. The plane carrying Juan Peron and his party passed right over our building on its way to Brazil where negotiations took place regarding entry into Argentina. Unfortunately for him, the ex-President was not allowed to return to his country; but he persevered and eventually regained his position as President, though only briefly. Thus it is with rulers, heads of State; often their positions are so uncertain that today's prince can very easily become the beggar of tomorrow. Yes, a borrowed phrase!

I hope that little backward look into yesterday is not considered too much of a digression; and now we return to the pleasant life of Saint John, which was all too short-lived. Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy liked the hotel because there was so much action; different

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

people to see and many things of interest happening. Two or three times each week we used to sit in the hotel lobby, just so that these little people could have their recreation; and sometimes a guest would come up to see them and chat with us for a while. Everybody admired our Cat People and I enjoyed having an excuse to chat, especially if the person had something of interest to impart. Once we met two nice young girls from Quebec city, and they extolled the wonders of their city with much gusto; and I wished I could have seen this place for myself because many people have expressed delight over its beauty. Another time a young man came over to us, remarking that he was a representative for a company of Pet supplies, actually Hartz Mountain (whose cat litter we had always used), and he expressed interest in the traveling basket we were using.

I mentioned a company which I had known in England, a supplier of medicine for pets — various cat powders and the like. It was a well known company, and the young man was interested to hear that my Silver Tabby's photograph had looked out on the world from various drugstores and food shops throughout the country after the company had obtained the original picture from us, during the years of the Second World War. It had seemed strange (after T. Catt had gone to his heavenly home) to walk into a store and see his likeness still gazing placidly around and often I felt sad at the thought that he was no longer with us in the flesh.

Apart from visitors, many local people came into the hotel, some passing through the lobby and into the jewelry store of Henry Birks, the store and the people being a source of constant interest. This time was not wasted because it prevented Cleo and Taddy from getting too nervous as they had been for a while in Prescott before we started to take them downstairs to the lobby at the Daniels Hotel.

Eventually the apartment was ready for us, in the same building where we had lived previously, there being very few high-rise buildings in the district — especially with a view of the sea, although in the intervening years I believe this has been remedied somewhat and there is more choice of accommodation. Apartment living was something new to the people and they did not take well to the idea; but later the whole complex was occupied and soon there was a waiting list. It was an eminently suitable life-style for anyone waiting to purchase a house, or being temporarily transferred in their job, and one came across a number of newly married people full of the excitement of starting a home, discussing the price of wall-to-wall carpeting, etc., while waiting for the mailman in the lobby (which was a general meeting place each morning.)

It never seems to pay to become too complacent for immediately we sit back, relax, and think we will “take it easy” we are jerked back to alertness and action. Barely two months after getting settled into the new home, sadness entered our lives once again: The Guv suddenly suffered acute pain and he was so sick that we had to get medical help. This led to a stay in a Saint John Hospital and we all felt very sad at being parted from each other. Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy were very unhappy, even though they could communicate quite easily; but it was not the same as having the Guv at home where they could be close beside him.

It just happened that, during the stay in hospital, there was a “flu epidemic” in the

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

district; so — no visitors. Really, the Guv must have felt very isolated, as did we all, and we were happy when the day came that he was able to return home. Cleo and Taddy were quite excited, yet rather shy, not having seen the Guv for the best part of a week. It was during this stay in hospital that the Guv was told he could expect to live for only a few months and he should keep a suitcase packed in anticipation of an early return to the hospital. “You’ll be back,” he was told in a matter of fact tone by one of the doctors. Unfortunately that was the unhappiest experience — the apparent lack of feeling towards a patient, and we can only tell ourselves that perhaps the doctor was sick himself or perhaps he had forgotten the hypocritical oath of his profession.

It was another milestone in our lives — a turning point; and one only hoped the medical profession might be proved wrong. At the same time we felt we must not blind ourselves to the fact that nothing is certain and we should be prepared, in case those professional men should be proved correct in their prognosis. On the other hand, any one of us can be mistaken, whether we be medical or lay persons, and I, have here before me a quotation by Maimonides, Greek philosopher, which seems very appropriate so I will pass it on:

“May there never develop in me the notion that my education is complete but give me the strength and leisure and zeal continually to enlarge my knowledge.”

A concept worth following, and I found these words on the cover of some medical educational material.

In this case the medicos were proved wrong, but nevertheless it was a time of great concern, and I suppose we were worried underneath — if not consciously.

In the following few months the family was drawn closer together as we sat and chatted, or just sat, thinking each our own thoughts. On several evenings each week we used to view ciné films which we had rented from the National Film Library, and some of them were quite educational, others amusing. Watching Buster Keaton making a train journey across Canada was quite hilarious and we all enjoyed the cartoons. The curator of the Museum, who had been our neighbor, kindly lent us some more films and these were greatly appreciated. We saw beautiful scenes, many from Europe, and especially good was one taken in Germany where the scenery and buildings held us enthralled. Then there was a short silhouette type film which we refer to even now because it gave us so much pleasure, its title being, “The Grasshopper and The Ant”; Mr. Grasshopper being a delightful character who loved and lived Today — never caring for Tomorrow and its problems. Miss Ant was a severe lady who chastised Mr. Grasshopper for not preparing for Winter, but he still did not bother; while in the end Miss Ant mellowed, and the film ended with everyone happy and friendly; and it was one of the nicest little nature pictures I ever saw, written and produced by a German lady.

It was a hard, uphill fight for the Guv and to us, the on-lookers. Nothing short of a miracle how he kept going with all the pain he suffered; but even so, he sat down and wrote another book — telling of his most recent experiences. As I look back I have come to realize that he himself could not have been sure how long he would be able to continue living.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

The most unpleasant aspect was the lack of cooperation from the treatment point of view, and I was puzzled as to why no one had talked to me regarding the illness. Even when I went to deliver a few personal things to the Guv during his stay there in the hospital I was greeted in a quite uncivil manner. I had not wanted to visit the ward knowing visitors were not allowed at that time, but the attitude seemed to be that I was trying to “gate crash” my way in.

So, it was due to the lack of medical interest and care that we would leave New Brunswick for the second time. The Guv has himself written about all this so there is no need for me to enlarge upon it.

We were going to miss the calm, placid life of the Maritimes; and of course we would miss that delicacy which is peculiar to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the fiddlehead.

So it was back to Montreal, and Habitat, for the second time; but the circumstances would be in many ways a great deal more satisfactory than on our first visit, for we were, in a way, returning to friends. The administrator of Habitat had kept in touch with us and he was to have everything ready for our comfort while we would be located temporarily in one of the guest apartments.

On the morning of our departure, Saint John was shrouded in fog, so we ran into our first problem — no planes leaving the airport. When we received a telephone call at breakfast time to tell us we would have to travel to Fredericton by road, we did not feel too happy. Still there was nothing we could do about it, but we were concerned as to how the Guv would manage the journey which was being made longer because of the weather.

Eventually we started out, and we had to have two cars for our family of three adults, two Cat Persons, and our luggage. Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy went with me in the first car because the Guv preferred to travel behind so he could more easily keep his mind, and his eyes, on us; and periodically I would look around to wave, showing him we were doing all right. We had said our goodbyes to the superintendent who told us he was very sorry to lose such nice tenants and good friends, and he said he would keep in touch with us while perhaps one day we might return. I wondered how the Cat People would behave on what, for them, was a fairly lengthy car ride; but any worries I might have had proved groundless for they were extremely quiet and ladylike during the sixty mile drive. I had a suspicion that the Guv must have had a word with them, and of course they knew he was keeping an eagle eye in their direction.

As we drove along my thoughts wandered, as usual, and I have always found that the soothing purr of the engine is most conducive to daydreaming — providing one is not driving I suppose. Many people seem to experience a certain amount of disassociation while at the wheel of a car, though enjoying the relaxation, and often finding the solution to a problem.

As I thought of our situation and the Guv's deterioration in health, I realized the fact that the years were passing and we were getting older, and not one of us expects to live forever. I thought of how (especially in the North American continent) everyone wants to

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

remain young, going to all lengths in clothes and beauty aids to maintain the illusion.

No one would disagree that it is nice to remain young, and not many of us look forward with joy to advancing years; and most of us pass through a phase of mild “panic” at the idea of becoming old, or even elderly.

Having passed through most of Shakespeare’s seven stages, I feel it is in order to make a few comments — the most important being that getting old is a most interesting experience, and a time when most things cease to be a cause for worry. You have more time to enjoy what is around you for you cannot easily go rushing around, especially if you are “out of breath” with little or no physical effort.

At various times in my life I have been reminded about “age” and its importance. For many months after I was born I was always “Baby”, and perhaps I earned the title for I was just beginning to walk at eighteen months. At seven years I knew and envied a girl of eleven, believing her to be quite adult; and, along with my friends of that period, decided that were we not married by the age of twenty-one we might as well give up! By the time the magic twenty-one was reached it was neither the time for getting married or for giving up; and anyhow, in my mind seventeen had been the age of magic. Just about that time I had the misfortune to be hospitalized, and doctors seemed to be buzzing all around. “Your name?” they inquired; and when I told them they looked glum and uninterested. “Your age?” came next.

“Ah, that is more interesting” they answered when I told them “Twenty-one”.

It must have been about twenty years later that someone drew attention to my age again. I was in conversation when the other person suddenly remarked: “You must have been quite attractive when you were younger.” Not a very well-mannered person, I concluded. When, a few years later, I was making a transatlantic crossing by plane, in the company of a young girl, one of the passengers inquired whether she was my granddaughter. Now, I felt, I was really arriving — but I was to have yet another reminder: A year or two ago, I was in a bank one day buying a money order when I was asked: “Are you a senior citizen?” In answer to my surprised expression and inquiry, “Why?”, I received the answer, “Senior citizens do not have to pay any charges for money orders: Ah well, a few more years, I suppose, and someone will come along to help me across the street or something, with the comment, “I expect you have been around for a long time, Lady!” And then I will know I have really ARRIVED.

So we reached Fredericton and eventually Montreal airport after a tiring flight, and the Guv absolutely exhausted, with fewer facilities for the deplaning of disabled persons than had existed at Fredericton. Another drive, a few miles along the Expressway, and we turned in towards Habitat where I noticed a few signs which had been absent when we left. Many people used to get lost trying to find their way around, but now it seemed the situation had been remedied.

After winding our way around the grounds at last we reached the entrance where we were welcomed by the senior commissioner who we had known before, and who had been there since the days of Expo ‘67. On reaching the guest apartment we found

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Mr. Gobeille was waiting for us, in a fierce June heatwave, and no air conditioning since the electricians were in the midst of one of their frequent strikes. Mr. Gobeille appeared very pleased at our return and we enjoyed a few minutes chat together.

Cité du Havre, the site of Habitat, is almost an island and quite an interesting place to live, especially for those who like water and being near ships. We used to gaze out of the window and see craft from all over the world, so near that one could reach out and almost touch them. In summer it was pleasant as the temperature was ten degrees lower than the city of Montreal, but by the same token the ten degrees made quite a difference in the winter months when one almost got one's nose frozen off if one ventured outside.

There was very little choice of apartments so we had to settle for one which had a delightful view over the harbor but which had its entrance below ground level, which meant descending about fifteen stairs. Most of the apartments, or suites, were situated on two floors, and the bedrooms were either upstairs or, just as frequently, downstairs. Definitely a new way of living, but apparently quite popular for soon there was a waiting list. And the type of tenant was very mixed, consisting of doctors, musicians, writers and artists; also teachers; and various nationalities, all of whom seemed to get along well together. Since the Cité du Havre was without public transport we had our own private bus operating as far as the city, taking tenants to within a short distance of their places of work and delivering their children to school. Without this service Habitat would not have been so popular because it was in a way quite isolated; no postal facilities for instance, and only one small food store where it was possible to obtain staple foods such as milk, bread, eggs and a few fruits and vegetables, with the usual canned foods and dry goods.

The man who operated the store was a unique character and many were the stories he told about the activities at Habitat in the days of Expo '67. Unfortunately his lease expired and he left for another position so he was greatly missed by the tenants. It was a marvel to us how Mr. P. always had fresh bread on hand, even when there could not possibly have been a baker's delivery. We later realized that Mr. P's version of fresh bread was bread which had been refrigerated. Still it is colorful personalities such as he which give an added zest to life, and it was an acknowledged fact that Mr. P. always seemed to achieve what anyone else would have deemed impossible.

I took a number of photographs around that time because it was possible to get some delightful pictures of the ships and the water from the walkway on the tenth floor. And again we rented films from the Film Library; but it was not so interesting as the first time in Saint John — perhaps we had seen all the best ones, or we were getting too used to them.

There was one incident which amused us when our friend Jon came to visit us, and he joined us in viewing a medical film which was somewhat gory. If you remember, Jon cannot stand the sight of a bleeding finger, or anything like that, and this film happened to be taken in the operating theatre while an operation was in progress. Jon began to look pale and the Guv suggested he should have a stimulant before he passed out, having already left the room once. I took the phial and, wrapping it in a tissue, broke it and

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

pushed it towards his face with the admonition, "Here, sniff this." So he took one breath and nearly fell over, gasping, "Are you trying to finish me off?"

I must agree that sometimes the sight of blood makes me feel a little queasy myself, and I was a bit worried one Saturday when I was preparing lunch — I cut my finger and we couldn't stop the flow. The Guv fixed it temporarily and suggested I take myself off to the hospital; so I went quickly, via the Habitat limousine which just happened to be available. Buttercup accompanied me to the emergency department where we waited a few minutes; and then, after all details had been supplied, my finger received attention. I was given a bowl of warm water and told to "stick it in there and clean it up". Cleo and Taddy were very concerned, and when we returned home they looked a bit surprised to see us so soon while the Guv had done his best to reassure them, in spite of Taddy's telepathic inquiry, "Do you think we will ever see Ma again."

These two little people seemed to like Habitat, partly because there was plenty of room to play and have fun — running up and down stairs and hiding in various corners.

We used to drive over the bridge to St. Lambert where our French Canadian veterinarian had his office, and he treated Cleo and Taddy very well. He is a most conscientious person, and it was through Dr. Wang that we found him.

We were introduced to another Canadian way of life, that of the "Drive-In" Restaurant. A friend suggested it was time the Cat People furthered their education, so we went once more to the St. Lambert district and enjoyed a hamburger and coffee while Cleo and Taddy were fascinated with the other patrons who were parked quite near us.

St. Lambert revives a sad memory too, in that the Quebec cabinet minister Pierre La Porte was held captive in a house not far away — and it was a distressing time while the F.L.Q. members were so active. Everyone in Quebec and all of Canada, and indeed the whole world, was shocked when they learned of M. La Porte's fate. And we had the unhappy experience of witnessing the cavalcade of F.L.Q. members, their car loaded with dynamite and accompanied by police as they passed by our window on the way to Expo grounds to hand over another captive — the British Trade Minister, Mr. Jasper Cross. Those were frightening days when many people dared not leave their homes in the evenings for fear they might be kidnapped; and Montreal's night life suffered greatly.

During the summer and fall we spent a lot of time sitting on the bank of the Habitat grounds watching the ships of various countries arriving and departing; and we could hear music across the water from "Man and His World", the annual fair which followed Expo. And we would walk among the plants and flowers in the more cultivated areas, the Guv using his wheel chair, stopping to point out something of particular interest.

One day, when I was feeling less than cheerful and somewhat sorry for myself, we went out and he showed me a little red flower, suggesting I might study it — meditate upon it, instead of dwelling upon my own problems. At the same time he suggested I might take to heart the following words:

"Let me think of others that I may forget myself." Just a few words with a big mean-

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

ing! So I made up a “card” and tried to live up to its message.

From the medical aspect it was more reassuring because the doctor we had was very much of a humanitarian and he never minded making a visit at any time during the day or night. His wife, Joan, who I mention by name because she suggested I should, had written to us previously, having enjoyed the Lobsang Rampa books, and this was the start of an association which has lasted up to the present time.

Our nearest neighbor was a member of the medical profession and we enjoyed chatting with him on the all too rare occasions that we found time to meet. After we had left Habitat, his wife (another Joan) adopted our friends, the sparrows, who had come to our patio every morning for their breakfast. One day, when we were talking together by telephone she told me that when she made out the weekly shopping list she included “bread for humans”, “bread for birds”. Winters in Montreal can be severe indeed and, but for a little thought on the part of humans, these creatures would stand little chance of survival during the long spells of frost and snow.

Yes, the time came when we would once more be moving further afield — and when we approached Mr. Gobeille to tell him of our plans, he would have been happy if he could have induced us to change our minds.

Some people imagine that after a person has written a book the author is owned by the public and he should be available at any time of the day or night. If they would only stop to think, writers need more peace and quiet than the so-called “average” person because a good part of their time is spent in another dimension; they have to think and plan before they can write.

I am inclined to agree with the American writer, Scott Fitzgerald, who has been quoted as saying that “Authors are many different people if they are any good at all at their craft.” This being so or not, peace and privacy are essential for an author to continue with his work. The Guv had completed two more volumes in spite of the many diversions and interruptions from would be well-wishers and curiosity seekers; but there was no other alternative to looking around for a more peaceful abode.

When we had finally decided we would leave Montreal, and Habitat, I proposed that we might consider Alberta, the province of the Wild Rose; Calgary for choice. But it seemed the Dogwood of British Columbia beckoned more strongly.

It was my first visit to Vancouver and I must say that there is no exaggeration in the reports one is given as to its beauty; and the awesome grandeur of the Rockies is a sight all should see. We arrived on a hot July day, near the peak of the tourist season, and it seemed like another world compared to the Canada we had left behind. Where else could one find a modern cosmopolitan city, with the sea so close at hand, and yet in a few minutes find one’s self in the midst of a setting such as can be found in an English countryside — the noted Stanley Park for instance.

It was in Vancouver that we accumulated a fair number of flowers and plants, providing an interest which I have maintained right up to the present. The Japanese bonsai tree is available in British Columbia and we had the good fortune to find one or two beautiful

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

specimens of an advanced age — which made them even more desirable.

Then there was the terrarium where we had a glass container full of tiny plants and covered with a glass top which, if kept covered, is never (or very rarely) in need of water since by condensation it maintains its own level of humidity. Some people prefer colored glass for the container, but it is better for the plants if one uses a plain clear glass which allows the maximum amount of light to reach them since, without sufficient light, no plant will survive. I was interested to learn that it was a London surgeon, a student of natural history, who realized the possibilities of a terrarium and was able to send various grasses and ferns as far away as Sydney, Australia — a journey of eight months in those days, where they arrived in perfect condition. Successfully, this man was able to grow over one hundred specimens of fern and different grasses by the terrarium method, things considered impossible to grow in the polluted, sooty air of nineteenth-century London. So, almost one hundred and fifty years later, we can still give thanks to Dr. Nathaniel Ward for his wonderful discovery which brings so much joy into our present-day homes.

It is fortunate that the weather is mainly warm in Vancouver for a large percentage of the population consists of elderly, even old, people, many of whom are pensioners and who have a very limited income; so they do not need expensive winter clothing or need to spend too much on heating their homes. One day, while I was in a bakery shop, an elderly lady came in and asked the price of a cake; but apparently it was too expensive so she left, and it made me feel sad. The assistant commented, “I see you were sorry for her — but you get used to it “ I was given to understand that it was never wise to buy anything for one of these people, however sorry you might feel. “They are very proud, you know,” the assistant went on, “and they are extremely independent.”

Twice I had an opportunity to take a trip to Vancouver Island, and I found the capital, Victoria, most interesting and quite British. To my regret there was no time to visit the famous Butchart’s Gardens. The climate of course is much drier than the mainland and we had hopes of transferring ourselves over there. However, as I mentioned before, no one seemed interested in having Cat People, otherwise there would have been no problem; so, on each of my trips I went home disappointed.

One feels that the Rockies separate B.C. from the rest of Canada, in more ways than just physically, for the residents do not readily accept strangers. One gains much information about a place by listening to and observing taxi drivers — and Vancouver was no exception. We understood from them that to be a native of British Columbia was the ultimate achievement; and we learned much more. It was not possible to make a “time call”; that is, arrange for a cab for a certain hour. I was quite concerned when I spent a day there last year and I tried to book a taxi to take me back to the airport. “No Ma’am,” I was told, “we cannot book anything in advance.” Nowhere else have I experienced this kind of attitude, so I was thankful to get back to Calgary where one can not only make previous arrangements but it is possible to ask for a certain driver. This is particularly helpful when a disabled person, such as the Guv, needs to make a journey.

And here the drivers do not change shifts in the middle of the afternoon, causing one to start out with one person and more than likely find it’s three thirty and changeover

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

time halfway through the outing. This happened to us several times; and I remember one day in particular when, just after lunch, I went with the Guv to West Vancouver where we had to do some shopping. It was a beautiful day so we drove along Ambleside Drive, enjoying the sea air; and when the time came to return it was the start of the rush hour. As everybody who lives in that area knows, you should never be in a hurry if you are crossing the Lion's Gate Bridge.

Well, there we were, stuck about halfway across in a real traffic jam, when over the radio came the voice of the dispatcher with a message for our driver: "Come on, you'd better get going and check in — your night driver is waiting."

The man was not in a very good mood so his reply was anything but pleasant. And there was nothing we could do except to exercise patience. Another time we actually did have the drivers change over their shifts — right in the center of Vancouver.

Our apartment was situated on a corner and the windows were large so there was plenty to see from each angle, especially in the direction of English Bay where seagoing vessels awaited their turn before entering the harbor. There was one day in particular that we spent a very enjoyable time watching kites being flown in the bay. These were man-lifting kites, and we enjoyed the display so much that it was impossible to get anything done in our household. One's mind went back to "The Third Eye" and the description of these displays about which the Guv wrote.

Another window provided a view of the North, and some- times as I gazed down towards the Bayshore Inn I used to wonder how that well-known figure, Howard Hughes, was spending his time, where he occupied the top floor of the Bayshore. He had arrived in Vancouver just before we did; something of a mystery figure who reportedly only left his quarters except when traveling, although no doubt the art of disguise was quite familiar to him. I sometimes felt that we had something in common with Mr. Hughes in that a good deal of trouble had come our way, not of our own making.

Eventually, due to several reasons, it was necessary to cast around again for a peaceful place to settle down; and that was how we came to reconsider Calgary. Since no one in our Family had paid a visit to the up and coming city, it was decided someone should go; and this time it was my turn. It was around this time of the year, or a little earlier (March), when snow was still well in evidence; but I enjoyed the trip and was fortunate in meeting a person in the rental business, particularly apartments. Actually the person I met was the wife, and she freely offered helpful information, at the same time showing me an apartment in the building where she and her husband lived. This was one of the times when, apparently by chance, I just happened to meet the right people at the right time. And I found the experience quite agreeable after the negative attitude I had been experiencing with the Vancouver landlords.

Downtown Calgary may not be a place of beauty but when one looks out on the gray concrete buildings one can change the focus of one's eyes, looking further afield to the clear skies, and in the distance the foothills and the Rockies.

To make up for the lack of beautiful scenery the people are extremely friendly and

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

helpful. And if one is prepared to drive about eighty miles along the expressway, there is nothing more beautiful than Banff (in the foothills and the lovely Lake Louise).

It was a few months before everything was finally arranged, while in the interval we basked in the sun of British Columbia; and a short time before we were due to leave the Guv had quite a bad period, due to a fall, which left us wondering however we would manage even a short journey, let alone the long trek to Alberta.

It was most upsetting for all of us — the Guv not being able to move because of pain in his back; and I felt quite helpless. The doctor came to visit; he was a nice man but there seemed nothing he could do either except to give a sedative with the hope that it would ease the pain (to be left lying on the bedroom floor for two or three days is not a happy experience because floors can be very hard over the carpet-covered concrete). One begins to think that if the physician is “stumped” about what to do there is not much hope for the patient, and this was our position. One day he came in, chatted for a while, and then asked, “Have you ever had this before?” When the Guv said he had, the doctor answered, “Well, you’ve got it again!”

Vancouver seems to be a real refuge for the elderly and one can only conclude the attraction must be the more temperate climate, the less severe winters than is experienced by the remainder of the country. In the West End area it was most noticeable; you would see senior citizens on the bus and walking along the streets to the numerous stores, or wandering the short distance to enjoy the peace and beauty of Stanley Park. The number of wheel chairs around was greater than I had seen anywhere, apart from the Star and Garter Home for the war disabled — near Richmond Park, in Surrey, England.

The mall in Denman Street, at the corner of Comox, was very convenient for wheel chair passengers in that they were able to meet their friends and shop without suffering from the dampness or rain (of which Vancouver has an abundance) of the street outside. One could get a prescription and post one’s letters at the same time in the drugstore cum post office, or do some food shopping in the supermarket across the way, and buy other things from shoes and clothing to delicate articles from the Chinese gift shop. Several elderly people moved into the apartments over the mall for this very reason — that shopping was less of a chore than having to carry supplies a few blocks away. It was obvious that, rather than a chore, buying supplies became quite a pleasure.

The older we become the more interested we are in the subject of age, and what comes after this life; for dying is a process which each of us must experience sooner or later. I have sometimes thought that being born should be of greater concern since this entails leaving our Home and going out into the unknown, to an unexplored strange place, that our progress may be hastened through the trials and tribulations we will surely encounter, and then — Home again. In many cases it is not growing old and dying which is the problem, but the real concern is often whether there will be anyone to care for us should we cease to be able to look after ourselves, and whether we will be able to manage from the financial aspect. When two people have spent the greater part of their lives together and one partner is left to face the loneliness — that is hard; and I know of one charming old gentleman who is in just that position. His health is very poor,

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

as one might expect of a person well into his eighties, and while he is patiently living out his lifespan he will be happiest when the day comes when he will finally join his partner who he always refers to as “my dear wife” .

There comes to mind the picture of two delightful people who I have met recently, and though they would be classed as elderly they are extremely energetic and mentally stimulating. I will call them Grandpa Reginald and Grandma Janet, and they arrived here from England just a few years ago. They are the grandparents of Andrew, who I mentioned before — the young man who decided the Guv was legless, and although we have had the pleasure of meeting them only once we have had many interesting conversations by telephone. Grandma has a wonderful sense of humor and she has many interesting experiences to relate, while Grandpa is quieter in manner, which is just as well since Grandma is lively enough for two. It just goes to show that age is not necessarily the gateway to misery.

IT was early September when we came to Calgary, and we never expected we would be able to make the trip since the Guv continued to have a lot of pain and discomfort. However, as always, once he has made a decision, he always seems to be able to see it through, pain or no pain. It was nice to know too that Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy were welcome here, with no likelihood of suddenly being turned out of their home, because that meant one less worry for the Guv. In Vancouver, however, where the situation continued to deteriorate, pets and children were being turned away from the West End. We heard of a cat whose family had been asked to have “Freddie” removed from the building immediately, otherwise notice would be given. And this was not an isolated case. Freddie was a mature Cat Person, of five years who had lived in apartments the greater part of his life, and he was a well-behaved responsible person. I did not hear the sequel to Freddie’s plight but I certainly was thankful to get away from a situation such as this, which I understand is becoming more and more common.

Sometimes one feels one would like to own one’s home where there would be no landlord to answer to, where one could do as one pleased. But it seems this is not to be; and, after all, there are many advantages to our present life style.

Here, our Cat Persons are treated very well, with the respect which is their due. I believe we are quite reasonable tenants, who do not cause too much trouble, and I like to think that Carol (who is in charge of this complex) would agree with this opinion. Perhaps I should ask her! I have several reasons for being interested in Carol, not the least of which is that she is amusing — of a type who prevents us all from getting too stuffy. Also, she is interested in things metaphysical, and I would say she is quite psychic; though, being modest, she would probably say, “No, no, I just have a hunch about something occasionally.” Irish modesty no doubt! Did I say “of a type”? Carol is unique. She very closely resembles my friend Suzanne; and many of her “mannerisms” are similar. The people we meet from day to day are very important in our lives for we often see more of them than we do of our relatives and close friends.

David Niven is another interesting personality, and this gentleman owns several jewelry stores. Actually his name is not Niven at all, but he resembles the actor and I hap-

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

pened to comment upon it one day, so the name has stuck. Whenever I telephone him he always answers, "Hello, this is David Niven speaking! What can I do for you?" His wife is a most sympathetic and understanding person and she is a very interested reader of the Lobsang Rampa books, with a sincere belief in the author's concepts. It was indirectly through the Niven's that I visited the funeral home last Christmas. Mrs. M., whose husband had passed away, has been a member of the Niven's staff for many, many years.

Calgary is not so big that everybody becomes impersonal; thus it is that one is able to make worthwhile and lasting associations.

Our postal workers in the local office take a personal interest in helping their customers; and at present, while the country is in the throes of a rotating strike, the workers here find it most embarrassing, and they heartily dislike these disruptions.

There has been a lot of time for thinking since we came to Calgary, and the past few months has been a period of "reviewing", of looking back to some extent to compare Yesterday with Today, considering how one might improve one's self in preparation for the tomorrows which all too soon will be Todays.

As one grows older one realizes the futility of such states as worry, fear, anger and the like; and the Guv has an expression for those who periodically give way to these emotions. He says, "Why worry, it won't matter in fifty years time." Quite a consoling thought. And there is an old saying which has much the same meaning:

"If there's a cure, try and find it

If there isn't, never mind it."

I have learned a great deal through my association with Lobsang Rampa, probably more than I will ever realize while I am on the earth. I would have to be pretty dim not to have benefited from the two decades of our association. I suppose the outstanding things which are likely to stay in my consciousness are:

(1) To mind one's own business and to keep one's counsel, not discussing other people's affairs to their detriment. Not to talk too much and not to tell everything you know. I have tried to follow this advice and sometimes it has been a great strain to refrain from saying, "Oh I know about that; I will tell you." But then I kept my counsel and I really find it interesting — to observe but to say nothing can be fun. People don't know how much you know and so they will tell you even more.

The Guv says that if you tell all you know, the other person will think you know even more, and then you have to work harder not to disappoint him.

I am reminded of one case in particular where a man talked too much of other people's affairs. He had recently become the manager of a bank and apparently he discussed the accounts of one person with another. When it became known what was happening (after someone complained), well, the poor man was demoted. No, this did not happen in Canada.

(2) TO BE CHARITABLE. . . . Next to minding one's own business, the giving of

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

one's time, one's understanding, one's forgiveness, can bring joy to the recipient and contentment to the giver. Even one's material goods.

If we have two of something, why not give one to some- one who is without — if he can use it? Many people have commented upon the Guv's extreme kindness in this respect and I will go so far as to say that, if he had only one of something and another person needed it he would pass it on to the other person.

Unlike many of us, he does not give away only the things for which he has no use. He gives that which he treasures if he sees someone wants it.

It is his belief, and mine too, that if a person desires one of your possessions, that person puts his "impression" on it, so in a way you have lost it; and the only thing to do is to hand it over; otherwise, every time you look upon it you will sense (unless you "see" as the Guv does) the would be owner's "impression" and you will no longer enjoy that particular possession. So why have two dissatisfied persons? Better to give it away.

(3) TO DISCIPLINE One's SELF. . . The difference between rabble and a well controlled army is just a matter of discipline. Anyone possessed of average intelligence knows that training and reliability make a better person.

Training consists merely of repetition, habit, or whatever we like to call it; and the first thing is to make a decision and stick to it. I have not met anyone who had so disciplined himself as Lobsang Rampa. He will never allow his physical to overcome his mental state; and the more desperately sick he may feel he will get up from his bed to prove to himself that his "will" is the master of his body.

When I started to write these pages I felt the need to do something different and to work on it regularly, and I have found the discipline involved very beneficial. When I told Mr. Sowter I found writing very good therapy, he expressed surprise. He must have thought I was badly in need of therapy to adopt such stern measures.

(4) TO STAND ALONE. . . This, to many people, is probably the most difficult of all for, though we may have an independent nature, we do not like the idea of standing alone. The Guv has repeated over and over again that "everyone must learn to stand on their own feet for it is the only way to progress".

In the final analysis, NO ONE can escape; each one of us must account for himself. When on occasion I may have bemoaned the fact that life can be very lonely, I am told: "You don't know what loneliness is until you go away from your own people and your own land, with no hope of returning: How would you like to be misunderstood and maligned when all you were trying to do was to help poor struggling humanity?"

I have thought about it and decided that I could not bear that kind of loneliness. In my saner moments I realize that, after all, compared to the Guv my conception of aloneness is nonexistent.

A Final Note

THIS morning I received a letter from a person who had been reading the Guv's

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

latest book "Twilight", and the writer suggested it would be nice if I were to write a book of my own. Apparently she liked my modest contribution to "Twilight".

So, to this reader and the many others who, through the years, have asked, "Why doesn't Ra'ab tell HER story", I want you to know I appreciate your interest and I say, with Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers, I do hope you will like my book.

Thelma says she has enjoyed working on it, but I am sure she is relieved that we have finished the typescript; though, without her help I am sure it would have taken much longer to complete. I also wish to express my gratitude to Irene Clevering who allowed the work to be done, since she does not normally undertake literary material.

Let me finish with a tribute to cats and cat lovers, by the publisher of Cats Magazine, quoted from a Detroit News Story on cats, and reprinted in the April issue of the magazine: "Cat lovers seem to be more sure of themselves and more satisfied with the way life is. They are less materialistic, and more thoughtful and kind."

The Pen is Mightier than the sword.

Nurture Your Mind with Great Thoughts for you will never rise higher than you think.

DISRAELI

TIGER LILY

It was my good fortune to be born in an era when family life meant something, when mothers found fulfillment in the home and had no need of a second occupation to allow them to function more fully as a complete being. A rare occasion indeed to return home from school and find an empty house; mother was always there, sewing perhaps, or busy crocheting (an art which she taught me when I was quite young), and always a nice tea awaited a hungry child.

As I was somewhat headstrong, there is no doubt a more firm discipline would not have been amiss; but that was not her way.

The moments which provided the greatest satisfaction were the times spent in the evening, as the day was ending and night approaching, before it was time to light the lamps.

Mother was fond of reciting this little verse:

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
That is known as the children's hour."

She believed very strongly in devoting time to her offspring, and in catering to

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

their mental and spiritual needs as well as their physical well-being.

The things one learns in one's childhood days seem to linger in the memory for ever, even more permanent than the present day computer with its memory bank. School was fine, I never minded studying; but that was an everyday reality, something one had to do. But what I really liked was to have my mother tell true stories about her immediate family and close relatives.

It seems a far cry from where I am now, sitting in the apartment of a high-rise building, to those days when home was a house of your own and comfort was sitting by a blazing log fire on a winter's evening.

While the experiences unfolded in Mother's quiet voice, I would picture a little girl around five years old being taken to stay with her grandmother who lived a long way from the big city where she had been born and which was her home. Although I had never been away from MY family I tried to feel what it must be like for the little girl trying to adapt herself to life in a village with people who were strangers to her, even if they were blood relations. There was very little said about her Grandpa but Grandma apparently had forgotten anything she might have known about the needs of small girls.

In the beginning the arrangement was meant to be just temporary, while the child's mother was recovering from a malady which had been causing concern. However, the days passed, then weeks, dragging on into months and years, and my mother never did return to the place of her birth; so, in the end she came to look upon various cousins with whom she associated as more her family than her real sisters and brothers.

As I look back through the years I still remember some of the interesting sleep-experiences she used to relate. In those days I probably put it down to "unusual dreams" but in the light of future developments it seems mother was seeing into the future. She told how, in a dream, she had seen what she referred to as horseless carriages and this was as a young girl, before the turn of the century. As well as experiencing precognition, she must also have looked into the past for she told of seeing bowls of white light, of an unearthly whiteness; and she believed her dream had taken her to a city of a former civilization. Pictures of people, too, were in evidence; but the subjects did not remain still, rather they moved about, advancing towards one.

Needlework and reading provided the main part of our recreation and I probably developed my love of quotations and proverbs in those days, an interest which has never left me. I loved being read to until I was old enough to read myself, and stories such as *Little Nell*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *A Peep Behind The Scenes* provided plenty of scope for my vivid imagination.

Later I passed through the usual "teenage" phase of romantic novels, identifying with all the joys and heartaches of Hall Caine's characters and those of Ethel M. Dell. Once I was returning a book to the school library and everyone howled with laughter when I announced, "I have brought back *The Top of The World*." "You must be very strong," someone commented glibly.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

I looked for my soul
but my soul I could not see.
I looked for my God
but my God eluded me.
I looked for a friend
and then I found all three.
William Blake

It was also my good fortune to have as a marriage partner a person who was interested in more than the material things of life. He, who I will be referring to as Carl, was a very sensitive person and on the day of our first meeting we just knew our paths had crossed before. There was hardly any need for mere words since we came very near to reading each others thoughts. "How dreadful," someone may think; but if there is nothing to hide surely it is a simple method of communicating.

It has been said that two people can live together for a number of years and gradually become like each other physically, while understanding each other perfectly, in silence. So we took the short cut and, instead of waiting until near life's ending, we started at the other end and benefited thereby.

The very first afternoon we spent together was enjoyable for both of us—definitely a milestone to be remembered.

As I sit here viewing the North American scene I relive one glorious day in England: it was late Summer, around the middle of September, where a turning point was reached in the lives of two persons who were destined to meet.

There was a man in England who; upon having to put something unpleasant in a letter, would precede the unpleasant part with the comment, "If you don't like the next bit please read it with your eyes closed"; so perhaps I might offer a similar suggestion. If you do not believe in Astrology, please shut your eyes for the next part because I want to tell something to the believers.

An eminent astrologer, known worldwide, who was interested in making a chart for us, said: "It was inevitable that you two should come together. Saturn is in the same House, to the exact degree, in each of your charts; sign of a deep and lasting tie." This astrologer was very careful about his predictions, knowing full well the foibles of human nature and the responsibility of his profession, and he seemed somewhat baffled at some of the things he saw in the two charts. Considering the unusual experiences we were to contend with in the days and weeks ahead it was not surprising. It was apparent that while we may not always see "eye-to-eye" in the ordinary everyday things, there was no doubt but that in the deeper permanent concepts we were as one. This assurance has always sustained me through the ups and downs, the peaks and lows, of the seesaw of our time together. I knew there was a purpose behind it all, even at the lowest ebb, and all the vicissitudes would be worth while in the long run.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

It was not long (only a few days) after we first met that Carl took me to meet his Mother, with whom he was then living. Of a somewhat formidable appearance, with strong views on many subjects, she was amiable enough, but I always had the impression that she resented my appearing on the scene. Like many mothers she wanted to keep her son to herself, although she had never been noted for showing any special affection for him. It was probably a case of wanting to hang on to something she was in danger of losing. For me there was the knowledge that I could put up with the situation because it was natural for a young man to find happiness with a partner, and I felt we were doing what was intended of us. I had been fending for myself for a number of years so I had the experience of dealing with different situations, and this was only one more. For some reason I have had to contend with "dislike" from certain women at various times, and I sometimes wonder why . . . probably this nuisance will follow me to the end of my life. The astrologer called it jealousy!!

The better part of one's life consists of one's friendships.

Abraham Lincoln

It was interesting the way in which I and my future husband finally met, although it seemed there had been several attempts by the "powers that be" to bring this about. In the end we were introduced by a man, a man known to both of us, who said he had a strong conviction, a hunch, that he was meant to be the means of bringing us together. It just goes to show we should follow our hunches, or at least not discard them without due thought; and no one should count himself too insignificant to be a tool in the scheme of things. At one time I used to have a most depreciating attitude regarding my own abilities, having a tendency to listen to others—believing they knew the answers much better than I, and I suffered thereby. These days I realize I must stand or fall by my own beliefs and actions; thus I have gained a large measure of self-confidence.

So the first time Carl and I came together was on a Saturday, in September, and there was a mutual feeling that we had been together before. It was as though each of us had returned from a journey and were about to continue life where we had left off after having been away on our respective missions. On that first day and in the days which followed I would find myself starting to say something . . . perhaps making a comment, or asking a question . . . and then I would halt to say, "But I have said that before," or "I have asked that question before."

Where and when had we known each other? Since those days I believe I have become more enlightened on the subject and I have often wished I had possessed a little more of the knowledge and understanding which has been permitted me in the interim.

That was the first of many very pleasant interludes . . . when we walked or sat by the river, taking tea at one of the many open-air restaurants along the banks of the Thames near London. It was there we used to enjoy taking a boat and idling away an hour or so; and the time I fell overboard just appealed to Carl's keen sense of humor, though to me the incident was anything but amusing.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Although at the time it seemed there was little, if any, choice the day we decided to go and live in Weybridge, we had made an unfortunate decision. It was not a harmonious locality for us and, in hindsight (a popular phrase since Watergate), we realized we had made a mistake.

However, "needs must, when the devil drives!", and one cannot live in London without work . . . or you couldn't in the days of which I write; but, judging from what one hears about welfare, unemployment benefits and various grants which are available . . . well, possibly it is possible to live there now without working.

As with many people, the Second World War made a difference to our lives. The place where Carl was employed as Manager was unlucky enough to be bombed and so many changes had to be made. He went off from Knightsbridge one morning and when he reached Conduit Street he found the area barricaded off, no one being allowed inside. After explaining his position to a police officer he was allowed to pass and continued on to the surgical appliance company's offices, which had received a direct hit from a bomb.

When one brushes away the mists of memory one realizes what a terrible time we were living through. The apartment building (or block of flats we called it) where we lived also had a hit, and that gave me quite a fright. In my excitement I called out to Carl to "come here" before the place collapsed; but he didn't come for what seemed minutes, in spite of my shaking the handle of the door behind which he was engaged in very private and personal business. That particular episode led to all the tenants being turned out of the building until the following morning; so it was fortunate we knew someone who had spare accommodation, and we made our way to Earl's Court where we gratefully tumbled into bed. Many times have I remarked that one of the best breakfasts I ever had was the following morning, when we returned to our flat and had a meal of bacon, eggs and sausages. Apparently there had been danger of escaping gas and it was not considered safe to leave anyone in the building overnight.

People have often asked how we ever managed to get any sleep in the wake of those noisy and dangerous air raids, and they found it hard to believe that I was able to sleep through it all. I never worried whether I would see another day or not; and I will always remember once, in the early days before we had become used to it all, Carl woke me when there was a particularly noisy attack to tell me I was too deeply asleep. He said, "If you died suddenly due to the bombing, you would not know what had happened to you for a long time, so it is better to be awake and conscious of what is happening." I rubbed my eyes and pondered upon it, and the more I thought about it the more sense it seemed to make . . . so much so that it has stayed in my mind ever since. If I am without discomfort, or actual pain, wild horses will not awaken me; so obviously I must reach a very deep "level" of the sleep state, which benefits me enormously. To me the sleep state sets the tune for my mood and efficiency, or otherwise, on the following day.

Just last month there were two or three fire engines outside my window at some unearthly hour, and I have to confess that I didn't hear a thing; and I only knew about it when I was told later. To sleep soundly does not mean that one sleeps the whole night through . . . in my case it is simply for a short time, at most three hours, which I understand

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

is more beneficial than say an eight-hour stretch.

The late Sir Winston Churchill apparently found this a satisfactory method, together with his daytime “catnaps”, and he seemed to function remarkably well.

I was interested to read in Dr. James Paupst’s Sleep Book (Macmillan of Canada, 1975) that “something seems to be lacking in sleep research so far”. He writes: “Perhaps if scientists would decide not to look-as outsiders-into this other life we lead at night, but actually to take part in it, like Alice in Wonderland slipping through her magic door, they might come up with some real evidence. For if there is another life, it may be more “real” than what we live. Who knows what roles we each play in it? Who can tabulate our activities and reactions?”

As I read the book I was reminded of an incident during our stay in Surrey when Carl said to me one morning, “Whatever were you doing in your sleep?” “Why?” I was anxious to know as he did not tell me immediately. “Well,” he smiled, “you said you were going to have our little car painted blue.” So this left me wondering because I had no recollection of it. “You said it quite clearly,” he continued, “and you answered my question when I asked you “why?” . . . You said it was going to be blue because that was the color Warwick Deeping’s car was being painted.”

Later in the day we were leafing through a magazine and to our surprise we saw an account of Warwick Deeping’s BLUE car.

Who was Warwick Deeping? A “fashionable” writer of his day, even though his work may have been written in a rather ponderous style. Deeping was merely a pseudonym—and not his real name.

If I accept the sunshine and warmth

I must also accept the thunder and the lightning

Kahlil Gibran

The proprietor of the surgical appliance company decided it was unwise to contemplate staying in London because one couldn’t guarantee freedom from further air attacks; so he cast around for a more suitable place, eventually deciding to transfer to a place in the “Midland” area, a fair distance from London.

We heard about another company who also had left the city, due to wartime conditions, and had moved to Weybridge in Surrey; and these people needed staff. It was necessary to have a personal interview, so, after making an appointment, we went along by bus, to find the Managing Director had not arrived. Carl just had to wait, while I went down the road where there was a restaurant . . . and there I stayed for what seemed like hours until my husband joined me. The man, the Managing Director (who was also the boss-the proprietor), had forgotten about the interview, hence his late arrival. But apparently he was impressed with Carl’s experience and abilities, so quickly decided he was the man for the job.

Not many people wanted to go out in the wilds of Weybridge, especially if they had

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

been used to life in London. And we didn't think much of it either but there was nothing else in view so we had to accept what seemed the inevitable.

This was an engineering correspondence setup, a technological institute (an institute of technology), and there was no shortage of students since people wanted to be well prepared for the future from the standpoint of furthering their education. In times of war, people worry about the future, wondering what postwar conditions are going to be like, and they feel that if they increase their education they will stand a better chance of competing for a job.

This business flourished for a few years, and though the salaries for staff left much to be desired it was said that the proprietor soon became a millionaire. He found it difficult to understand why employees needed money.

Too late we learned that, had we waited a little longer, other opportunities would have presented themselves and a much more satisfactory offer would have come our way. If people in general only had the gift of prevision, how much more satisfactory their lives might be. Or would they? It seems so easy to take the wrong path.

Summer was a much pleasanter time to spend in the vicinity because one could rent a dinghy and go rowing on the River Wey. This we would be doing after a wait of six or seven months because we had arrived in one of the worst periods, in dull November.

We were going to miss the walks in the parks, in Green Park and Kensington Gardens, where we loved to go during the weekends. Carl found museums fascinating, especially the science museum at South Kensington; and I enjoyed Madame Tussaud's waxworks exhibition, also going out to a restaurant occasionally in the evening for dinner. One of our favorite places was the Empire Restaurant, in Victoria Street, which we sometimes visited after Carl left the office . . . and I sometimes wondered whether this was arranged mainly for my benefit. I knew he liked to spend some time in a News Theatre, so I would suggest it after dinner, before we returned home.

Our nearest neighbor in Weybridge was a gardener who lived in a cottage with his wife, and who used to grow many vegetables for himself and his "customers". It must have been quite legal and aboveboard, but he didn't seem happy to have neighbors (us) around who were in a position to observe his varied activities. Life moved along fairly smoothly except for a mild complaint, about a cat scratching around the vegetable and flower beds, and he was concerned as to whether it was our feline.

We were awakened one morning in the early hours by a loud knocking on the door, and an agitated voice accompanying the knocking. On investigating we found the gardener's wife in a very nervous state and wearing only her night attire. She beseeched me to go with her since she thought her husband was dying, and would I go and see what I thought about his condition. She was obviously in a very distressed state so I had to do something, although she and her husband had shown nothing but resentment towards us. I threw on a robe and accompanied her back to her cottage where I crossed the threshold for the first time, when she ushered me to where her husband lay. For a moment I stood looking at him; I saw it was too late and there was nothing one could do to save him, for

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

his spirit had indeed departed. She looked up at me, at last realizing the worst, and I consoled her as best I could while she gradually recovered her self-control and made arrangements to contact her doctor and her relatives.

It must be one of the saddest situations when one partner is suddenly taken away, most people seem to know not where, and the other is left to face life alone.

In this particular case, the clothesline in the back garden was left in position for a long time, when normally it would have been removed immediately the washing was dry; left because it was one of the last duties the gardener had performed and his wife did not feel able to have it removed since it helped her to maintain contact with him.

I have often wondered why we are not educated more about the process of dying; why we are not told how it is a natural process, and that it is not the end. The majority of today's youth seem to have very little idea of what death is all about, and how can they know if there is no one to teach them?

JUST A SKETCH

The pavement was cold and hard as his body thudded down those twenty floors to finally rest on the sidewalk where passersby might gaze with curiosity as he lay quite still, in the chill wind of winter.

One wonders whether he was born with the moon in the Eighth House, a sign of death in a public place.

After the three police cars had departed and the body had been taken to the funeral home, the pavement was cleaned and the curiosity seekers gradually dispersed.

Nearby there lived an Avatar, and after a few hours had passed the spirit of the young man approached the Great Being.

"Tell me where I am," demanded the youth who had lived no more than eighteen years. "I came to you because I saw a light of understanding," he continued, "but the first being I met was a cat."

With a puzzled expression, he said he thought he was mad because he understood the cat when she spoke to him.

The Avatar looked upon the boy with compassion and enquired why he was so worried (the boy seemed to be ignorant of everything connected with dying, and could not accept the fact that he was indeed dead).

"Haven't you heard about life after death?" enquired the Avatar. "Don't you believe in God?"

"Oh, gee" answered the boy, "That's an old guy in a book!"

To try to convince him that he was dead it was suggested the boy go to the funeral home and see his body. Quickly he returned, announcing, "Gee, that place is full of stiffs."

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

The Avatar sighed, feeling great compassion for the young man, and devoted much time trying to reach a point of understanding, eventually sending the youth on his way, reassured, while he was left wondering at the lack of religious teachings.

If you wish to see the valleys climb to the mountain top; if you desire to see the mountain top, rise into the cloud; but if you seek to understand the cloud, close your eyes and think.

Kahlil Gibran

Weybridge was a busy place during the war years, Vickers Armstrong's Aircraft Company being in the vicinity, and providing employment for thousands of people. Each morning, around breakfast time, the avenue beneath our window was buzzing with motor cars, trucks and bicycles—all on their way to Vickers; but after an hour or so, the road was almost deserted again. Yes, we were continually reminded of the war.

Of course Brooklands' race track, also in the Weybridge district, was known all over the world.

For us it was a fairly quiet period in our lives for we did not lead much of a social life, having very few visitors. Carl was not fond of mixing with people, so his employer held this against him. If you want to succeed in business life, it seems you must smoke, drink and BE SOCIAL, whatever that means!

A few of my acquaintances came to visit us "out in the sticks" and I remember one in particular, a nurse who had but recently been married. She had flouted hospital regulations and married one of her patients in the hospital. Although her name escapes my memory, I have several reasons for remembering this young lady—not the least being that she was an excellent nurse, admired by staff and management alike. Her husband, prior to the marriage, had suffered a motorcycle accident; thus he became a patient, having one leg amputated.

During his illness and convalescence, no doubt partly due to the extreme care he enjoyed at her hands, he fell in love with his nurse. After his discharge from hospital, there were many escapades, after hours, and it was not long before wedding bells were ringing for nurse and patient. Around that particular time there was a film star who had suffered a leg amputation, and therefore he had enlisted the use of an artificial limb.

My nurse acquaintance and her husband spent many hours sitting in the cinéma studying this actor's leg movements so they might learn whatever they could to make things easier for themselves.

I was just going to comment that, were I endowed with an eidetic memory, I would give the actor's name. In the meantime the electrical pulsations within my cranium slowly "creaked", bringing to the surface the name of Herbert Marshall, a well-known and popular British actor of his day.

Another person with whom we maintained contact was Dr. Murray, a pathologist, and whenever we found ourselves in his area we would go along to the hospital where he was employed and have a chat. Dr. Murray was a very clever man, an author of tech-

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

nical works, and a prospective candidate for Britain's parliament; but, since we did not approve of the party he represented, we were just as happy that he did not get sufficient votes. It would have been sad for a brilliant medical man to waste his time with politics, surely. Dr. Murray is no longer on the earth plane—but he is always remembered with affection.

One does not enjoy being reminded of wars; and that being so, there is no pleasure in living close to an aircraft factory, which for some people creates an artificial glamour. Wages are high and the ordinary person, the so-called man-in-the-street, is able to live on a scale which would be unimaginable in peace time.

As well as the Vickers Viscount planes, the Wellington Bomber (the Wimpey) was also produced by the Vickers Brookland factory. This was the first geodetic airplane ever made. Vickers also produced one of the first anti-sub radar planes (a Wimpey) which had on top a thing which looked like a flying saucer. The machine used to fly over the sea by night, when U-boats were on the surface recharging their batteries. They could spot the U-boats first and were then able to drop their depth charges.

There is no pleasure in reliving the horrors of war with all its hate and misunderstanding, and the aftermath of suffering which it causes. One needed only to walk past the Star and Garter Home for the Disabled, near Richmond Park, to be reminded how savage human beings can be to each other. These disabled and otherwise crippled men had been victims of the First World War.

When one lives away from the mainstream of things one tends to fall back on one's own resources; so we had plenty of time to think, read and, on weekends and evenings, explore the countryside on our bicycles which we had brought with us from London. Often we cycled along to Walton-on-Thames in one direction, or to a small place named Addlestone the other way (not far from Chertsey). Sometimes we would take a train and go to Woking or Guildford, and one of the nicest doctors I have ever known lived in Woking. He was Irish and, due to his abilities as a physician and his natural humanitarian manner, most of his patients considered themselves fortunate to be included in his practice. This GENTLEMAN has gone on to a higher state, with few regrets and the knowledge that his life on earth was well worth while.

One day we were riding along towards Heath Road, on our way home, when we passed a small restaurant and we noticed a sign reading "Kittens available"; so we stopped and made enquiries. The restaurant owner was a pleasant English woman, and her cat family looked well and happy; so we decided to have one of her beautiful Silver Tabbies, a gentleman who was often known as Mr. T. Catt.

T. Catt was very tiny, with a very short tail and a beautiful sensitive face, and we were quite enthralled at the prospect of adopting him. In the two weeks we had to wait for him to be old enough to leave his cat mother we purchased dishes (plates, saucers and bowls), together with sanitary trays, and a sleeping basket; for cats, and indeed all creatures, are happier with their own utensils.

Everything was in order by the time we went to collect and bring him home. He

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

was so small that he would fit easily into Carl's pocket. And that is how he was transported from one home to the other.

It was a happy moment when T. Catt crossed the threshold and took up residence, thus becoming part of our life. If a pussycat starts investigating his new quarters, and shows interest in the food you have provided, you can be fairly certain he is going to settle down happily. And this is what happened.

Life seemed to take on a new meaning, because we had been so much "wrapped up with ourselves" and we needed to broaden our interests and affections. Carl and I had been thrown together for such long periods that there were too few "spaces" in our togetherness—that is how Kahlil Gibran puts it. He says:

"Let there be spaces in your togetherness, and let the winds of the heavens dance between you. Love one another, but make not a bond of love; let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls."

So the advent of Mr. Cat added a new dimension to our lives, and I was to learn much from the association. The most exciting experience for me came one day when Mr. Cat had reached maturity. I was holding him in my arms while standing before a looking glass. Without concentrating I casually turned to let him see himself, because I knew cats **COULD** see their image if they were interested. Sometimes they seem to be sure there is another creature on the other side, and it can be quite amusing to watch while they search around behind the mirror to find the interloper. Whether T. Catt saw himself or not seemed unimportant at that moment because I was so interested in what I myself witnessed: In the mirror image I saw, around my cat, a narrow band of a bluish-gray substance extending a few centimeters, which later I came to identify as the etheric body which surrounds all living things. That was a very important discovery for me because in later years, having read so much material on this and kindred subjects, I could say to myself, "Yes, this is so because I have actually seen it."

Sometimes it is possible to see something like this more clearly through a mirror; and it gave me the assurance that the etheric really existed, and gradually to have the ability to see it even without any artificial aids.

In the midst of winter, I finally learned that there was in me an invincible summer.

Albert Camus

As I look back, I realize more than ever that the time spent in Weybridge was a time of preparation for another phase. It seemed we were not destined to have friends or acquaintances, and it was not long before we were quite on our own—the few people I had known were occupied with their own affairs, and to some extent everybody's life was influenced by the war. Carl and I became air-raid wardens; and we had to take our turn on duty, patrolling our area, making sure no one was showing a light and violating the blackout rules at night. One ill-minded person reported us one night for showing a chink of light—it was more a case of bad feeling than a serious violation of rules.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Carl was intense in his love of nature people, and we were more and more pleased to have our Silver Tabby who showed great interest in our activities—and seemed to know his mission in life was to care for us. Carl suggested we go along to a store and find a harness for Mr. T. Catt before taking him out walking. This we did and, although he never really liked the restriction of being confined within the contraption, he did eventually come to accept it as part of the process of becoming civilized, even humanized. Your cat considers himself as part of your family, so why should he not consider himself “humanized”. Sometimes I ponder whether my present creatures don’t tend to look upon me as another member of their species. At home I am sometimes addressed as “Ma Cat” and there are times when I can almost sense things from their point of view.

After all, if you can see something in your mind’s eye there is no reason why it should not become a reality. Most of us have heard the remark, “I feel closer to my dog than I do to many humans,” or, “The more I see of people the more I love my dog.” It has been said that, what you can visualize—CAN BE. He who can see the invisible can achieve the impossible.

I would like to quote an extract from Alice in Wonderland because it is so applicable, and it helps one to believe in so-called impossible things : “Alice laughed. “There’s no use trying” she said. “One Can’t believe in impossible things.” “I daresay you haven’t had much practice”, said the Queen.

“When I was younger I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I’ve believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast.” “

Who would believe that at one time cats walked upright, on two legs? Well I have an idea that, according to cat legends, they did indeed; and they used to engage in numerous activities which would surprise the human of today.

Within a few short months, T. Catt grew to become a beautiful specimen, and I used to say he reminded me of a Tiger Lily—he had the markings of a tiger and the delicate appearance of a lily. The expression on his sweet face was really quite angelic.

As the days passed we gradually realized that when you adopt a creature of nature, giving it the trust and affection it deserves, you will not be disappointed—for nature people are capable of returning your devotion many times over. I will never forget how much I owe my Silver Tabby, my Tiger Lily.

Since we were so very isolated in our personal life, the day we became the possessors of a little automobile was quite an event. The Managing Director of the company expected Carl to service his cars as well as attending the advisory work relating to students (the position for which he had been engaged), and I became quite proficient as a mechanic’s assistant. Once I helped to change over the engine of a car—I hope

I can remember the “make”; yes, it was a Standard, and by today’s standards, probably considered quite ancient. The gentleman also owned a beautiful black Chrysler, and being something of a speed fiend he caused pedestrians to leap out of the way when he came speeding along the Avenue on his way to the office. This vehicle, too, was serviced by Carl because his knowledge of motor mechanics was extensive; although

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

he disliked this type of work very much, eventually putting his foot down and asking his boss to please find someone else to do it.

But to own a car ourselves was something else! And I was very interested when Carl told me he had heard of a little Morris Minor which was almost new, and which was to be sold for a very reasonable figure.

We went down Baker Street to the garage, and we were given a trial run which resulted in a purchase; and this certainly made life more interesting. We explored the whole district and often went to London Airport (Heathrow), which was just being completed, finding it most interesting to watch the planes. I have been surprised to see the name "Heathrow" continues to be used because in those early days it was said there was a problem with its pronunciation: many non-English speaking people could not manage the "th"—merely sounding the "t". However, since it has survived, the problem must not have been insurmountable.

Sometimes we took a drive to other places of interest, to Epsom Downs or to Box-hill, where we might enjoy the wonderful view, or even to London itself where we drove around marveling at the damage which could be wrought by warfare.

It was disappointing to find that T. Catt was less than interested in the contraption. He preferred to get underneath the thing and examine it after we returned from a trip. If ever we tried to take him with us he would make the most strenuous objections—as though there was something unpleasant and eerie about the whole thing. Perhaps he knew more about it than we did, as we were to find out later.

To our dismay this car was sometimes hard to control, as though another entity was trying to take over the steering and attempting to veer in the opposite direction. At other times we seemed to be moving backward, something which, logically, was impossible since the gear would be in the neutral position, with the car pointing down hill.

Many aspects of the whole affair were explained when eventually we happened to hear something of the car's history. Apparently it had been involved in an accident, resulting in a person being killed; and, according to the man who supplied the information, it was known to be a haunted car. So that was why the price was so reasonable, and possibly why Mr. Cat was such an unwilling passenger—always resisting our attempts to take him with us.

What our Tiger did enjoy was to stroll around the grounds with us, on weekends or in the evenings, usually wearing a harness so we might keep a check on him; and he delighted in doing a bit of tree climbing. These premises had originally been privately owned, before being transformed into offices, and the estate comprised about three and a half acres of land.

It was very pleasant to wander amongst the trees and flowers in the cool of a summer evening, keeping an eye on Mr. Cat and chatting of various things which were of interest to both of us.

One day Carl said, "You know, Ra'ab, that cat reminds me of a creature who lived

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

with me previously : although HE was of a different color he had many of the same mannerisms, and I often have an impression of my black cat when I observe this one.” Since we believe that humans and “animals” do return to earth again and again, we accepted the fact that “black cat John” had come back again in the form of a Tabby—to look after us as well as gaining further experience himself. We believed this creature, T. Catt, previously John, had been associated with us through many lives, and that we would continue together through many more.

Carl was extremely gentle with “animals” and he would lift cats carefully, with both hands—not taking them by the scruff of the neck thus allowing their bodies to just hang down and become strained as some people do, which can cause such misery. He used to say one should never laugh at a cat otherwise it would be sorely offended, and he was speaking of the so-called domestic feline. Siamese cats, it seems, are less concerned about it; but their biggest problem is loneliness. They MUST have the companionship of humans if they are to survive and remain sane and content.

It was the cause of much worry the night Mr. Cat did not come home by bedtime. We had gone down to the front door and out into the yard on a very warm summer evening, when suddenly he darted off into the dusk—all our entreaties to return being in vain. He had never stayed away before, so in our concern we could not settle down to sleep, only napping fitfully. So it was with joy that I looked out of the window in the morning and espied him sitting under a tree, waiting for the door to open so he might come in and resume the duties he had lately been neglecting.

I do my thing

And you do your thing

I am not in this world

To live up to your expectations,

And you are not in this world

To live up to mine.

You are you.

And I am I

And if by chance we find each other

It's beautiful

Fritz Peris

It was an interesting sight when Mr. Cat began “showing off” in front of anyone who happened to call upon us: he would roll over on to his back and wait to be admired. Being a Leo person he was proud . . . and beautiful; and everybody commented upon his appearance. Even the short tail of babyhood had grown to become a thing of beauty. We spent a lot of time, he and I, in our yard where we read or dug up the little bit of flower patch, planting seeds which we hoped would eventually produce various-hued pansies.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Our Tiger would have a good feed of grass which is very good for cats, having an emetic effect; fortunately getting it all over before going inside. These days I have to grow grass indoors, in flower pots, and it is quite amusing to see a stranger come into our apartment and enquire what is in the pots. When they are told, "Oh, it is just grass," they look at one strangely until they realize it is the old-fashioned kind—being grown for cats only.

"Why an emetic effect," someone will say. "Surely it is not good to deliberately make a cat vomit" (or "throw up" as they say in Canada). "Sure it is a good thing," I reply, for this helps get rid of all the loose fur which comes off when a cat washes, and which is most often swallowed, forming a hard wad inside the cat's stomach; and technically termed a "hair-ball". If these hard lumps, which are often too big and too hard to pass all the way through the intestines, do not receive attention they can lead to obstructions and other serious conditions if left in the stomach. Some people give, by mouth, a little olive oil or liquid paraffin periodically which helps to soften the hard mass, thus allowing it to complete its progress through the digestive tract; but one should always be on the lookout for symptoms of this annoying and sometimes serious problem. To aid in the prevention of this condition, as well as to keep a cat healthy and constipation free, a bowl of water should always be available—and it should be changed mornings and evenings. Most people are surprised when told many cats prefer water instead of milk, and that water in most cases is better for them. All cats should be groomed (brushed and combed) every day to prevent the swallowing of loose hair. Short-haired felines are in need of this grooming just as are the long-haired variety.

It is surprising how many people have pets of one kind or another and do not take the trouble to find out how to care for them—the sort of conditions which are most suitable, the kind of diet they need, etc. Just like humans, most if not all creatures suffer from a feeling of loneliness if neglected for too long; and this goes for the fish in an aquarium, a bird in a cage, as well as the larger "animals" who walk around on all fours. It is widely acknowledged that house plants thrive much better in an atmosphere of friendliness, when the so-called owners talk to them and provide companionship.

There is one thing many of us are guilty of, and that is in delaying getting professional help when we have a creature who is sick or does not seem to be well. Especially in the case of a cat, a day or even a few hours delay in treatment can make a great deal of difference to their satisfactory recovery. Veterinarians are agreed upon this, and the other day, Dr. Randall (our present veterinarian) was talking about this aspect: "But " he was quick to comment, "there is no danger of your cats being left too long without attention." He knows we consult him just to make sure the little people are doing all right.

So the war progressed; and we were all tired of food and clothes rationing, and the shortage of petrol too. Reconstituted eggs do not make the best of meals for humans, and a little cat can get tired of eternally being offered canned pilchards in brine; and women, probably more than men, found it monotonous and soul-destroying having to wear the same old clothes for too long. In those days I was very fond of nice clothes, and one found various ways of supplementing one's wardrobe: I happened to come into contact with a fashion editor of one of the London Sunday newspapers who accumulated a certain num-

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

ber of garments to be used in her job of reviewing. Since my size was average, the same as hers, I managed to obtain some of these articles which the lady was happy to dispose of and which boosted my ego tremendously. Finally, Miss Editor annoyed me somewhat by offering an attractive red woolen coat which she “just needed to keep a few days for a showing”, while in the meantime having second thoughts and withdrawing her offer. Just a little thing perhaps, but for a moment it angered me somewhat.

T. Catt was very fond of flowers and we used to tease him about looking like Ferdinand the Bull, who just sat and smelled them. One day he and I had a session of seed planting—we worked energetically and interestedly, and then we left them to nature so she and her helpers might bring them to fruition. At the appropriate time our efforts were rewarded, and we found ourselves with a glorious array of various-hued and oversized pansies, in shades of blue, purple, orange and yellow; and some were the color of a Tiger Lily.

Some people seem to be luckier than others in obtaining good results from their efforts at growing flowers; but then one wonders, “Is it perhaps not “luck” but something else altogether?” Those people who have given a little thought and perhaps a little research on the subject may have something to say about the “green thumbs” theory. What are green thumbs, and what is the reason for them?

Were we to go into the subject ourselves we would realize that certain types of people have greener thumbs than the rest of us; and they are usually of the earthy type, such as the solid Taurus—born in May, a Virgoan whose birth date is in September, or the January Capricorn. These people are in greater harmony with Mother Earth; and as they lovingly go about their horticultural activities their particular etheric emanations may be absorbed, thus providing the extra energy which results in a quicker and healthier growth. A certain person I know possesses an abundance of the Taurus and Capricorn qualities and, as you may imagine, his garden is his hobby and his great love—he spends hours and hours nurturing his plot, and the results are the envy of all his gardening friends.

Those possessed of this particular makeup can do much to sustain a sick person by transmitting energy through touch, because the etheric emanations are very powerful around the hands.

Carl and I spent a good deal of time in our photographic darkroom and this entailed much work since it was something of a makeshift affair. Being wartime the blackout curtains were useful in making the room dark but there was no “running water” so we were kept busy transporting solutions back and forth from the bathroom, being particularly careful to prevent as much as possible the collection of dust in the dishes. I soon learned how careful one must be in maintaining cleanliness when processing film and making prints, almost as careful as preparing for an operation in a hospital. I also learned that if one is interested, dedicated if you like, in whatever one undertakes, it is possible to obtain good results in spite of difficult working conditions. One supposes it is only the bad workman who blames his tools, the proficient photographer overcomes the obstacles.

By watching and listening to Carl’s procedures and explanations I was able to learn a great deal; with the big Thornton Pickard reflex, and the small Agfa 35-mm size,

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

the range of photographic possibilities was fairly wide.

Why the small size film at all, one wonders. It seems that when someone was making ciné films they decided it would be a good idea to make some of this size available to the public, especially since there is more variety in ciné film than any other. The Belgian firm of Gaevert manufactured the film in collaboration with the Agfa company whose 35-mm camera was one of the earliest on the market, and it took twelve frames to a roll, so we must have been amongst the earliest users of the 35 mm which in later days has become so popular.

Around that time a British Company in Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, brought out the Compass, a wrist camera, using 16-mm circular film, and in those early days the mid-Europeans put out a “spy” camera using this film which is just about half the size of the 35 mm. A little later a man in Italy invented another small instrument which has been called one of the finest cameras ever produced, but for one reason or another it did not receive the promotion necessary to get going, so it was never popularized. This camera was a Gami and one of its features was that with each setting of the shutter one might take three separate pictures. Whether that was a good thing is debatable. I have seen some results of this instrument and I have to agree they came close to perfection in quality.

Friendship is the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words.

George Eliot

Life is made up of sunshine and shadow and it would not be of much help to anyone if all was gloom or “cloud nine” experiences, cloud nine being about the ultimate experience of joy we could possibly feel while on earth. Someone has said, “If the sun should shine night and day, how soon the trees would wither.” I mention this to illustrate the ways of ordinary living; although misunderstandings and minor disagreements are most unpleasant there comes a wonderful feeling of satisfaction when two people resolve their differences and harmony is once more restored. It’s something like when you have to part from a cared-for person for a time—having been away from each other, the eventual coming together again reveals an extra glow which radiates new meaning.

I want to try and explain how the story of “Tiger Lily” is made up of a mixture such as I have just described, how all was not perpetual sunshine and gladness. If I were to attempt to convey such an expression it would not be fair nor would it be correct, for we had our problems, great and small, just as is experienced by all serious thinking persons.

Many people have felt interest or curiosity regarding my life; thinking it must have been so different because of the unusual circumstances, in that one person left this life and his place was taken over by another. You who have followed the teachings in Lobsang Rampa’s books (Lobsang Rampa to whom I owe a greater debt than I shall ever be able to repay in countless lifetimes), you will know the broad outline of the need for the necessary steps which had to be taken. Since his description has been so comprehensive it needs no enlargement from me.

Lobsang Rampa has a harder time than anyone living can comprehend, he has seen

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

his efforts sabotaged by smaller minds than his, and when I look back, even to the days before he came, I can see where my own actions (or lack of) could have made conditions much easier for the one who was already here, as well as for the one who would follow.

Carl and I, bogged down as we were by solid earth vibrations, and not having acquired the necessary refinements, were often in a quandary, thus we were misunderstood and I lacked the understanding which would have helped us, each the other.

Many were the hours we chatted about our early life, comparing experiences, and deciding there were many things we didn't understand about our situations, things we hoped would be clear one day. Always we were intrigued with the thought of that special FORCE which had brought us together, and we wondered at the purpose behind it. There were so many incidents, memories of what must have been past happenings, but everything seemed misty, in a sort of fog. It was not until Lobsang Rampa, who we all look upon affectionately as the Guv, came upon the scene, that enlightenment came to me upon many subjects, and for this I have been so very thankful for the light which has cast its rays out from the dark recesses of the subconscious mind.

As one gains more and more understanding of life's upward path, one realizes it is neither sensible nor advisable to discuss, to broadcast, all one's private experiences and thoughts. I am reminded of the advice of Dr. Rampa regarding the giving of a name to one's subconscious: give it a name but do not tell anyone else the name, or its power will not be so great, the power of the subconscious, that is.

It would be very nice to relate various experiences, various bits of knowledge which have been given to help one along one's path, but something which can be of help to one person would not necessarily benefit another, so let us keep our private information and guidance to ourselves, where it will at least do good to one person, instead of spreading a lot of "idle talk" which most likely will benefit no one—partly because it would not be believed, merely being looked upon as idle chatter.

One piece of information, though, may be passed on and may benefit at least some person who feels their load is too great. Many times the thought has been impressed upon my consciousness that no person is given a load of problems which is too heavy for them to bear. There is always some circumstance which intervenes when we feel we have almost reached breaking point, and this happens to each one of us at one time or another, unless we are one of those rare individuals who for some reason or another have perhaps suffered in another life, and are being given a respite, or who may not yet have reached the stage where such an experience is deemed beneficial to their progress.

From personal experience I can truthfully say that I have received such a feeling of sustenance in my hour of need that I could hardly have believed possible. This message is being passed on to show that if one is able to believe, such help is available to every one of us.

Many people have expressed the hope that Mrs. Rampa would write a book one of these days, that she would make it really sensational, full of all the exciting things most people delight in hearing. Well, while one does not wish to mislead anyone, it has never

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

been my intention to write a sensational story. There is nothing sensational about it (everything has been carried out according to the law of nature) so it is my greatest desire that those of you who read these pages will accept them for what they are, a recording of events as they happened in the lives of a fairly ordinary family, which included a highly intelligent cat and one who I believe has reached a fairly high level on the evolutionary scale.

It might interest someone to know that whenever I take up my typewriter to continue telling of our experiences there always appears a picture, an impression if you like, of a cat in one form or another, before me. It is almost as though I am impelled to make such a creature the main theme of my story, and that I have no choice in the matter. At this moment, as I write, there is a highly intelligent feline sitting on her resting place right opposite me, with eyes half-closed but otherwise with an air of full alertness. This creature, who has been termed one of the most intelligent creatures it has been my honor to meet, seems to be saying to me that I should be writing more about cats, and their world; whatever I may not be sufficiently familiar with, then I should make it my business to ask. The Guv is always willing to help with advice culled from his extensive knowledge, and in matters relating to ordinary day-to-day problems there is a fine veterinarian close by who is always prepared to offer us the fruits of his experience. So my Lady Cleopatra sees no reason why there should not be written a comprehensive book all about feline life, and telling many things the average person would appreciate knowing. So perhaps now we might return to some more antics of the felines, a subject which brings joy and happiness to the hearts of cat lovers.

Love does not consist in gazing at each other but looking outward in the same direction.

Antoine De Saint-Exupery

Ships that Pass . . .

This phrase is used mainly with reference to humans but it can be applied to other creatures too, and I am thinking now particularly of Cat People. All of us, humans, and animals so-called, are like ships which meet on the high seas, pausing in greeting and then continuing, each on their own path, eventually to arrive at their separate destinations.

King George the Fifth of England used to quote that piece about "If there be any kindness I may do, let me do it now for I may not pass this way again." I have always considered it a thought worth remembering, for often it is too late before we notice the friendly gesture we might have made, or the kind word we could have uttered, which surely could have provided a little cheer where it was directed.

The other day I was looking over the pages of my book, Pussywillow and I was quite shocked to realize how many changes had occurred since that book was started, just over two years back. Some of the things mentioned, almost all of them it seems, have disappeared from one's ken; and the thought can be a bit disconcerting if you are one of those individuals who abhor too much change.

To reminisce a little, while still dealing with the theme of felines, our Catery Per-

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

son, Mrs. Potter, comes to mind: Mrs. Potter, who had been considered more or less a fixture, having a well-established Catery, and a responsible position with a local Veterinary Hospital.

I used to enjoy chatting with Mrs. Potter, and being taken around her establishment to see the lovely cats and kittens who took a lively interest in the visit. One would never have thought the situation would change, and so soon; but when romance comes along anything is liable to happen . . . and it usually does. Having been left a widow for some years, and at an early age, she decided to marry again, so she went off to the United States with her new husband taking, I believe, some of her cats in which she had a special interest.

Before leaving she was kind enough to make a tape recording of her cat family, just before their mealtime one day. So whenever we play the tape we are reminded of that happy time; it never fails to attract the attention of our Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy who do not wholly approve of all that screeching, considering it somewhat raucous.

One cat who had earned the name Manxie, being a Manx cat with, of course, no tail, was especially dear to Mrs. Potter, so no doubt this little person accompanied the retinue to the new home. I did not hear whether Mr. Ming the doggie whose job it had been to guard the cat establishment made the journey also, but one hopes he did for he was a most friendly and devoted creature who took his duties seriously. One of the saddest experiences must be to have to leave a loved one behind, especially a so-called animal who cannot easily make its needs known, and who finds it very hard to adjust to a different life after living in a certain environment, and performing a special duty for a few years. Mr. Ming had always been extremely polite to me each time I had visited his charges, so I am sure that wherever he now finds himself he will be appreciated and loved by those he serves.

Anyone who may have read my book Pussywillow will be familiar with those two Siamese cats who were known as Tiki and Shara, and who were sort of adopted by Mrs. Potter while she tried to find a more suitable and permanent home for them. They were not getting sufficient freedom in the "Catery" as Mrs. Potter often had temporary boarders and she could not risk a fight if "stranger cats" disagreed. Rather than keep boarder cats in a cage all the time, they were allowed to roam a little so this caused a problem for Tiki and Shara. It was a happy moment the day an elderly man and his elderly wife called upon Mrs. Potter in their search for a companionable cat. Apparently the man took an instant fancy to those two, although Siamese had not been in his mind. Shara, especially, who was the more temperamental of the two immediately showed interest in the visitors and demonstrated great affection for the man, so the decision was greatly influenced by Shara's attitude. So Mr. and Mrs. (ex-farmers from Saskatchewan) who were in Calgary for only a short stay were able to provide a permanent happy home for two creatures who, through no fault of their own, had been more or less abandoned by their former owners, and would probably have experienced an untimely end if they had been taken to the S.P.C.A. or the "pound" as the family were prepared to do, but for a chance remark one evening by a taxi driver about finding a home for them with a private family.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

It would be nice if all cat stories were to end so happily, for these two creatures found a good home where they were appreciated, and the ex-farmer (with his wife) received their reward in the way of affectionate gratitude. So there was a feeling of adoration on both sides.

Thus the people come and go; and I have seen how circumstances can influence the actions of other creatures, as well as humans. And now I am thinking of a certain cat family. I have written about Siamese mother cat Nikki who, at the age of twelve years, had to be sent “home” since she was suffering from a terminal illness—her condition rapidly deteriorating.

Grampa Cat had known Nikki all through Nikki’s life and since he himself had attained the great age of sixteen years, when she was no longer there he must have been greatly affected. It was only fully realized the extent of the shock he had suffered when, within a few weeks of Nikki’s passing, he gradually refused food, and then suddenly collapsed, soon to join his loved companion who he would have looked upon as a cat-wife. This left only ten years old Ichabod, who had never been without his Mother Nikki or Grampa Cat; and since his age would be seventy by human standards, one can imagine his state of loneliness and despair, especially since he had never been what could be termed a “normal” cat, due to an early illness.

I have often thought of Ichabod, living out the remainder of his lonely years, patiently awaiting the moment when he would join his cat Mother and his Grampa. How few of us seem to realize the misery, the torment, we can cause, unthinkingly or deliberately, through what is often nothing more than sheer selfishness, because we cannot bear to lose a creature, suffering or not, when to have the little creature put to sleep painlessly, by a qualified, compassionate veterinarian, can often be the kindest course to take. It can be a difficult course to take but when the “animal” is suffering and there is no likelihood of recovery, surely our own selfishness should not come first. If one looks around there are some MOST understanding and humane veterinarians who will take time to reassure your pet, soothe him and administer an injection painlessly, thus making it easier for him to cross the river to the other side of life, where he will be met by others of the same species, and where he will rest and receive the necessary care suitable for his condition.

One understands that all beings are met on the other side by discarnate entities, of similar compatibility, so we can always be sure that our “pets” are not alone when they are helped to cross the river into the great unknown, to the place which is the real HOME. Many people are concerned about the loss of a loved one, which may be human or animal, wondering where they are, whether they are being cared for and if they are comfortable or lonely. If you read the books of Lobsang Rampa you will have no doubt about the experiences of your loved ones who have passed on. You will know that you can meet them in your sleeping hours and that when the time comes for you to make your final journey to the Golden Light Land, there to meet you will be all those with whom you were in harmony while on earth. Even some with whom you were not in complete harmony may have seen their errors, realized where they were wrong, just as you may feel different about certain things, thus there may be an understanding between you which was lacking on earth.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

We are told we should not worry so much, we should be more placid and this is very true regarding emotion towards loved ones. The more we worry the harder it is for them, they on the other side are being pulled towards you on earth by invisible strands (vibrations) with the result your loved one is suffering even more than you because “out of the body” senses are more acute than those experienced by those who are still in the body. It is easy to suggest but not so easy to carry out as most of us know, but once it has been pointed out to us we can at least make an effort to do something about it, for no right thinking person wants to be the means of causing pain or suffering to anyone, particularly when someone has a malady which cannot be cured.

Too many very sick creatures are kept alive when it would be more kind to allow them to pass on to their true home. And often this is done by people who profess to love animals.

What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Since this narrative seems to be moving from past events, to the future, and back to the present, it is hoped none of the clarity has been lost in the process. When an English friend of mine read the typescript of Pussywillow she remarked that all the place names in Canada caused her not a little confusion.

Never having visited this country and possibly not being a great traveler herself she found it rather disconcerting to read of all the moving around we had experienced and I am fairly sure she was not wishing herself in our shoes—envy would be the last trait one could attribute to her, in this respect at least.

Before going back to Weybridge and events there, let me say that sometimes one does meet a “ship” (a person) a second time if only through correspondence. Here is such an instance.

Last year, right out of the blue I received a letter from a person with whom I had had no contact for around seventeen years; I never expected to hear from her again since we were in different countries and, she being a much younger person, merely a girl in her early teens, we did not enjoy any mutual interests. However, Adrienne wrote to me because the Rampa

Family had been “on her mind” for some time. She wrote how she had left the flower shop where she had worked when we knew her in Dublin, and we had lived in the apartment above.

During that period it was necessary for me to travel to London occasionally and on one of those trips it was arranged for Adrienne to accompany me. Since she had never been away from home before it was quite an experience for her—and a responsibility for me. She told me in the letter that she has visited London many times since—and that she always thought of us, especially when she used to pass the hotel where we had stayed—Whites Hotel on the Bayswater Road, the only place available, it seemed on that

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

particular weekend, which was a national holiday. However, we enjoyed the trip and since the airplane was comparatively small and flying fairly low we were able to enjoy the beauty of the countryside below us—especially as we flew over the mountains of Wales. The Welsh mountains are noted for their rugged beauty.

Adrienne enjoyed herself immensely—visiting Madame Tussaud's waxworks where there could be seen figures of the famous, and infamous. The dungeon was a gruesome place where the murderers, and the murdered, could be seen. This museum is most interesting and no visitor to London should miss a visit. We took a bus tour around the city, and the places of greatest interest were pointed out to us by a guide, places like the Houses of Parliament, 10 Downing Street, St. Paul's Cathedral, where one might enjoy the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and of course Big Ben the famous clock received great admiration. Not to be forgotten were Westminster Abbey and Buckingham Palace where one could view the changing of the Guard—then Trafalgar Square to see the fountains, and the pigeons, and Adrienne was impressed with the belts of green—such as Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens where small boys and large men enjoyed sailing their model boats.

We thought it would be nice to visit a cinéma if we could find one which was showing a worthwhile movie. Someone or something must have been guiding us for in a very short period of time we found something which could not have been better in Adrienne's case. The theme depicted life as a nun and since my companion was of the Roman Catholic faith it was an ideal choice. The title of the film I will always remember—the film actress Deborah Kerr portrayed a nun and the name of the film was *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison*. Adrienne was thrilled with it. And now she is married with a small son and a small daughter, and in the past year to a year and a half I have received several letters from her—just for the sake of old times, for the sake of those other days when we were all younger and more carefree. So there was a case where someone “passed this way” more than once and if perchance Adrienne happened to think she could have been dreaming and that she had never made such a trip, she would take out her wallet and, looking at those photographic prints she carried around, she could verify the fact that she had indeed been to London.

Of course it would be impossible to keep in touch with all the souls we meet on life's highway for, after all, the main thing we have to do is to go forward, and not live in the past, so that we may progress further along the pathway, attaining as often as possible a further step along the ladder of success.

One often comes across a person who is living quite happily without any thought of progress, just living in a rut one might say. While this may be allowed to a few people, the majority must carve their way along their chosen path in an effort to attain the goal they set for themselves. Unfortunately many of us lack the extra effort and just sit down by the wayside, even with our goal in sight, while if we are not careful we might find time is running out and unless we realize it quickly we could leave it too late, which would be a sad state of affairs indeed if we had to return to earth to complete a task we had been too careless, or too preoccupied, to finish the first time.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

How many are the times I have been told to “not look back” but go forward with a definite aim in mind. There is the thought of Lot’s wife in the Bible—she took a look behind her while the city was burning, and didn’t she turn into a pillar of salt! A thought worth remembering—to go forward, meet fresh people, and to never lose sight of our goal.

So, after that diversion we return to England and Weybridge, where every day was lived in very much the same way, which meant there was very little exciting happening. It was not until Mr. T. Catt, the Tiger, was around four years of age that he was allowed to wander around unchaperoned. Carl and I talked it over and decided he should be all right in our neighborhood so long as he did not try to cross the road, and we hoped he would not do so. At first we were somewhat apprehensive, especially when someone from the office would tell us they had seen a Silver Tabby cat crossing the road, and entering a neighbor’s grounds.

Fortunately the automobiles did not travel as fast as they do here in Canada where in Ontario it was heartbreaking to see the number of casualties due to speeding cars, many of which could surely have been avoided. One of the attractions for him, the Tiger, was the fact that the neighbor kept hens and chickens and apparently T. Catt enjoyed visiting them which left us with another problem—fleas! It was anything but a happy day when I had to take him down into the yard and carefully (without affecting the eyes and ears) rub flea powder into his fur, for each time he visited that hen-house he seemed to collect some of those crawling, hopping creatures.

Apart from contact with creatures such as hens, which are sometimes infested with fleas, a cat should be comparatively free of these crawling hoppers as they grow beyond the stage of kittenhood, especially if they stay away from squirrels, and certain large birds such as pigeons. When the cats are in the babyhood stage, merely kittens, they are not able to care for their fur and general condition as well as a more fully grown cat.

Mr. T. Catt provided much amusement for us; he loved to pick up articles and put them in various places, which greatly hampered our activities if it was something we needed immediately. I remember one time in particular when Carl was looking for an instrument, a sort of scalpel-shaped knife and it was not to be found any place. After a time the culprit, in the form of Mr. Cat, came in from the shelf where he used to sit for hours and hours; in his mouth was the knife which he offered to us with great glee, placing it by Carl’s feet. That knife must have been outside for some time because it had become rusty through being out in damp weather. It was an episode with a happy ending, for until we found the instrument Carl must have thought I had taken it.

Another time the Tiger must have been in a fight, and got the worst of the fray, for he arrived home one morning looking disreputable and with a torn ear. Whether he had been showing off or what I might never know, but since he was a child of Leo such a thing was entirely possible. When he was quite young he fell from the same outside shelf upon which he was sitting, and landed on the ground, one floor down, and there he was meowing at the front door apparently none the worse for the experience. Surely that left him with less than the nine lives we attribute to those of the cat tribe.

We had spent most of the war years in this particular locality but still we had few

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

acquaintances or friends, but we did have a short friendship with a person who was in the Royal Air Force, and his wife. One day we all decided to take a boat and spend an afternoon on the River Wey. We thought we may as well take the Tiger since it would be a nice change for him. A nice change, did I say! I am sure he never spent such a miserable time in the whole of his life; there was he panting away and looking as though he was about to pass out, and that was the first and last time Mr. Cat ever went boating.

The greatest man (or woman) is not necessarily the one who makes the most noise.

There was one important event occurred while we were living in the Weybridge area and that was the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip, the Princess who is now Queen Elizabeth the Second. It was a particularly happy moment to be standing on the bridge at the foot of St. George's Avenue to watch the Royal train pass by, bearing the honeymoon couple, who were off to spend part of their honeymoon with their relatives, Lord and Lady Mountbatten. It was a dreary day in November, with rain hampering those who were bent on witnessing this delightful spectacle, this exciting moment. Where ever Royalty is to be found you can be sure of finding a host of happy Britishers. The British care very much for their kings and queens and they revel in all the pageantry the monarchy entails. One had to make the most of each event, there were so few on which to feast the eyes.

At one period during the war Sir Winston Churchill's daughter, Mary, spent some time in the area, together with others who were in the Auxiliary Territorial Service. At one time these A.T.S. seemed to be everywhere. One supposes they were down there to receive certain training. Later Miss Churchill (the youngest daughter of the Churchill's) married Christopher Soames, now Sir Christopher.

Much of our time was spent in reading and listening to the radio and at that time Shaw Desmond's work was popular, as were the books of Paul Brunton, a serious and interesting writer. Carl enjoyed things bordering on the occult and metaphysical and I gradually became interested in the subjects. At first I did not like to see him reading this material so much, for some strange reason I thought he would become so knowledgeable that he might progress beyond my reach. It was a stupid thought but not so uncommon as one might think, judging by the letters one receives. However, I am wiser now and I realize it is possible for anyone, everyone, to progress spiritually through metaphysical and occult studies—especially when they are able to receive proper guidance from one who knows.

We spent many spare moments talking about the sort of life we had led before we first met. Carl's youth seemed to have been an unhappy time for a young boy. He was somewhat aloof and not easily understood, and after his school years were over he was sent to take an apprenticeship as a motor mechanic, a job he really disliked.

Because of traveling about in damp, wet weather he developed chest problems which necessitated giving up this work. Later he studied advertising and he found this much more interesting and something for which he seemed to have a flair. The company he was with when we first met had given him responsibility for all their advertising so

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

his work must have been satisfactory, since the aforesaid advertising brought in a good response. The position at Weybridge also entailed a fair amount of advertising, again bringing in good results, so there is no doubt but that a person who is doing work he enjoys has a much greater chance of success than one who is simply pushed into something for which there is neither liking nor interest.

He used to talk about his sister who I never had an opportunity of meeting and perhaps it was just as well since the two of them did not get along well together. Apparently the sister was the favorite, getting everything she wanted while Carl had to manage as best he could. After thinking about Carl and his environment I have sometimes thought that perhaps he gave in to others too easily when he should have stood his ground and demanded fair treatment from his parents, especially from his mother who seemed to thwart his ambitions. It is always easy to see what other people should do but not so simple to solve one's own problems, so we should not be too harsh regarding others, especially when we do not possess all the facts. Carl used to speak with affection when mentioning his father with whom he had a very good relationship, so this helped balance the situation which otherwise would have been sterile, and resulted in a useless life. Carl spoke often about his father, and it seemed that his mother had a dictatorial manner, but father was kind and easygoing. Although I never had the pleasure of knowing him, since he had passed away some months before Carl and I first met, I always found it of great interest to hear about him and his naturally pleasant personality.

The black cat, John, had been a close companion, especially in the later days, sitting on the lap of the invalid, Carl's father, who suffered ill-health for some time before finally departing to happier realms. Carl used to tell how it was such a blessing they had this cat who seemed to have the gift of comforting the older man, and how when the invalid passed away John pined and suffered a great feeling of loneliness. I learned also that the full title of the black cat was Johnny Shanko. Later Mr. Johnny Shanko had to be put to sleep, he had to be sent 'home' before his time, because the family life had been disrupted and the others were moving a long distance, to another part of England, where it was not possible to take him. Sometimes I have wondered, though, whether a way could have been found if the mother had displayed more patience regarding the situation. Even as Carl was telling me all this I could sense the emotion he was feeling as he related the incident which ended so sadly. Still, we now had the pleasure of Mr. T. Catt's company, for if Johnny Shanko had lived out his full time on earth he would not have come to us in the form of the Tiger Lilly. So—it's an ill wind that profits nobody!

Please allow me to explain something. If the preceding remarks seem somewhat odd to any person who reads them, I suggest they read all of the books of T. Lobsang Rampa, a name which is known the world over. It may be there are those who do not understand such things as reincarnation, the Law of Karma etc., so by reading the above author's works they will understand these things and they will realize how black cat Johnny Shanko could return to the earth as Mr. T. Catt, to finish the life span which had been denied him previously when, unhappily, he was sent to his heavenly home a few years too soon. It can be very comforting to acquaint oneself with these truths, which eliminate the sadness one normally experiences on losing a pet, just to know we will meet

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

again on this earth plane or the next, where we can be together, knowing no parting. If you read the aforementioned books you can lead a fuller, richer life, provided you take them seriously, for they are all true books, the whole eighteen of them, and there may yet be another, making nineteen altogether.

A great deal of fiction has been written about Carl and about Lobsang Rampa who followed, because the Press, as ever, prefer to make everything sensational, treating people in a derogatory manner. Carl's father was the Chief Water Engineer of the district in which he lived in the town of Plympton, Devonshire, but the Press preferred to describe him as being in the capacity of a plumber. Now what difference it makes whether Carl was the son of a baker, a tailor or a candlestick-maker I could never fathom, except it seemed to provide a certain amount of satisfaction to the media and a few zealous individuals who were egging them on, and by describing someone as being a plumber's son they hoped to denigrate him and tried to influence certain publishers to refuse to publish Lobsang Rampa's books.

So it can be seen what jealousy and spite can do when a man is rather different and possessed of a superior mentality, something those people who were trying to pull him down, failed to understand. But it has always been something of a puzzle to me what is wrong with being a plumber—and wasn't Christ the son of a carpenter, a worker with wood. Water or wood—what's the difference?—We need both, and why should a stigma be attached to either a plumber or a carpenter? According to what we read about the life of Christ he was mocked, derided, and finally stoned and crucified, and to me this is an indication that all great entities, great men and women who have come to the earth ahead of their time, are resented and persecuted just because they are not understood, and because they are in possession of greater knowledge, and are more advanced, than are most earth people.

They become suspect and people of the earth do not understand. It is said that what people do not understand they fear and try to destroy, so that could well be one reason these higher beings have such a hard time trying to do their tasks and getting their message over. We of the earth believe ourselves to be very clever, but this does not prevent us from trying to destroy what we do not understand! It is very fortunate for those creatures such as the Yeti (the so-called abominable snowman), the Loch Ness monster and the humanoid types who are reported occasionally to emerge from Unidentified Flying Objects, it is fortunate indeed that as far as we know none of these creatures have been captured by humans. Bah! Sometimes I feel ashamed to belong to the human race.

No book is so bad
that it has no good
in it.

Pliny

We must remember that a few years ago conditions were quite different from what they are at the present time, and I used to enjoy listening to Carl while he told of how his family had lived in the last county but one in the southern part of England, his home being

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

in Devonshire, just one county before Cornwall, where we find Land's End.

The ancestral home was not far from Plymouth and the name of the actual place—Plympton, and at that time there was a vast distinction between certain classes of people. Carl's family lived in what was known as Mayoralty House, because it used to be the home of the Mayor; it was a very big house, set on the side of a sloping driveway, and it sported five separate floors which necessitated a fair amount of domestic help to keep it in good condition. The lower floor at the front was underground, owing to the sloping driveway, but at its distal end there were wide French windows which opened out on to a garden of around three acres; which also needed one gardener at least. In the garden, and to the left, was a stone house with windows of colored glass, where frequently some of the neighborhood cats wandered; they would emerge after a time, looking bemused and almost cross-eyed due to different lighting effects.

The first part of the garden was a miniature lawn which had the model of a fort and cannons around it. Beyond that one could walk down a few steps and there was a large fish pond, containing goldfish, goldfish who were trained to pull on a string when they felt it was feeding time. I would sit there spellbound as Carl unfolded the experiences of his early life.

The aforementioned pond had a centerpiece, a boy holding two wheels, and when a tap was turned on water would come spouting from the nozzles, and music would come forth as the water rotated the wheels. To the left of the pond was a large aviary built against a south wall; it was very spacious and people would go inside and walk around leisurely.

It is hoped that those who read Tiger Lily will not feel uninterested and bored with these descriptions, but I believe most readers will be fascinated just as I was when I mentally pictured the whole scene as it unfolded before me. As Carl related all that which was new to my ears he had the ability to make everything come alive. I felt I was really there, literally, **LIVING** amongst all this handiwork which had been achieved, greatly by nature, with the help of man.

There is a little more to add about that interesting garden but we will have a slight diversion because those who, like me, may be a little restless, needing a change of subject (so that we may prevent that awful feeling of boredom) will possibly utter a silent prayer of gratitude.

The name of the master of Mayoralty House was William so it may be well to use this name to avoid confusion in referring to various people. He had two given names but William will be sufficient for us to identify him. Well, this gentleman who was the Chief Water Engineer for the district had his dwelling, Mayoralty House, right opposite the Town Hall which, in turn, was adjoining the Police Station Headquarters.

It may seem strange to us, half a century later, to accept the fact that William, as well as being the Chief Water Engineer, owned the only Fire Engine of the area, so he was often referred to as the Fire-Chief-cum-Water-Engineer. So the Town Hall had the Police Station Headquarters on one side, while on the other side there was a small lane leading

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

uphill, the small lane being directly in front of Mayoralty House. This lane stretched its way along and up to Plympton Castle, which had a very fine, round Keep, and at one side of the Keep, a very large mound on which the original Castle stood.

The Castle walls were in an extremely dilapidated state, but enough remained to enable one to decipher the original plan. They were very thick walls indeed, and they were penetrated walls, that is, there was a tunnel going all around the walls and leading to a hidden chamber down below in the mound itself. This chamber had, in recent years, become blocked with fallen rocks. On the outside of the walls was a big red stone.

Legend—inaccurate as usual—had a story that the Black Prince visited the castle and, being a large, hefty man with an uncontrollable temper, he had once seized a surly guard and dashed his brains out against that stone which thereafter turned red.

The Fire Chief, William, used to ride around the countryside in a pony trap, carrying his long stethoscope. In those days it was a wooden thing like a long walkingstick: at one end there was a scooped out receptacle for the ear and at the other end was a knob.

Every now and then Father William would jump out of the pony trap, stick the knob end of the stick to the ground, listening intently to find out if the water was flowing from the reservoir. He would then jump back into the pony trap and continue on his rounds while he resumed smoking his short Irish pipe.

Beyond the end of the garden was a greenhouse spread lengthwise across the garden, and if one went along the path to the right it led into an orchard. The garden was quite large and there was another section of about two acres which was given over entirely to the growing of vegetables; between the two gardens was a fire house. William had acquired fire pumps, there being no Fire Department, except for the one in Plympton. Father William owned the fire engine and the pumps, and the whole thing was horse-drawn. Every time there was a fire it was followed by a meeting of the Council, who voted how much they should pay the Fire Department.

All the firemen were in dark blue uniforms and they all wore brass helmets something after the style of the German Coalscuttle helmets. The Fire Brigade was very popular at parades especially when funds were needed and money was to be collected for 'hot cross bun day' and needs of such a nature.

Father William was a collector of antiques, mainly furniture and paintings—spurred on by his brother Richard who was a member of the Royal Academy and who had the honor of having paintings hung there. But William was at times somewhat rash which resulted in his being sold various 'antiques' which were not authentic, and this left him with money tied up in what were substantially fakes, which later came as something of a shock to his family. At his death it was realized that William was not as wealthy as had been expected because, although on paper his estate was worth a great deal (partly owing to the antiques), it made quite a difference when many of them were exposed and found to be clever forgeries.

I would reiterate that Father William never was a plumber but rather he was the Chief Water Engineer of the whole district. I feel very strongly about this because many

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

people, especially the Press, have implied and said outright, 'How can a plumber's son know anything except about plumbing?' Fortunately the insinuations no longer affect me, for I have learned more important things than to be affected by the media who seem never to mind causing unhappiness if it makes good copy.

I have learned about happiness, about giving and sharing, and how it is possible to be cheerful in the midst of desperate illness, terminal illness. I have learned how to be satisfied on this sometimes disappointing planet. I have seen how a person has helped others who have tried to cause only harm to the benefactor, and if I do not always practice such methods myself, the fact that I have been immersed in this goodness, means that some of it will sink into my subconscious mind to make me a better person now and later.

No, William was not a plumber, and what would it matter if he had been? William's wife Eve was a member of a very wealthy family of farmers at Brentnor, having large holdings there, but the family of Father William and Mother Eve had considerable battles over the right-of-way between two fields.

Both families (who were wealthy at the time) went to Law, and if one family lost they lodged an appeal, and so it went on until everybody was completely impoverished, and nothing was gained in the end, but financially all were left the poorer.

As is often the case when an important employer has a number of men in his service, these men are forced into duty as part-timers, and so it happened with the Fire Chief. He had sent one of his men out on his normal rounds, listening to the sounds of the water from the reservoir, and checking that the water was flowing through the pipes as it should. But then this man, not one of the brightest individuals, came back and reined in the pony, but just as he was starting to get down the pony moved, resulting in the man catching the seat of his trousers on the lamp bracket of the trap.

Unfortunately he was just in the process of jumping so, as he jumped first, his hopes of future pleasures were almost ruined and the fabric of his trousers gave out. He immediately rushed into the washroom, and took off his trousers with the intention of stitching them up so that he might appear in public again. At that moment, just as he had removed his trousers, the fire alarm sounded, and the man remembered he was on the roster for duty; in his anxiety not to be late all thoughts of his trousers went out of his mind and he rushed out to the fire engine. He jumped on as the engine was moving out, and then the driver suddenly stopped as he heard a roar of laughter at this man with his fireman's helmet of shining brass, but without trousers, and his shirt tail waving in the wind . . . One of the fellow firemen tossed over a coat with which to cover the embarrassed man and the poor fellow disappeared, no doubt to repair the offending garment, his torn trousers.

Before we leave this interesting subject of water and its uses I have to relate a little incident I read in The Albertan this morning, December 1st 1976. A doctor was having trouble and he found it necessary to call in a plumber, who was quickly on the scene . The plumber set to and soon everything was working well.

'How much will that cost?' enquired the doctor.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

‘Seventy-five dollars,’ said the plumber.

‘What!’ answered the doctor. ‘My fee would be less than a quarter of what you are asking.’

‘So was mine when I was a doctor,’ laughed the plumber.

Perhaps, like me, you have heard that one before, but it gives one cause for a little thought as to how things are changing.

Rich plumber. Poor doctor.

MOUNTAIN GLORY

High up on the mountain

That’s where I long to be.

Gazing far to the horizon.

That’s where I long to be.

I long to commune with you, tree,

Just you and me together.

For companionship is beauty

Just you and me together.

A little blade of green, green grass

And a colorful mountain flower.

A ladybird who brings good luck

And a colorful mountain flower.

Selfish to wish such for myself?

My thoughts should be for others?

But I go to the things of Nature

To learn of those my brothers.

INTERLUDE

Have you ever noticed how time seems to fly on faster wings and the fleeting years seem to be in a desperate hurry to reach some place, having not a moment to wait for anyone?

Today it is Easter, Easter Sunday, in the year 1977 and, as I remove the earlier pages of Tiger Lily from their resting place I see that the last (or should it be the “first”) part had been completed early in December of 1976. What happened to the intervening days?—plenty of ill health in the family, terminal illness in one case, business matters and ordinary domestic affairs to be dealt with, as well as letters to answer.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

It makes one feel as if one has been parted from someone or something, so much has changed, even in the course of only four months. But at last I can say, "Renewed greetings, Tiger Lily, we will continue our story!" This might be a suitable moment to extend other greetings before going further, and these sentiments are extended to friendly persons in many countries, countries reaching right around our planet. I wish to say to each of those who have written to me after reading my first book, *Pussywillow*, that I appreciate your expressions of satisfaction, and to tell you that your words of encouragement have prompted me to continue writing. Especially am I gratified to know that so many people have, through these pages, experienced a greater understanding of their pets, thus forming a more secure bond of companionship with them. One person in particular wrote to say that she had always been associated with dogs in her youth and knew little of cats. Her present neighbor's cat just ignored her if they should happen to meet but, to this lady's surprise, the cat began greeting her in a pleasant manner after she had read the *Pussywillow* stories. Who says cats are dumb creatures!!! Most intelligent persons have heard something of the history of the Cat People, how they have been tortured, looked upon as the consorts of witches—even in certain ages worshipped—but generally had a hard time. Well if, as may be possible, they have had debts to pay for past, real or imagined mistakes, "humanity" has seen to it that they have paid dearly and now they have redeemed themselves; it is perhaps not generally known that now the shoe is on the other foot—cats do so much to help humans that it will take a long time to make up for the harm we have caused them, and for the work they are presently doing for humanity. At least I hope I can do my little bit of showing those who are interested how simple and, yes, rewarding, it can be if we devote a little more time to a greater understanding of the needs of our "little sisters and brothers" of the cat world.

Like many others I always enjoy a break from the ordinary work-a-day life, and this long Easter weekend provides just that. It helps us to use other parts of our brain, to do different things, to get out of the rut of the almost robot-like feeling as one performs the day-to-day essentials but which need no great intellect, if any at all.

In our case it gives us time to chat and relax for a few moments, in contrast to rushing out to the post office, collecting the mail and then spending an amazing amount of time dealing with the letters, by which time half the day is over.

Don't get me wrong, for we of this household receive delightful letters from charming people—I am not making a protest, merely stating it is nice to have a change in order to get one's mechanism recharged".

There is one lady of my acquaintance who is unable to function at all unless she sits down on a chair, closes her eyes and completely relaxes herself at intervals. At other times she will walk out into her garden, which is very private, and potter around amongst the flower beds, thus achieving the same result. At the present time she is coping with life under great stress due to the extreme sickness of two elderly, actually quite old, members of her family, neither of whom is likely to recover. Fortunately she is now retired from her full-time business life after many, many years of traveling to and from the place where she was employed in an important position as a statistician.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

A few days ago we had the occasion to speak to each other and she was telling me of some of the truths she had come to realize in the past years. Many were things we had discussed a long time ago, but it had taken more time to put into practice what had previously only been theories in her mind. With more time on her hands after her retirement, and before becoming involved in the family sickness, which had enveloped her in recent days, she felt that the more she indulged in handwork, a hobby, manual work such as gardening, anything to actually do, as opposed to reading or watching television, etc., she found herself becoming more “aware” and “sensitive” to things of the mind. I was very interested in hearing all this especially having had the same experience myself. Sometimes I feel I am slow to learn and that there must have been many gaps in my education regarding concepts which should have been familiar to me earlier.

As far as sensitivity goes, I heard something interesting on the radio the other day pertaining to earthquakes, a phenomena which is very common in this present period. The guest person was telling the interviewer that scientists can predict the occurrence of an earthquake only within a period of around six years; that is, they know there is going to be an earthquake, but at what period within the six years they cannot forecast. The guest went on to relate that it has been found the best creature to observe, when you are involved with these planetary upheavals, is the lowly cockroach, because by its erratic behavior one can tell when such an event is in the offing. This gentleman also made the observation that it would be a wise move to take note of what psychics and other sensitives have to say because they also are good indicators of these things. My acquaintance who is involved with her sick relatives tells me that sometimes she suffers from a most uneasy feeling at times, and that “you can bet your bottom dollar that within three or four days the world will know that another earthquake has occurred”. She mentioned that a few weeks ago she was beset with problems concerning the sickness surrounding her, together with the fact that she was going down with an attack of influenza and, to top off everything, she had suffered these horrible attacks which precede an earth tremor and which actually did occur. There is no doubt that she is sensitive to a degree.

To work with the hands—yes—that is something which can help us progress and indeed, in some cases, save a person’s sanity. But there is a light side to it as with most things if you have the makeup to see it. During the weekend, this Eastertide, we were viewing films from the National Film Board and one of these films was depicting hippies and near-hippies.

Apparently this is causing quite a problem in a certain area of Toronto, and there was arranged a meeting with the Mayor in his office. The Mayor was trying to tell these “would be changers of the world and its system” that it was essential for everybody to do something, to work, do a job, pay their way in life. “There is happiness in working,” said the Mayor, and of course this sparked off quite a discussion. “Why, then, is everyone trying to work for shorter hours,” one youth wanted to know. “Surely if work is happiness you are going to make a lot of people unhappy.” So, I thought, “Mr. Mayor, Your Honor, you cannot win, and neither can the Establishment!”

Each segment of society believes themselves to be right and there seems to be no point of contact, no communication between them, and so everybody feels lost. It is

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

a satisfying thought to know that before too long humanity will have reached rock bottom, and then we shall approach another Golden Age, with nowhere to go but up; even though some of us will not live to see this it is a comforting thought to know that future generations will benefit and (unless we destroy the planet in the meantime) one will be proud, and not ashamed, to belong to the human race.

Personally, this Eastertide has brought many memories and I have much to be thankful for. Seven years ago, living in New Brunswick, change in my personal life, and in my household, seemed imminent. If my complete faith was to be in the opinion of the medical profession I could expect my family life to be broken up within three to six months, and the knowledge made me very sad. What would I do with my two Siamese cats who were little more than babies and in such a short time had developed a deep affection and love for Lobsang Rampa (the Guv) who had a like feeling for them?

Now seven years later, we are again engrossed in film viewing for recreation, just as we were in what now seems those very far off days. The other day we viewed again that lovely silhouette “short” of Mr. Grasshopper and Miss Ant, produced by that clever and imaginative German lady, Lotte Reiniger, as mentioned in Pussywillow, and who had such a delightful feature written about her in *The Albertan* of April 21st, accompanied by a charming photograph. It was particularly interesting to see that this celebrated German animator lives in New Barnet, North London, and that she was associated with John Grierson of the British Broadcasting Corporation, who later founded the National Film Board. Lotte Reiniger apparently pioneered the invention of the silhouette picture and made the first full-length animated film in the history of the cinéma. Now aged seventy-seven years this lady is obviously a great traveler and full of vivacity and verve. It is a great experience to have made her acquaintance, if only through the medium of a newspaper—so it seems our local newspaper does at times print something interesting and educational. *The Albertan* please make a bow!

If it were not for the constant pain which is forever present in our orbit I might well feel like the little cat who was so full, and overflowing, with joy at being included in the painting of the Buddha, that the planet was not big enough to sustain her, and she went right off to the next world. So, if we did not have a few sorrows and stresses we might all become too complacent and never achieve our goal which we had set for ourselves.

Over this holiday period we have been discussing many things and this I enjoyed because at other times, on the work-a-days, there are so many others beseeching help, mainly through letters, that I could not bring myself to add to the “chore”.

So the holiday progressed, but not without slight mishap. After I had typed the first page of this “Interlude” the great outdoors beckoned, so I put away the machine and took my Cat People for a drive lasting for around one hour. We have a delightful driver who adores Cleo and Taddy, and I can always feel safe if I have to leave them with him while I am out of the car to make a call or pick up a few supplies. If he sees anyone approaching, especially if the adults are accompanied by children (who are often rather meddlesome) you will find he has locked all the doors and guards my people with a fatherly care. Cleo and Taddy really do hold Keith in very high regard and, since they are so used to him

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

they can forget he is there and devote all their mental and psychic energies to serving the terrain, and the people who are sitting in parked cars, or who are passing us (and commenting upon “those lovely cats”), or doing what Cleo and Taddy like best, speeding and passing other vehicles.

We had traveled only a very short distance when Mama San felt a looseness in her eyeglasses and no sooner had she commented upon the fact than the right lens fell out. Keith was out of the car in a flash, opening the passenger door and being full of concern. However, the missing piece was quickly located inside the car and soon we were on our way once more, Mama San feeling like a half-blind creature. It was too bad because part of my mission was to call at the house of a lady of my acquaintance who wanted to show me some art work upon which she was engaged. She does all kinds of things, including Macrame, and her two sons are professional artists, one freelance and the other an art teacher in Montreal. The lady’s husband finds interest in cartooning, so I was not able to fully appreciate the things I was shown. Another of her hobbies is the making of turbans and she had one half completed for me and wanted to give me a fitting; in the end she had to decide herself what was best for I did not trust too well my one-eyed sight.

So after a pleasant interlude along the Elbow Drive we wended our way home just as one of those English poets wrote, “the lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea”.

The afternoon of Easter Sunday was less pleasant, as the third member of our family ended up in the emergency department of the local hospital, spending over two hours of a beautiful Sunday sitting there awaiting to have seven stitches put in a finger. A little accident, perhaps, a dispute with a can of food being opened, and the can won, so this was an Easter to be remembered for many reasons. After waiting at home for over two hours I telephoned the hospital to see what was happening, only to be told, “Oh, the stitching is being done now!”

It reminded me of the time in Montreal when I had a similar experience and Taddy had enquired of the Guv, “Do you think we will ever see Ma again?” So ends our “Interlude”.

If you continually imagine you have an illness it is possible to contract it through autosuggestion, and the reverse is true. If you do have an illness it is possible to get free of it if you have sufficient confidence in yourself!

Our interlude over, it might be a good idea to return to the main story of Tiger Lily before we completely lose the trend because I rather enjoy living in, and writing about, the present. This is understandable as I am so much more contented these days, having the benefit of past experiences behind me and which I can utilize to make, I hope, life a little pleasanter for those other members of my family. You see, I used to suffer from moodiness, and it caused Carl much distress to see me apparently so dissatisfied. We were not without our misunderstandings and often failed to see a situation in the same light; of course this led to most difficult moments, resulting in much unhappiness for Carl, who was an extremely sensitive person.

There was one nice aspect of it though, and that was that he never harbored any

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

sort of resentment—after a little while all would be over and he would be as usual. Not so with the Ra’ab who would “dwell” on a subject, magnifying out of all proportion the remarks which had been passed and acting like the elephant “who never forgets”. Now that Ra’ab knows more about such things she realizes the difference in the makeup of each person, and understands that trying to control the “lion” and the “bull”, especially when combined in the same person is perhaps a big undertaking, both creatures being strong-willed and given to remembering grievance, real or imagined.

Something which used to aggravate me was to be the object of a practical joke, but now I see I was merely being childish. I was too “stuffy” . . . How would anyone like to be pushed out of bed, just for fun? But, behind it all, even then I knew there was something more to life than just enjoying yourself and getting what you could out of it. I knew that if I tried to evade the situation, avoid my responsibilities, something, even someone, somewhere, would be affected, and that my action, were I to defect from the path I had taken, could become a major problem and at least result in great personal loss. It gave me great satisfaction, in our more placid moments when Carl would say that his present life was the happiest he had ever known, and that he found my companionship very satisfying.

In the early days of our acquaintance he used to tell me that from the spiritual and mental angle alone he would have found my outlook just as interesting whether I had been a man or a woman! I interpreted that as being a delightful tribute to another human being, and it was his custom to utter such remarks at unexpected moments.

In the early days I used plenty of “makeup” in the way of beauty aids and this did not appeal to him at all. He used to say, “Ra’ab, you know exactly the amount of makeup you need to make you look attractive to the right degree!” This went on until finally I gave up altogether because that was what he liked best. No doubt but that he had used a bit of psychology there. Still, if you don’t want to please your husband, who else matters? It is said that women often dress for each other, and often not to the other’s advantage—they try to vie with each other and one can only come to the conclusion that they are so lacking in self-confidence that each one tries to outdo the other to make up for this feeling of inferiority!!!

Before I knew Carl I had my picture taken, and I gave it to him after we met; to my surprise I saw it hanging on the wall of his apartment one day and he had altered it. “What happened to my earrings,” I wanted to know. “Oh, I painted them out,” quoth he, “I didn’t like them!” Carl could not bear artificiality in any form and I used to be reminded of the Pharaoh Akhenaten, “the heretic” as I have always had an overpowering interest in Egyptology. This Pharaoh, who is described as being physically deformed, refused to be depicted in any other way than in his natural state. While on the subject of Egypt I am trying to think how I came to be known by the Egyptian name of “Ra’ab”. It just seemed to happen and if anyone were to use any other I would hardly realize they were addressing me. Sometimes I think the word is diminutive of a longer name but I am not bothered about that, having been called many things in my lifetime, but Ra’ab is one of the nicest!

Still, names do mean something—one has heard of an actor or actress who had

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

no luck at all, made no headway until they changed their name, and then the floodgates opened and suddenly they were acclaimed wherever they went. Some names seem to bring ill-luck, misfortune and lack of progress while others are harmonious and protective. I know a person who changed just one letter in his name (he actually added a letter) with the intention of bringing him better business results.

Well, while we lived in Weybridge the time came when we changed our name and as this has all been described in *As It Was*, one of Lobsang Rampa's most recent books, there is no need for me to go into deep detail regarding the reasons and decision for the change. This I do know, though, we had to put up with a lot of unkindness and even sarcasm from the highest position—a certain “gentleman” in high authority finding it amusing to compose a piece of doggerel in as cutting a manner as he could muster and keep repeating it! Yes, we had a share—and perhaps more than a share-of harshness directed towards us, not least when Carl had the impression (or was he instructed, but what's the difference!) to wear an Eastern type of clothing and to grow a beard. I have very good reason to believe that some of those persons who thought we were crazy, are not feeling so well these days; some of them are this side of the veil of life, the remainder on the other, where it is too late to make amends, and all they can do is to wail at Lobsang Rampa for their blindness. Some of those who were intended to pave the way for him—“in the future”, the future which has been, is, and will be. Sometimes one feels a little sympathy towards those who were told, even warned, about their purpose in life but chose to ignore the message and are now bound to the earth, either in the incarnate or discarnate state. Having missed their opportunity they must wait for varied periods until they can see their mistakes, and again tune in to the “life cycle” at some future date; meanwhile, they wallow in their remorse and regrets.

I think that I will never see

A Billboard lovely as a Tree

And unless the billboard fall,

I'll never see a tree at all.

It is very easy to become bitter, to feel disenchanting, and to blame everything and everybody for one's woes instead of taking a hard look at oneself and realizing that is where most, if not all, of the trouble lies. Some people are inclined to declare the whole system to be wrong, blaming the establishment for their lack of success, or their parents for not guiding them into the right paths, or the fact that there is no work to be had (perhaps only work which is not sufficiently superior for their imagined talents), thus so many hippie types decide to do nothing at all.

The above is not an idle statement for, on looking back to my youth I can still hear myself saying, anytime I might be in trouble (trouble being as prevalent in family life as in any other segment of humanity) “Well, I didn't ask to be born!”

It was some years later before I realized the foolishness of that remark—for now I know that we all plan to be born, even though the plan may have become somewhat altered from what we had intended. The truth of this was brought to my mind more viv-

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

idly a few days ago as I reread Lobsang Rampa's book *I Believe* which devotes almost two-thirds of its pages to that very subject. So the blush of ignorance should by this time have faded, as gradually I have come to realize the truth.

Perhaps now it is time to return to Weybridge and Tiger Cat, he who brought happiness into our lives, and who is still around in another form, and who will greet me happily when the time comes for me to enter the land where he now dwells.

Mr. T. Catt was obviously quite excited and full of anticipation when he was first allowed to wander around the three and a half acres all on his own but his human "Mama" was quite apprehensive at first. I believe I touched on this in the earlier pages of this book but some people do not seem to mind a little repetition. Perhaps I am following the method of someone else, or one might use the excuse that as one becomes older repetition is not an unusual occurrence.

So the Tiger spent the greater part of his life in the Weybridge area, and when the time came that we were to leave, it was a big wrench for him, which I did not realize fully at that time. The first night after we left (and it was not even to a far distant place) he just sat, neither ate any food nor visited the bathroom until the next day. His "Ma" was something of an ignorant Ra'ab in those days and it was Carl who had the understanding, but perhaps Ra'ab is gradually realizing that these little people need more attention and consideration than many of us are prepared to give. As I may have said before, cats are extremely sensitive, and the so-called domestic feline cannot bear to be laughed at—he will laugh with you (whoever heard of a cat laughing, someone will say) but please refrain from laughing at him.

Siamese Cat People are probably even more sensitive, but for some reason, I believe, they do not mind their Human People teasing them a bit—it seems that what matters to them is that their family (human and feline) should be happy. But Siamese cannot bear to be left alone. The other day Mama San was practicing a bit of time and motion study and our present Cleo was sitting by the front door of the apartment while Mama prepared breakfast, sitting, dreaming, probably, and tuned in to my thoughts. I decided I would prepare breakfast in no more than seven minutes, partly because I wanted to sit down at the table on the hour to listen to the seven o'clock news, undisturbed. All went well, with about a minute and a half to spare, so off I trotted along the corridor, to the far end, feeling extremely pleased with myself, and gazing proudly at the tray of food which I had prepared. Just as I reached the doorway of the tiny suite leading to the bedroom where the meal was anxiously awaited, bonk, crash, and the whole thing went down, leaving me with empty hands. Soon a figure appeared and another concerned voice called out: "Whatever happened?" and I said, "Sure, an" I don't know!" while I sensed cats literally flying to hide in their bedroom and for a few seconds the world seemed to be collapsing around me.

Since that time I have learned that it is not possible to maneuver a tray through a small doorway, while keeping one's elbows bent outwards—so that was my first and only attempt at studying "time and motion". As far as Cleo and her sister Taddy were concerned, it just "made their day" in retrospect, even if at the moment of happening it

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

was a calamity, nothing short of an earthquake.

On reflection I have come to realize that a cat can easily become a very lonely person—although they can understand humans by following the thoughts of humans, many, perhaps most, humans are totally unaware of what message the cat is trying to convey to the human. A few months ago, I read of a so-called domestic cat, “the family pet” as they are sometimes referred to, who, in the wake of a fire in the house aroused the occupants and saved them from a fiery death. Now if the cat had been able to yell “Hey, the house is on fire,” the alarm would have been quicker and there would have been less panic.

The other day a young man wrote remarking, “I have always looked upon cats as being dumb!” “Poor young man,” I thought, “you are the one who is dumb!”

So we are still in Weybridge and we spent one of the coldest winters ever in that environment, in the latish 1940s, when everything was frozen up. An apartment situated over a garage was not the warmest place at any time and I had a sodawater siphon in a cupboard in the hallway which not only froze but actually exploded. What a mess!

We were quite concerned about Mr. T. Catt, sitting on his chair and looking quite miserable. He was sitting on a blanket and I placed another over him hoping for the best; in those days I was afraid that if I put a rubber hot water bottle near him he might claw it and suffer harm from the hot water.

Things have changed now and I have no qualms about using this method of comforting cool cats who can, and, do, enjoy such a luxury even when the temperature is around eighty degrees Fahrenheit and whatever it is in our “Celsius”. Siamese cats seem to feel chilled more than other species, and I wonder if it is partly because their fur is shorter than most. I would warn those who contemplate heating their cat with a hot water bottle to make sure the cork, the stopper, is screwed tight, so do not prepare it absentmindedly as I have done once or twice and soaked the soft fabric upholstered love seat of my present people. Being of a striped material it is now a mottled mixture of blues, greens, red and yellows, etc.

No doubt many readers may remember the great freeze-up about 1947, for it was discussed at length in England! Our stay in this particular district would soon be drawing to a close but we were not yet aware of the change. Carl, as time went on, often used to appear withdrawn, as though he had things on his mind, which indeed he had. Sometimes I felt a little lost and affected with a feeling of loneliness, although I knew change was in the offing. Loneliness has always been one of my big problems and I know that it was all within myself.

It has been only in the past few years that this attitude has changed and these days I mostly feel exactly the opposite. Perhaps the passing years have brought me to my senses—though I would not like to put the question to my family since you never know what they might come up with in the way of an answer!

Carl was working very hard, his health had always been poor (he was classed grade four as far as army “call up” was concerned), and that was one of the main reasons we took accommodation near his place of employment. Like many others of his day he

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

received insults for not joining the “forces” and remained shocked and silent when one day he received anonymously, by mail, the white feather which we all know is intended to indicate cowardice!!!

There was much work accumulating at the office and Carl was writing articles and things of that nature, at the instigation of his boss, all of which proved to be quite harassing, especially since he received neither praise nor recognition for his work. There was a lot of ill-feeling and jealousy because Carl was able to do more than the others, and it was a really unhappy time, the credit always going to the person for whom the writing was done, and never to Carl.

Eventually we decided it was time for a change, and in a way this was forced upon us, but I must make it clear that it was OUR decision to terminate the association because we were not unaware of the rumors which stated Carl had been “sacked”, “fired” or whatever word one uses in each country.

The boss finally wanted me to do some work also, unpaid of course, such as taking telephone calls and any odd jobs but the Lion part of the Ra’ab had enough to do and was not willing to collaborate. Thus we decided we would change our course.

Write without pay until somebody offers pay;
if nobody offers within three years,
sawing wood is what you were intended for.

Mark Twain

The place we were bound for was on the way to London, past Walton-on-Thames and Esher, not very far from Kingston-on-Thames, and Sorption which was slightly closer and smaller.

The nearest big place for shopping was Kingston-on-Thames where the big department store of Bentall’s was a great attraction. These days we are so used to the mammoth shopping centers that a place such as Bentall’s might almost go unnoticed.

It was something of an upheaval for us as we had spent such a long time at Weybridge but we were not sorry to be leaving. Apart from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, then Princess, passing through the edge of our town, and all the activities of the war, very little remains in my mind. Our car had been sold so we had to resort to a rental service, but we had very few items to take with us, other than clothing but even that was quite sparse. The greatest wrench was for the Tiger who was now leaving the only home he had ever known, and he had never left the place even for a night. He was obviously quite upset and on the day of leaving I had to call on a neighbor with a message and I was delayed because she wanted to chat.

On my return I found Tiger Cat had almost, if not quite, suffered a seizure, and was most upset. Fortunately Carl was with him and I am sure he managed the matter better than I would have been able. It was going to be a real hardship to be without a big garden, nice and clean surroundings, and have to be shut up within two rooms, not even

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

“communicating” but due to various circumstances there was no alternative.

The landlady at Thames Ditton seemed very anxious to have us as tenants, even going to the extent of having a disagreement with a previous tenant, thus making it possible for us to have two rooms, since we had made it clear that we would not contemplate only one. The time must have been around August or perhaps September, it is one of the dates I cannot exactly recall, which is unusual for me who has never had much trouble in that direction. What I do remember is how we used to sit in the small garden at the back of the house, in the late summer evenings, and how we suffered from huge mosquito bites, caused, no doubt, by huge mosquitoes.

It was not a happy time, by any stretch of the imagination, everything was inconvenient and one felt out of place in that area, which seemed to be off the beaten track. We had a communal bathroom and fixed up a cooking stove in one of the rooms, a quite illegal procedure now, I suppose, and the land- lady was quite temperamental, one who thought she could rule the “boarders”. She spent a lot of her time in her room, and she gave us to understand she was a sort of “Ann Landers” who dealt with queries from correspondents, for a fee, and judging from her conversation she acted in the capacity of a kind of fortune teller! At any rate she was a good source of income for the mail office.

This lady was of a strong character, and to those who believe in reincarnation one might rightly come to the conclusion that she (or he) had been of some importance in other lives—in her present life she had been in close contact with a high-personage in Asia, while acting as though she was still in that environment. Her out-of-date clothes showed she had definitely belonged to the upper class and, though quite elderly, she had a young man companion! How I wish I could convey a picture telepathically, clairvoyantly, or whatever, because I doubt if I can conjure up the words to describe one episode.

We were still with Madame at Christmas time, and as is the custom, most people enjoy the feeling of friendship for that day at least. Something like going to church on Sundays and being more or less enemies until next Sunday.

Well, our bedroom was right opposite that of Madame, and we could hear the rustling of paper and loud breathing as we were retiring on Christmas Eve. The next thing we heard was a terrible clattering noise as “something” rolled down the stairs, immediately followed out of the door by Madame, minus her wig, who had emerged to see what on earth was happening. It seemed she had wrapped up a can of cat food, or similar, as a gift for Mr. T. Catt, then came out and left it at the head of the stairway, where it had stayed a few seconds until she was back in her room, and then began half rolling and half bouncing down the stairs. No, I do not think that is half so good a description as if one could have actually viewed the whole situation. However, it all ended happily, with all of us, and Madame herself, highly amused!

It would be hard to decide whether the situation was worse for Carl or for the Tiger, for many people know what it is like to be without employment, and in England you were considered just about finished if you were not established by the time you had reached the age of thirty. If you left your job on your own, without being fired, you had no hope of obtaining unemployment assistance. What a difference in that country these days, when

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

you can get all kinds of help without ever having done a day's work, there is a welfare assistance and student help. Is it a good thing though? Is it contributing to developing a nation of softies? Carl spent many hours cycling to East Molesley, to the unemployment office, hoping work of some kind, any kind, would be available, but not receiving a pleasant reception, although one man was an exception and he behaved quite civilly and came to see us once or twice. You see the jobs, if any were available at all, were given to men who had been "fired" from their previous employment, and not to those who had left of their own accord, however the termination may have come about.

I knew Mr. Cat was terribly concerned because always (if they are treated with even a fraction of consideration) cats identify with their human family and he must have worried as to how we were going to manage. It was fortunate that we had some insurance policies which we were able to redeem, and this we did, otherwise the situation would have been quite hopeless. The Weybridge employment did not afford us the opportunity to save at all, but one little thing helped us somewhat. A few years previously I had a very strong impression to "take out" insurance for myself, which I did. The premiums were rather high so it was impossible to continue the payments in our, then, situation, but the refund was most acceptable, and in our frugal way we just kept going.

Small advertising commitments were occasionally available, but this was merely a standby, and just kept us in the situation that we had a few extra pounds for cases of emergency. There was a little balcony outside our living room, but that was after we left Madame, which was less than one week after the Christmas goodwill. Madame liked change, and we were offered the upper "flat" in a small house, which we were pleased to accept. It was a furnished suite and was quite adequate for us, with its one bedroom, plus living room and kitchen. T. Catt sat for many hours, facing the south, on the balcony where he could enjoy the afternoon sun and watch the birds and other garden activities.

A classic is something that
everybody wants to have read
and nobody wants to read.

From The Wisdom of Mark Twain

Thames Ditton must have been a very important place in days gone by, especially in the time of Queen Elizabeth the First. One could just imagine the Queen sailing along in her barge, right along the Thames to Hampton Court where, one understands, she spent a great deal of time. At the present time, just as at the time we were in the area, no doubt it is possible to visit the actual suite she used, and gaze upon the bed wherein she slept, or stayed awake. In England there is a famous phrase which is used to attract tourists- "Queen Elizabeth slept here"—and it is used in information describing various places. All of us seem to find satisfaction in viewing such places of interest.

This brings to mind the story of the tourists (dare I comment they might have been Americans, who seem to delight in "doing" European places in a few hours). They had left Britain and gone on to the continent, and were discussing various historical places they had visited. "Did you see the Magna Carta," someone asked. "No, we were too late,

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

he had just left before we arrived.”

My knowledge of history, is not so complete as I would like, but if you can travel and visit places you can learn a lot more than by just poring over a history book, and it was a satisfactory feeling to visit the palace which was built for Cardinal Wolsey by the great Henry the Eighth. I have been told that my purpose in writing these pages is not to write a discourse on Hampton Court or, indeed, to delve into historical matters, but to write about my family, which of course in great part means my Cat People. So be it, but I will just mention another item of interest, and that is that a row of houses right opposite “The Court” were designed by Sir Christopher Wren, a personality who has also interested me greatly.

So, being fairly obedient, sometimes, I will revert to my particular story which perhaps I should emphasize is a true one because it is my desire to put down words describing, to the nearest point of accuracy, exactly what happened during this period of our life. So many people have tried to brainwash the public into thinking Lobsang Rampa’s works are no more than fiction (although most people KNOW him to write the truth) that I want to reiterate that, like his writings Tiger Lily describes the events in which I actually took part.

Our little half-a-house was in many ways convenient because we could walk down to the river, enjoying the calmness and thinking of what a tale the old Thames could tell if only we could understand the words of the water.

The railway station was very near to us so it was a simple procedure to go to Surbiton, our nearest small shopping center, or to Wimbledon, or Kingston-on-Thames, and even London itself was no great distance. Of course we did not travel around much but Carl did most of it since he was trying very hard to find some employment and he had to attend interviews and to various small matters.

Mr. T. Catt stayed at home with me and we did things together—I am sure Cat People are a good influence, and if you treat them in the correct manner they will help you. As I sat at the table engaged in studying handwriting I always had the feeling that the Tiger was tuned in, just as two others are, here with me now.

There was no real security between the two accommodations, a number of steps led to the upper part which was our abode, but there was no means of privacy and we had to walk out of the main door (the only door) which was shared by the elderly tenants who lived on the ground floor. Of course no one liked the arrangement but neither of us had an alternative so we made the best of it. All through the years I have remembered one little incident.

I think one of the elderly couple (man and wife) must have been slightly deaf because he used to shout quite loudly, and I believe his wife was always “bugging” him about one thing or another. She used to work, elderly as she was, and I think the man must have been retired. Anyway, one morning as she was leaving, after the usual quarrel no doubt, his voice must have been heard up to high heaven as he called after her, “Seventy years of age and still going to work.” Personally, I thought he should have been

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

gratified for two reasons; a little more financial help was forthcoming (unless she hid it), and in her absence he might enjoy a measure of peace!!!!

Life certainly does have its brighter moments, and I am sure Mr. Cat often must have thought, “Oh dear, those humans, why do they not agree, if only to differ?” As I may have mentioned before, cats cannot stand friction, and that is one reason why they suffer from nervous and physical ailments.

If there is too much friction and lack of care a cat will give up, just lie down and die, or he may disappear altogether. As I look back I see that a good part of my own life has been spent seemingly in waiting—but waiting for what—and even if at times it has appeared I am seeing “through a glass darkly” (Bible quotation), always at the back of my mind I FELT there was something behind it all. Now I actually KNOW that all the periods of seclusion, especially after meeting Carl, and during the times following his departure from this planet, were for a special reason.

Since I have mentioned a Bible quotation, and one has always interested me greatly, I am going to digress for a moment to tell of an experience of two days ago, when two middle-aged to elderly men knocked on our apartment door. I opened the door to these men and they asked me if I had a few minutes to spare. “What for?” I asked, being slightly suspicious of strangers accosting one in our city these days, as the affluence seems to be attracting too much crime. “Well,” one of them announced, “we are from the Bible Society and we would like to have a chat with you.” Politely I replied that, “No, I don’t think I wish to chat” (I had rather a lot of things to do, especially as it was early in the morning) “for you see we here are of the Buddhist belief.” They took a step backwards, then recovered to exclaim, “How interesting!” I took the time to inform them of an experience which came my way within the past few weeks; that of a young lady who had expressed a desire to read my book, Pussywillow, and as I had a spare copy I passed it on to her.

A week or two later I received by mail a mild “thank you” note together with a Bible Society book which she informed me was a TRUE story, but the letter was written in a manner which suggested my story might only be a fable. Like my husband I have a very strong feeling about this missionary attitude, because we believe we can be saved without belonging exclusively to the Christian church. When I was quite young, I thought like so many others, that we should get out into the world and bring everyone into the Christian faith, either by choice or attempted force. Now I know better and I am often reminded that the true Buddhist does not have missionaries and they do not believe in attempting to change a person’s beliefs. People do not seem to realize that Buddhism rather than being a religion, is merely a way of life, an effort to treat others in the way that we wish to be treated ourselves.

And did not Christ live according to that law—so why do we make so much of the whole situation?

If you don’t know what you are looking for,
how do you know when you’ve found it?

It had been one of “those” days when everything seemed to go wrong. The

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

weather—well, you know what Calgary weather is like—cold, windy, with a great band of yellowish-greenish haze on the skyline, all the smog from the cars, because here in Calgary we seem to have more cars per capita than anywhere else in North America, and cars roar by all day and all night.

By night the car drivers seem to go crazy. Strange really, no foot patrols by the police around here. By night the cars go on and on. They most times completely ignore traffic lights, and there was one evening when I was looking out, two cars raced along and the first car did stop at a traffic light, the driver of the second car didn't stop—in time! There was a tinny clank; there wasn't any real damage done, but the second car driver leaped out of his car and the first car driver leaped out of his car, and there they were in the middle of the night punching at each other and screaming like maniacs. Both appeared to be drunk. The lights went green, the lights went red, the lights went green again, and still they fought. Then the lights went red, the drivers, as if on some unseen signal, dashed back and jumped into their cars, roared across the red lights, stopped at the other side of the crossing, jumped out again and started punching each other again. Well, That's how things are.

But, it was one of those difficult days. People had been coming to the door, the telephone man came, a delivery man came, and then the manager of the apartment came, to say I must not let any water down through the kitchen sink, because someone down below had got a leak and they had to disconnect the pipes, and if we let through any water it would rush out and probably bathe someone's face in dishwater.

Yes, one of those threatened days when it seemed as if all energy had departed. I looked out of the window, and early evening shades were coming down and the lights were going on in the tall, tall buildings thirty or forty stories high. The great new building outside and rather to the left which housed a big oil company—that was ablaze with light. Further off to the left the new airport which was a building was being floodlit while the lights were being tested. It made a very pretty glow on the skyline and it blended well in an artistic sort of way with some of the amber street lights or the greenish-blue street lights. As I looked, I could see the winking traffic lights, and then, coming in over the tall buildings, a great 747 jet with its hundreds of people aboard. From our viewpoint, we always see the port (left-hand) light on the wing; that is the red one, and it is only when the wind changes and the plane is taking off that we see the starboard green, but this plane was lit up like a young city on wings and I could imagine the people putting out their cigarettes, tightening up their seat-belts and wondering if Aunt Fanny or Uncle Whosit would be at the airport to meet them.

But I was feeling tired. Miss Cleo was bumbling about, walking in and out around my feet and generally making a nuisance of herself, because she wanted to run down our corridor before settling down for the night. So, with a sigh of resignation, I opened the door and let her out. We had to be very, very careful because Miss Cleo is a very, very social individual and she likes to sit by the three elevator doors so that she can greet people coming out. There are other apartments up here, of course, and Miss Cleo likes to act as an official greeter—it is amusing really to see how many people ignore her, do not even see her, but we have to keep a very close watch because Miss Cleo has many

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

times tried to enter an elevator—she doesn't think of herself as a cat, she thinks of herself as a human, because she and Tadalinka have been treated as humans since birth, but at last she was tired of being out in the corridor and she came ambling along with her tail held high and uttering little cries of pleasure that she was coming home again after she had done her duty.

The Guv was away at the end of the apartment in his small, small, bedroom, where all he can see of the world is through a mirror, so everything he sees is backwards. He has a telescopic stand and a mirror on it and the world goes by behind him, and with a mirror of course left and right are transposed.

I was getting tired; I like to go to bed early, it gives one a chance to think, gives one a chance to meditate and to ponder on the problems of the day and to wonder about the next day.

The Guv had had his medication and was ready to settle down. I put out the cats' supper. They are very insistent) that they have a good supper put out every night. Then they come and sniff to see what there is and then they go away until later. They don't want to eat it then. They like to wait until it is night, and all the lights are out.

My room also is small and on one wall I have one of those picture panoramas. This time it is of a Hawaiian scene—a beautiful white beach and blue, blue seas, and of course the inevitable palm trees so absolutely real that one can, with just a little imagination, see them as waving in the breeze, and I have a Brazilian painting which matches the mural absolutely.

There is always so much to do before going to bed. Check that the door is locked and that I have that prop in place because there have been so many break-ins in Calgary that I have a special steel prop—one end fits on the floor, and the other, a forked end, fits under the doorknob so no one can possibly get in. I put that in place, went around picking up papers and things and stacking them away, and after that I walked into my bedroom. It is a little room, as I said, and I have a nice brass bed—brass rails at top and foot. Soon I was tucked up in bed and then there came the sound of loud purring. Miss Tadalinka had settled down beside me purring away, showing her joy that at last the day had ended and she could “get her head down” and go in for some entrancing Caty dreams.

Miss Cleo hadn't finished her work yet. She had to go along to see if the Guv was all right and then, after a few words with him, she came trotting up the corridor in our apartment and rushed in beside me, but then—she saw fat Taddy just where she wanted to be, so she gave a snort of disgust and went to what is really their bed beside mine. Soon, she was curled up and emitting a very pleasant light snore.

For a few moments I lay there listening to the radio and reading a letter or two which had been answered during the day, because the letters come in in great numbers. The Guv answers them and then I go through them and check them for what he call “literals”, that is, any spelling mistakes, any fault in grammar or any mistyping, but I was feeling sleepy—I couldn't put up with any more work, so I stretched out my right hand and turned off the light and snuggled down beside Tadalinka. She gave a little grunt of

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

pleasure as my hand came down on her. Soon I felt myself getting heavier and heavier and then—sleep.

I don't know how long I slept, but I awoke with a start. I couldn't think what was wrong for the moment, but felt "something" was wrong. It seemed as if someone was in the room with me, someone besides Cleo and Taddy. Then I looked up in the quite considerable light reflected from the streets and I saw Miss Ku'ei sitting on the top of the bedrail at the foot of my bed. Miss Ku'ei left us some time ago to go and live in the astral, but she still gives us the benefit of her advice and very, very frequently the benefit of her physical contact. There is no such thing as death, you know. Some people call it "transition" but it doesn't matter what one calls it. So-called "death" is just a matter of shedding one's earthly body just as one sheds one's clothing before going to the land of sleep.

Miss Ku'ei was there sitting, smiling at me, then she said, "Ma, you know you are writing wrong things in this book, you should be writing more about cats." I looked at her and thought a bit, and then I came to the conclusion that without a doubt she was right because so many people write in, asking the most amazing questions about cats.

How should one feed them? How should one lift them? Should one brush them or comb them? And then, oh dear, oh dear? What is to be done with a cat who has fleas? What is to be done with a cat who has constipation? People seem to be unaware of the wants and basic requirements of cats.

Taddy snored deeply, Cleo sat up and looked on rather approvingly, I thought, but then Miss Ku'ei spoke again, "You can answer all these questions, you know Ma! You can make it so much easier for us cats. People think we are strange creatures who never want anything. Well, you know differently, don't you? I want you to write about cats—about how cats can be made happier, because we have a special job, you know. We are the Eyes of the Gardeners and what we report determines what should be done for humans and for animals, but then—" she smiled brightly, "aren't we all animals? Humans are only another form of animal after all, aren't they?"

I was in a bit of a quandary then, because after all I have had many cats, many, many cats—different sorts of cats, cats with all different temperaments, but all with different needs. Miss Ku'ei broke in, "Oh no, Ma, oh no, you're wrong, you know. They are not all different needs, all cats need the same thing. They need certain basic treatment, certain basic medicine, so why don't you write something about it?"

I turned around a bit in the bed and said, "Well, what do you think about it, Cleo, how can we answer questions like this, eh?" Miss Ku'ei interrupted, "Oh yes you can, you know you have had enough cats now to know what makes them tick, to know what makes them sick!" I shuddered at the thought of writing things like that, because after all that was for a specialist, wasn't it, but then I replied, "Well, Miss Ku'ei, the best thing I can do is to write out what I think and have a vet correct it or add to it."

Miss Ku'ei frowned deeply and said, "Ma, you mustn't say you will call in a vet. A vet is an American soldier who has left the army, what you really mean is that you will consult a veterinary surgeon."

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Well, of course, she was right, so I decided that the very next day I would telephone Dr. Peter Randall, an extremely good veterinary surgeon who had looked after Cleo and Taddy since we came to Calgary, Cleo gets on with him very well.

Taddy growls and hisses and puts on “all the act” of course, but she never wants to jump at him. So I said to Miss Ku’ei, “All right, Miss Ku’ei, in the morning I will get in touch with the doctor of cats and ask him if he will read some pages for me and tell me if I am a hundred per cent right in what I am recommending people to do.”

Miss Ku’ei nodded wisely and said, “Well, you should write about curing cats of constipation, write about curing cats of diarrhea, write about the best way to feed them—so many people think that cats drink milk only, but cats need water as well, you know. So you write about all these things. Write about how cats should have a varied diet, some vegetables as well as meat. Cats aren’t entirely carnivorous, you know—they like vegetables as well, in fact it is necessary; and write how to get grass-seed and grow grass in pots so there is always a fresh pot of grass ready, because grass really does scour out a cat’s interior and dislodge hairballs, etc. You do that, Ma, and you’ll be doing a good, good job.”

Miss Ku’ei gave a friendly wink and stood up to her full length and—disappeared, disappeared back into the astral world where she had taken up residence since leaving the earth.

I sighed deeply at the thought of getting my plans for the second book offset and then, well I suppose I must have dropped off to sleep, because when I awakened the early morning sunlight was streaming readily through the Calgary haze and making patterns on the wall opposite my bed.

I care about your happiness

just as you care about mine.

I could not be at peace

if you were not.

Kahlil Gibran

Soon breakfast was over; the Guv is a very, very small eater indeed and his breakfast is usually supervised by Miss Cleo who likes to sit on the end of the bed and watch, and then when he has finished his breakfast Miss Cleo walks up and sits on his chest! For some reason that we are quite unable to determine, Cleo will not sit on his lap, but always on his chest, sometimes so close that he Can’t turn his head. She sat there and purred and purred and purred until in the end I had to go out to collect the mail from the post office because we don’t want people coming to visit us. We have had too much trouble, so we do not use our private address.

Just a short time ago we had a man and his wife come by air from Peru. They thought that they were going to spend the weekend with us. We had never heard of them, never had a letter from them or anything, but on the same day that they left Calgary we did

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

have a letter asking the Guv to get in touch with them saying that they had come all the way from Peru to spend the weekend with us and take the benefit of the Guv's advice. They also said that they had been in touch with the police, been in touch with the post office, been in touch with everyone they could think of, tried different hotels, different motels, but they couldn't find the address, for which, as the Guv said—"May heaven be praised."

It is a thoroughly annoying matter when people come to Calgary and try to find us. They think they are going to be welcomed like the prodigal son or daughter, or something, and to achieve that end they make as much trouble as they can. We have had them go to the police and cook up a piteous tale about a very, very urgent need—someone is dying, etc., etc., and then we'd get a policeman come trundling up, and stand down in the lobby and announce "City Police!" into the intercom. Well, of course, it soon gets one talked about. "Oh, why is it that the Rampa's are always having the police call on them. I wonder what they've done now?" It makes things really, really bad.

It reminds me of the time when we lived at Habitat, Montreal. The Guv had a wheelchair which he was going to give to an injured policeman. This policeman had been shot through the spine by some robber, and we had a detective come and look at the wheelchair and pronounce it satisfactory. Then we had a great big Sergeant of Police come to arrange for its removal, and the next thing was that they had a paddy-wagon come to pick up the wheelchair. Well, the Guv drove the wheelchair down into the elevator and all along the main street of Habitat and out to the police paddy-wagon. It was really highly amusing—if one has THAT sense of humor—to see heads appearing behind curtains and to see the workers in the gardens hiding down behind bushes to see the Guv taken off in a paddy-wagon, but it was an anti-climax when the heavy wheelchair was just lifted up into the paddywagon, the doors closed and it drove off, and the Guv went back to his apartment in another wheelchair.

So, we do not welcome callers. We use a post box to discourage callers and it should be clear to all that if we wanted callers we would publish our address. Again, with telephone calls, we have had some remarkable experiences.

One night, around midnight, we had two police call on us in New Brunswick and there was a long palaver because the police insisted that we call someone the other side of Montreal and they wouldn't go away until we did. A woman there, who refused to accept a collect call, wanted the Guv to phone her husband and say he shouldn't have any sex with her—she didn't like it!

But the days went by, as days will, just the ordinary sort of thing—breakfast in the morning, piles and piles of letters, then lunch, then some more work, then tea and then the cats' entertainment time when they race about and jump on their tree house, and soon the time came to go to bed again. The Guv spends ninety-nine per cent of his time in bed looking at the world backwards through a mirror. I went to my nice little brass-balled bed and fell asleep, and it seems I was no sooner asleep than I was being tapped on the shoulder. Drowsily, and in none too good a mood, I opened one eye and there was the lady Ku'ei again. "Come on, Ma," she said, "we haven't finished our discussion—the one

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

we started last night.” So I opened the other eye and waited for her to speak.

“What are you going to do about all these cat ailments? I have a cat friend here. She came to us quite a short time ago. The people with whom she lived neglected her, hadn’t got time for her. She was just a cat, they thought, and—well they went away for a vacation and they left this cat called Pansy alone in a locked-up house. She starved to death because the people stayed longer than they expected. What would you tell people about that?”

Well, that is rather a sore point with us, because so many people think that a cat is just an ornament to be shoved about or to be left without any attention at all. You can leave fish for a number of days without having food added, because if they have a good aquarium they can live on the plants for quite a time and they can live on minute organisms in the water, and then again most people can get someone to come in and dish out some food for fishes, but they never seem to bother about cats. So I thought about it for a time, lying there on my back with the moonlight streaming in and periodically an aeroplane rushing by on its way to or from Calgary airport.

But people who have pets have a definite duty to their pets. If they are not prepared to look after them, then they should do without pets. Pets have rights just as children have rights. They are living creatures. They are intelligent entities. So if people are going away, they should board their pets with a good veterinary surgeon or a trusted “Catery”. After all, these places have runs, wired in, and cats and dogs can be boarded.

The owner has to pay, of course, but what does it matter—they would pay enough for their children, wouldn’t they? They’d pay to go to a theatre or a cinéma. They’d pay to get themselves drunk. They’ll pay for any entertainment, but when it comes to paying something for a poor, harmless, defenseless little animal who Can’t look after itself, well they take on the mantle of the miser. They begrudge anything, they begrudge food. Such people should be put in a cage themselves; they should be put in prison for cruelty to animals.

If you are going away, then why not go and ask your veterinary surgeon if he could take your pet for such and such a time. If he cannot, then he can always recommend someone who will. During that time your pet will be well looked after. He or she will have plenty of company and will welcome you with gratitude and joy when you return.

Why do you have a pet anyway? For an ornament? Well, if it’s an ornament, then surely you give that ornament some elementary care. You look after it. You make sure it is clean. You make sure it is put in a safe place and an ornament, no matter how ornamental, is only an inanimate lump of material which someone has pummeled or carved into shape. Animals are one of the wonders of the world with senses far beyond those possessed by humans. Could you, for instance, sniff along a carpet and tell who’d walked that way three or four days before? Cleo can, Taddy can—all our cats have been able to. If you do not communicate with your cat, that is your ignorance, your loss. Your cat knows what you are thinking—if you think love, that cat will respond. If you think hate, you will find the cat disappears.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

And then there is the question of constipation. Not only humans suffer from constipation, cats do also, but only through the neglect of humans. They are given wrong food, they are given scraps, anything that is not good enough for humans is usually tossed out for the cat or the dog. Well, why?

If your pet is a loved member of the family, surely he or she is entitled to the perfect rudimentary courtesy of being properly fed.

There are many cat foods or dog foods on the market. Cat food is suitable for cats, not for dogs. Dog food is suitable for dogs and not necessarily for cats, but no matter how good the cat food or the dog food, that alone is not sufficient—I wish I could put that in print the size the newspapers use when they have something super-sensational, but remember it again; cat food or dog food alone is not sufficient. You need other things.

You need vegetables. You need a bit of meat, and you need water. Many people have the peculiar idea that cats will drink only milk. They have the idea that milk is the only drink for cats—definitely, definitely it is not so, they must have water as well .

Do you know what causes constipation? Inside the intestines there are a lot of hairs called villi. These villi are tubes, something like—let us say—hypodermic needles. They protrude into the mass that is being propelled through the intestines. Now, in the small intestines the contents are liquid, becoming semiliquid as they approach the beginning of the large intestines.

As this material reaches up into the ascending colon, it is turning from a semiliquid into what one might term as semisolid, because the villi are extracting all the nourishment from the material and with the nourishment—water.

As the material—now becoming waste material—goes up the ascending colon, it becomes harder, more of a paste and then when it goes down into the descending colon towards the rectum it is getting harder and harder, but still within the range of the muscular effort necessary for its expulsion.

If an animal—or a human either for that matter—does not have enough water in his makeup, then the waste material becomes harder and harder, so that in the end impaction takes place, and then the poor wretched animal or human has to have an enema to provide water to soften the hardened mass and make it so that the bowels can expel that mass.

An animal, or human, who is correctly fed and correctly “watered” won’t suffer from complaints such as this, because at all times the waste material is sufficiently plastic that it can be expelled. Sometimes, with a debilitated creature (human or animal) the muscles of the intestines are too weak to initiate peristalsis and so chronic constipation occurs. In that case, one has to introduce an irritant—a thing which irritates the colon and makes it wriggle, and as it wriggles with much vigor it does cause a more or less expulsion of waste material.

If one has to have a laxative (which is an irritant), one should also drink plenty of water to soften the impacted mass, and with cats we have found that if we use some

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

canned milk such as Carnation, well, the cat will lap that up with gusto, and then will go in leaps and bounds to get rid of a lot of waste. It really does work, but here again you have to be careful because if you give too much you get the opposite to constipation which is diarrhea, and a cat rushing around exuding you-know-what behind is not a pretty sight and it means a lot of work, so the best thing is to treat your animals and yourself properly then you won't get constipation.

Too much dried food causes constipation. Some raw meat helps overcome constipation, but not too much raw meat, because if there is too much then the cat gets worms, so you have to steer a course between not enough and not too much, and a little practice will show you how.

But! Why am I telling all this? If you will consult your veterinary surgeon, he will tell you the best way to treat your cat. It will not cost much, you know, for an interview with him, because we have found that the veterinary people are far, far kinder than many doctors dealing with the human body.

The Guv says he wishes he could have a veterinary surgeon deal with him—there would be a lot more sympathy, because there is not much sympathy for people with terminal illnesses.

They are denied beds in hospitals and the doctors haven't time to visit, and so it is just a long, long wait throughout long, long days, and longer nights, waiting for the Great Lord to write "the end" to life.

Cats are peculiar creatures, you know, they have a trait which is not known to many people. They are something like ducks just emerging from a shell. I know that if a duck emerges from a shell, it treats the first person it sees as its mother! Oh yes, it is perfectly true. Some highly amusing experiments have been carried out in connection with that.

Well, there is something the same with cats; a cat gets a great liking for the first food it gets, so that if you feed a young cat some fish, it will have a craving for fish all its life. If you feed it meat, it will have a craving for meat all its life, and cats seem to be one-track individuals—they like to stick to one thing. I suppose their taste buds get mixed up, or something, but anyway most cats like to stick to one type of food and that is wrong—they should have a balanced diet—a well-mixed diet. Some of the cat foods are truly excellent for cats—some are just the opposite, so the best thing is to try some different types of cat food so that you can see which your pet likes best and then use that as possibly a staple food and add other things to it. Perhaps a bit of potato or a bit of cabbage or a bit of lettuce and, of course, some meat or liver or fish, but above all make sure that there is always a dish of water placed available for your cat.

Another thing—make sure that you have a plant pot or a wooden box full of growing grass. It is such a simple, simple little thing to do. You just get some potting soil and some coarse grass-seed and plant the grass and That's all there is to it. In about a week you've a nice plot of grass which your cat can chew and chew and chew and be thoroughly sick afterwards, but that is the purpose of the grass—to scour out the stomach and remove accumulated hairball. Hairball in the intestine can cause bowel stoppage and death, so

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

you may be saving your cat's life if you make sure that there is always fresh grass. It is so easy to plant one box of grass and when that shows signs of growing, start another, so that when one has been eaten up or faded, another is available.

Many people complain that cats tear up the furniture. They don't, you know. Never, never, never, will a cat tear up furniture if it has something of its own on which to exercise the claw muscles. Our Cat People have what is known as a treehouse. It is a long thing stretching from the floor to the ceiling and it is held in position by a Johnny pole, which is one rod sliding inside the other, the inner part being kept pushed out by a strong spring. This carpet-covered treehouse has a number of platforms with a hole in each one. The cats swarm up, dive through the holes and eventually reach the top where they will scratch and scratch and scratch and exercise their muscles.

We also have a small scratch-pad which is just a good lump of wood about twice the length of the cat, and is covered with coarse carpet. The cat will throw herself on that and tear and tear and tear, and I say to you very seriously indeed, our cats do not tear up furniture nor furnishings, because they recognize these things as their own property put there for their convenience and they never abuse one's trust in them.

Another thing which is very, very important—if you are going to be away for a number of hours you should tell your cat so. You should take that cat gently and look into the face and say slowly and firmly that you are going to be away for a certain number of hours and then you will return. This was brought to my attention quite forcibly some time ago; I had to go out shopping and I said, "Well, cats, I am going out, shan't be long, goodbye," and I went out. Unfortunately, I was delayed a matter of hours. You know what it is, I saw some things. I went wistfully window-shopping and I saw a lot of things which I couldn't afford and which I wished that I could afford, so time went faster than I expected, and when I returned home it was to hear that the two cats had gone almost demented with worry. They had been like raging things for a time, and then they had both gone to bed and turned their faces to the wall, which is a step preparatory to dying.

Oh yes, a cat can die as easily as that. If a cat is parted from a loved one and sees no hope of being reunited, the cat may—and I am absolutely serious in this—turn its face to the wall, and die. We have seen it happen, unfortunately.

A pet, whether cat or dog, is a thing of joy. A companion who never lets one down. A companion one can always rely upon, a good friend who knows how to express sympathy, who can cheer one up and show that even though the whole world turns against one, SHE understands and loves one still.

God grant me SERENITY to accept the things I cannot change

COURAGE to change the things I can, and

WISDOM to know the difference.

Cats, like people and automobiles, come in many different shapes, sizes, colors and types. Cats have a leg at each corner, just the same as the automobile has a wheel at each corner, and most cats have a tail, although the Manx cat does not and it definitely

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

handicaps the poor creature when turning a corner at a dead run.

First, there is the ordinary, good old phlegmatic house- cat—most people call it the ordinary cat. Now, they have a peculiarity in that they are attached to their home, to the house in which they live, and when the family moves away, then very frequently the ordinary house-cat says some four-letter words and sets out on a travel back to his original home.

The ordinary house-cat has legs of approximately the same length, but when you come to a Siamese cat that is a different thing altogether. The Siamese cat has longer legs at the back so when you see one for the first time you think the poor creature is walking downhill, but the Siamese cat is highly intelligent, highly sensitive, and unlike the ordinary house-cat the Siamese cat is attached to the family and not to the home, and when the home is broken up so that the people move away, the Siamese cat says the feline equivalent of “Phooey—glad to get shot of that dump” and off he goes happily with his so-called owner to a new domain.

Burmese cats are much the same as Siamese cats and you can say that they are the Rolls-Royce and the Cadillac of the cat world, but they have to be treated gently. They are extremely sensitive and they demand love in large quantities. If a person is going out to work, then it is a definitely cruel thing to have only one Siamese cat—two cost no more to keep and they are company for each other. If you have a Siamese cat and you do not definitely love it, then you will find the cat won’t love you either, and most times he won’t even stay with you. One day, he will just walk out, and That’s that. You won’t see him again. He will go somewhere where he is appreciated.

So, if you want a pet just to keep around the house, get the ordinary home domesticated cat—they are accustomed to it. They are stolid enough to live with it, but if you want a definite living companion and you spend a lot of time at home, get a Siamese cat or a Burmese, but then if you find you have to go out a lot, then have two cats.

Some people have a difficulty in getting a second cat because of all the spats and hissing and groanings that go on, but there is no problem really. You shut the resident Siamese in (let us say) a bedroom and the newcomer cat in a room adjacent to the bedroom and you wedge the door so that it is open about an inch, then they can look at each other and unburden their minds about each other and use all the swear words that they know, but after a short time they will tolerate each other and no harm will be done. But, of course, if you just bring in a fresh cat and toss him down with your first cat, then you are asking for trouble—they will never be friends. So; you have to use feline psychology. You have to make a very great fuss of the first cat and then you have to make a fuss of the second cat, and when they have settled their differences and decided which of them is going to be top cat, you will have a house of peace. They will live together, they will look after each other and there won’t be any loneliness when you go out.

Many people ask about neutering cats. Well, it is a good thing. With a female cat, for instance, if she is neutered she becomes very, very much more affectionate, and it is not at all the same as giving hysterectomy to a human, you know.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Hysterectomy in a human all too frequently causes a gross personality change. Not so with cats. Cats have a different metabolic process, and all that happens is you take away the yowling and the screeching and you make a very lovable, loving companion. If you do not have the female spayed, as it is called, she will make a horrible, incredible, unbelievable uproar every so often, and you just Can't live with it, and if you let her have kittens, well, soon you have got the whole neighborhood swarming with Siamese cat kittens.

Tom cats should be neutered when they are young, because Tom cats have a special gland which enables them to eject a fluid on the furniture and around the walls, and the fluid says in effect, "Hey, Queen, come quick—I Can't wait any longer." So, again, if the Tom cat is neutered he becomes more placid and then there is no odor.

While on the subject of odors, all cats should have their sanitary tins with an inch or two of some special preparation which absorbs liquid waste, and no matter what the advertisements say, you should tip out the contents (down the toilet bowl) every time the cat has used it, because otherwise if the odor gets too strong, the cat cannot be blamed in any way at all for using a dark comer or going under the bed or some- where like that. Wouldn't you do the same? Do you like to use a toilet which is plugged up and which has evidence of having been used by others before you? Of course you don't—well, why not show your cat the same sanitary courtesy that you would show to others or to yourself.

The Guv sometimes gets accused of repetition but then inevitably, after he's had a letter accusing him of repetition, he gets another letter from a person praising the repetition and saying that the second, or third, repeat performance has made the matter absolutely clear, so if there is repetition in this, well, it is for the good of the education on the treatment of Cat People!

When someone cares

It is easier to speak

it is easier to listen

it is easier to play

it is easier to work.

When someone cares

it is easier to laugh.

Susan Polis Schutz

I received a letter with some questions which may be of universal interest. One question is about cats and karma. Well, cats have a different sort of karma from humans, because they are exempt from many of the karmic influences through being "the eyes of the Gods". That is, a cat is an entirely strange creature placed down on this earth to report on things, to act as—let us say—remote television cameras, so that the Gardeners of the Earth know what's going on, and sometimes they have to do a thing which normally would incur karma, but in this particular instance the karma is annulled because they are

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

working for the Gods.

Another matter which seems to puzzle people immensely is reincarnation. Now, humans never become animals—but of course humans are animals, aren't they, but let's call them humans instead—and animals never become humans. People have the idea that humans are the Gods on earth, whereas animals are just creatures there to be kicked around as the humans feel like doing. That is completely wrong—humans and animals can be of equal value in the higher community beyond the earth, and in some conditions an animal may be much more valuable to the Gardeners of the Earth than a human; it depends on the circumstances, but never think that an animal is going to be “elevated” to human status. The animal might think that would be a downgrading instead.

Humans commit a grave, grave crime against the whole of nature when they use animals for vivisection or experiments. After all, how absolutely absurd it is for a pharmaceutical representative to say that his product is worth so many mouse- units. A mouse isn't a man—and if humans want to experiment, then let it be on themselves.

The Guv has a comment about this. He says, “Why not have hippies and women's libbers as test animals—after all, they just sit about on their backsides and don't do anything except tell other people what is wrong with the world. They don't do anything to put the world right. Let them be vivisection subjects, as well—I wish I could be there to do it to some of them.”

We see many animals run over, and we had a case here in Calgary very, very recently. It happened one evening. A dog—a guide-dog for a blind person—was sitting near a fence on a broad sidewalk. He was waiting for his master, but then a young hoodlum came along in a beat-up old car, and with a look of fiendish delight he drove straight at the dog, mounted the curb and ran over the dog, crushing its ribs and everything else, and sped on. The police tried to catch the car, but it was a stolen one and so the fellow got away. There have been many instances here—hoodlums have gone to the zoo and have shot defenseless animals with bow and arrow. Well, that wasn't the animals' karma but believe me it has added to the humans' karma!

Now, this letter which I have been looking at, asks about Lobsang Rampa and animals, so I state, “Yes, very, very definitely the Guv can communicate with animals on this earth and off this earth.” For instance, he has three particular cat friends who live in the astral and who stay in the astral so they may help the Guv when he needs it. One is called Sindhi, another is called Jasmine, and the third is called Phyllis, and the Guv learns a great number of things from those three.

In addition, he does converse at great, and sometimes tedious, length with Miss Cleo Rampa and Miss Tadalinka Rampa. In fact, I often see Cleo scuttling away into his bedroom to jump on his chest, and there she will sit and talk to him. Another question which I have been asked is about when animals are killed by other animals. For instance, a cat catches a mouse or a bird. Well, doesn't the bird or the mouse suffer agonies of terror, etc., first? The answer is—no, because there is a provision of nature which applies to all creatures, animal and non-animal, in that when the time of death approaches the animal is unaware of it. The animal is not paralyzed with fear but is tranquil at being released

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

from the hardships, the suffering and the bitterness of this life.

Of course this does not apply in cases of humans who are just murdering animals, because so often a human will shoot an animal not immediately fatally, and so the poor wretched animal, with perhaps a broken leg or a bleeding artery, will wander off to seek shelter, left to starve and suffer until finally death takes over; the animal can then receive the tenderness and mercy which seemed not to exist amongst humans of such a low vibration that they seem to lack feeling for any creature apart from themselves.

The pain, which is caused by the callousness of the human, well, that debt is rightly added to the human's karma, and at some time, in this life, or when he returns to earth again, he will have to endure a like agony which he caused the suffering animal.

We do not get this problem when an animal is killed humanely in a slaughterhouse, because death is almost instantaneous. It takes two minutes for the animal to actually die. I mention this angle because someone is sure to say, "Oh, that female has an obsession about hunting," and I would say there is all the difference in the world between humanely sending an animal off this world because food is needed, the animal being treated in a humane manner, and the wholesale slaughter of birds and animals just to pander to man's sporting instinct—. Those fox hunts which through the ages have been prevalent in England, especially indulged in by the so-called "upper class", who one would expect through their education and opportunities to know better, are to me the work of the devil. How would any one of us feel if we were suddenly turned loose, and a pack of dogs set after us???? If I had a grouch at all against any member of the British Royal Family it would be in this direction—their responsibility is so great and their example so important that they have to consider these things before indulging in their own preference for whatever it is that "turns them on"!

Many people are not at all sure when actual death has occurred, as opposed to apparent death, when one could be merely in a state of shock or suffering from catalepsy, or in a deep coma. Only a true clairvoyant such as the Guv would be able to answer that and he says, "Death occurs when the silver cord is severed." He goes on to say, "When the silver cord is severed the parting of the body and the soul is inevitable and irreversible."

The majority of us ordinary humans are unable to see this phenomenon, we are blind to the vision of this parting of body and soul, therefore we have to rely on other means before we are able to make a judgment as to whether life has indeed become extinct. We try to evaluate whether there is a pulse to be felt, and whether there is any eye reaction on lifting the eyelids. Personally I have known a mirror to be placed before the mouth, to test whether the patient still lives—if the mirror becomes moist then there is always a chance the person will recover. The cataleptic state can be difficult to diagnose, as I know from experience.

But, while we are alive, all of us animals, human and those others, by which I mean creatures of nature, let us really live and do all we can to make each other happy and contented. With regard to pets, cats specifically, and no doubt doggies too, the Guv always insists they should always have their toys on hand. It might be only a woolly mouse

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

stuffed with catnip, or catmint as some call it, but when you move to a different location you should take your pet's familiar things along too, take them WITH you as personal belongings because you may have to wait some time before your main goods arrive. Take a scratching post or a complete treehouse, the blanket which your pet has been using, and any other toy you can think of so that your pet will not feel strange. Cats are very sensitive, and to suddenly get dumped into fresh surroundings, with all the strange odors, can be most discomforting to say the least and can even result in sheer agony, and I can testify to this from experience.

Use the same water bowl which your cats have always used in your past home so that your "pet" will have no real sense of loss or change.

When you are cured of a disease does it matter what the disease was?

Now, you cat people, we have given you a hearing so we must return to the Tiger Lily and my then family activities. It was rather fortunate that we did not have a television in those days because I am sure that we were happier with radio which, after all these years, is still my own main form of entertainment, contributing to relaxation, especially at the end of a strenuous day, and even during the odd moments of a daytime siesta period.

Two weekly programs of those Thames Ditton days have remained in my mind, and both of them were interesting, while one especially was of great interest to Carl. Fred Hoyle, the scientist, now Sir Fred Hoyle, used to broadcast on the subject of astronomy and, although I knew very little about it, I was anxious to learn; I found it extremely fascinating but of course Carl was more intellectually progressive than I, consequently he was able to follow the radio discussion with a greater comprehension. Even though some of the material was somewhat beyond me I liked to stay while Carl had the radio turned on, even if only for the companionship I provided for him, since that was the one thing he had, to a great extent, lacked in his earlier life.

One thing which did "get on my nerves" was when Carl would take an old radio to pieces to study its mechanism and to repair the instrument if possible, if it was not beyond repair. You see, when someone is messing about with a radio they have to twiddle those knobs, trying one station and then another, and to another person it can be rather nerve-racking, especially if one catches a few words of an interesting program, and then suddenly it is tuned to another station. No doubt I was hypersensitive, as I understand I still am but to a lesser degree, but I vividly remember one day when I could have screeched my head off while Carl was busy with one of these sessions; I was so wanting, and needing, a moment of peace that I took off to the village store on the pretense of needing some supplies, and the walk calmed my nerves, so afterwards everything was fine.

This might be an opportune moment to confess that I understand I have not been an easy person to live with and I would like to put this on record myself. No doubt, in the days to come, when much will be written about Carl and about T. Lobsang Rampa, probably some of it true, and some perhaps the figment of the same writer's too vivid imagination, it is possible "the woman in the story", that woman being myself may warrant a word or two. It is partly for this reason that I thought it might be a good idea to write down an assessment of Mama San Ra'ab, by Mama San herself.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

It is true that I am as contented as it is possible to be on this earth, but that does not mean to say that I am an easy person to live with. Within myself I am utterly contented but extraneous influences tend to “put me off.” When life passes by on an even keel then I function best, and the setup of our present household is such that we are not able to have visitors at all, chiefly due to sickness, but this arrangement is extremely satisfactory to me, even though it makes for resentment on the part of some people, who appear to be lacking in understanding. I would like to pay tribute to one person in particular who is an exception in this respect, and this is Mrs. Gertrud Heals, one of my friends. Mrs. Heals is involved in the “book business” including an art gallery, and picture framing responsibilities, as well as bookkeeping for the business. She performs many little acts which are beyond her line of duty and, at times, it is necessary to come to our apartment on one mission or another, but she never attempts to take advantage of the situation, and never stays too long. Although she is a great admirer of Dr. Rampa she never requests a meeting with him—and this I appreciate.

Unlike some people who, if on one occasion the Guv may have signed a letter in a slightly more friendly way, and another time it slips through the pile receiving his normal signature, are likely to administer a reprimand, “All right, if that is the way you want it, it’s okay by me, I’ll revert to the former, more formal way of addressing YOU” On occasion people can appear quite insensitive and unforgiving. Another understanding person in the book world is Mrs. Carmen Moore whom we hold in very high regard. I salute you, Carmen Moore.

How often has Lobsang Rampa, in his eighteen books, attempted to explain that if you want to progress spiritually, become more aware, etc., you cannot make much headway by flitting about too much, collecting friends and associates just as you might collect moths and butterflies. Even the Bible of the society to which most people of the western world belong, admonishes us to “BE STILL” and know that I am God, which means, “Be still and get to know yourself.” So I do not feel it to be too wrong to lead a quiet life, and I feel I am fortunate not to be so sensitive as is the Guv, who is greatly affected by inharmonious vibrations. Of course harmony affects him too, and would that harmony was available in greater abundance

To return once more to Thames Ditton, to my husband and my Tiger. Carl had an even more difficult time than I, for a great change was in store for him, even more than for me, but I was restless at the thought of what was in store for us. As I view the past scene now, having the extra insight which I did not then have, I can see how interesting it must have been for Mr. T. Catt who, like all cats, lives on two planes all the time.

Later on I was told by the Guv that the Tiger would have said to himself, “There’s Ma, living “midst all these interesting happenings and she cannot see any further than the physical.”

“Well, if I were a cat, perhaps I would see a little further than the physical and etheric,” I thought. So Carl would go wandering off by himself, amongst the trees which were there in abundance at Thames Ditton, and I supposed he would receive inspiration and instructions as to what he was expected to do.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

In retrospect, I see that even though he had agreed to relinquish his body for a greater cause, he must at times have experienced a feeling of bewilderment about the whole process. Then we would have a nice quiet time on Sundays, and that was the day we heard the other radio broadcast which interested and amused us, the talks by Professor Joad, from the British Broadcasting Company, as was the program by Fred Hoyle who, incidentally, has a helper, a colleague, these days, in the form of his son.

Since we all enjoy something entertaining I have always remembered the statement uttered by the Professor, whose outlook and family were of the Victorian era. Professor Joad told us he had never seen his Mother's legs; if he had ever glimpsed her ankles it was accidental, and that when he was young even the table and chairs, and the piano, were covered over with cloth so they could not be seen naked. "Could that be true," I wondered, and if the Professor could take a look down here now surely he would be shocked beyond words. He never would have been able to survive if he had glimpsed the mini- skirted era.

I do not propose to describe the actual takeover by Lobsang Rampa because he has written of it in his book, *As It Was*, and I am sure most of the readers of this Tiger Lily of mine will, if they have not read it, have heard of *As It Was*, so if you wish to know more about this event the book is very much in print all the time, therefore I would recommend that you purchase it, and then you will know firsthand the whole story, or most of it.

What made us friends in the long ago When first we met?

Well, I think I know; The best in me and the best in you

Hailed each other because they knew

That always and always since life began

Our being friends was part of God's plan.

George Webster Douglas

After the changeover it was a strange feeling for each of us, for some time—and it must have been much worse for the Guv; we took occasional outings which I enjoyed and sometimes we went into a restaurant to have a meal, after exploring some of the local countryside. He seemed to adapt very quickly to the new and strange life, and for this I was grateful.

One memorable day we went to Mortlake, a place which is known all over the world, even if by name only, since it is where the Oxford-Cambridge boat race takes place each year. It was just after the "takeover" by Lobsang Rampa and as far as I was concerned there was an unusual, apparently inexplicable atmosphere surrounding us, as we dawdled on the bridge at Mortlake. We had left Mr. Cat to guard the apartment and I believe he spent most of the time in his basket on the verandah, because by the time we returned he was sleeping contentedly. Yes, at Mortlake we walked across Chiswick bridge and we were rather quiet, the Guv obviously deep in thought.

He must have been viewing many scenes of the past and he commented upon

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

some of his observations. One of the things he discussed with me was that of the period of about three or four hundred years earlier, the time of Queen Elizabeth the First. He mentioned Dr. John Dee, the alchemist, who acted in the capacity of Astrologer to the Queen, and whose home had been at Mortlake where he had a family. Dr. Dee had led a varied life, sometimes in favor, at other times out of favor with the Court, never a rich man, and often in very poor circumstances and, towards the end of his life, the Queen showed her appreciation by conferring upon him a grant of some kind. Dr. Dee was a very outspoken person and some-what erratic at times. All this the Guv talked about, and he mentioned Sir Christopher Wren, Cardinal Wolsey, William Shakespeare and others of that period. The name of Shakespeare brings to mind the process of transmigration, and I have sometimes wondered, amidst all the controversy about who wrote the works attributed to Shakespeare, whether this was such a case, which is more common than most of us realize.

Personally I would believe this explanation before I would accept the suggestion that someone such as Sir Francis Bacon had a hand in the writings!! My supposition seems feasible. Most of the afternoon's conversation was continued, and enlarged upon, after we returned home, for I was fascinated while listening to things I was told by the Guv. I will always be grateful to him for the patience he has shown, and the time he has devoted, in the interest of increasing my education.

Something which is sure to interest those who read these pages is how the Guv managed in his new environment, and I soon began to notice that he acted more normally than had his predecessor. Even the voice was quite different, the Guv speaking in a deeper tone—a sort of baritone, while Carl had the voice of a tenor. Neither of them professed to have a super singing voice, a regret which I share, since I am no singer either. The Guv has always been more adaptable as far as mixing with people was concerned, having a very easy manner and not so averse to meeting people as was Carl, who was very reserved. Until the Guv became so very sick he helped many people through personal contact, but now he has reached the stage where visitors, for any reason at all, are never contemplated or allowed. I have on occasion wondered whether it would have been better if Carl had adopted a rather more firm attitude towards me, because I was headstrong and needed a partner who could be quite firm, and able to deal with a strong willed person such as I was. Fortunately that situation seems to have been remedied now and Mama San finds satisfaction in having guidance from one who is the stronger—so that her life is more disciplined than of yore. Yes! Discipline is good and it makes for happiness in achievement.

I KNOW there are many, many, instances of transmigration, but it is looked upon by some religions, not the least by our Christian faith, as something quite strange, even unacceptable; this attitude has only come about because the original bible teaching of Christ has been so altered at the Convention of Constantinople (in the year A.D. 60) which gave the priests more power if the knowledge of transmigration could be suppressed. Being one of the victims of this watered down teaching resulted in more difficulties for me at first, but I have since realized that it is anything but a rare occurrence. I have known of a person who was involved in an accident and who suffered head injuries, resulting

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

in a state of concussion, with temporary loss of memory, while following recovery from the accident the person seemed to act differently, to have different views, different likes and dislikes, which was noticed by those who had known him previously. Not impossible that another entity, another spirit, had “taken over” while the person was disorientated through shock, but this does not mean that the whole procedure had not been prearranged, since the time may have arrived when the first individual had reached the end of his life span.

Who is to know, except those “in the know” whether a being from another planet could use this procedure known as “transmigration” to gain experience, and to study humanity and life on our planet earth? This concept is worth a thought, for anything one can imagine is possible, and we earthlings are far behind in these matters, partly because our governments will not release vital information; they seem afraid to create panic amongst the public who are probably not half so scared as the governments seem to think. Perhaps the governments are scared of losing their own power, scared of being taken over or having to compete with more advanced beings.

The subject is one upon which I do not feel qualified to enlarge, besides, this is not the purpose of the Tiger Lily book. Someone sent me a cartoon the other day, and I believe he was applying it to his own situation, jokingly of course. I will pass it on as it is a feeling, an attitude, with which many of us are familiar. A man is looking through binoculars and the Caption Says, “I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO KNOW AT LEAST A LITTLE ABOUT THE UNKNOWABLE,” but my correspondent added his own comments underneath, where he had written: “Me—looking in the wrong direction.”

He often sends amusing quotes but, in the main, let me hasten to state that we get inundated with newspaper clippings. But John’s are short and to the point as are those of our mutual friend in England, Eric Tetley, who has the great aptitude of causing real amusement with his letters. This does much to lighten the cares of the day, so Mr. Tetley, thank you, you are appreciated!!

After a time the Guv and I had a talk about things in general, and about our own situation and the future. The Guv decided we could not contemplate just staying on in our present location which to us, in many ways, was something of a backwater, but it had been a useful refuge while underlying changes were going on in preparation for the future which Lobsang Rampa had in mind. The offices of The Milk Marketing Board, an important part of Thames Ditton, was of no interest to us, and most of the residents apparently having settled into a comfortable rut, this was obviously not the right kind of situation at all. Many people were retired, others commuted to the city and other places each day, so it was more or less a haven for weekend living and, being situated right on the River Thames, it was ideal for a life of ease and recreation.

I met one very charming Jewish family, the father and mother and a new baby, and it came about that I was instrumental in giving the wife some little assistance with her many duties, for which she showed her appreciation in the way these people do, they are most generous if you “hit it off” with them!! I felt rather honored when, many years ago, I had some dealings (not wheeling and dealing which is a favorite expression of one

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

of our friends of the present) with a Jewish person and, in the course of the conversation the question was put to me, "Are you one of us?" My rather dark complexion and then almost black hair and hazel eyes, caused many people to speculate upon my ancestry. I have done some speculating myself!

After some months we were getting to know each other better, the Guv and I, and I found he was of a much more firm and definite type than had been his predecessor, a description which we use in discussing Carl of the P.R. (pre Rampa) days.

The Guv has a more definite purpose in life, and he had no time to lose. He was able to deal more adequately with my occasional fits of moodiness, and through these experiences I have found his method to be successful. Even though he may be feeling great compassion for someone in "mind distress" he may not always show it, rather he may seem somewhat harsh, in the opinion of the victim at any rate. Now I know that what he says, and how he deals with problems, is the right way, especially when he expresses the opinion that what should be done with many of today's youth is to put them to work, any work, so they will not have time or energy left to continually grouse about their situation and the Establishment. I will be forever grateful that through this association I have learned how to cope with many of life's problems, and to be equable in temperament, thus passing on a little in the way of a helping hand to someone who may not have been so fortunate. Oh, yes, I still feel annoyance, but I do not allow the small annoyances to "get me down"—it is better to laugh it off because that way you do not get so many lines on your face, thus saving on cosmetics, which really do not hide a thing, especially if you have a naturally unhappy and miserable outlook. The other day I commented to the Guv, "I wonder why I feel so contented. Each part of the day is pleasurable, going to bed is wonderful when I can visit all those cats and humans who mean something special to me, on the earth and off the earth, and arising at six in the morning is no effort, while all the various events which each day brings are interesting and spell for me "learning", which is my keynote. How come," I said, "that it is like this?"

The Guv barely hesitated before answering me, "Well, Ra'ab, I will tell you, the reason is that you know where you are going, and that is all there is to it—!" Well, there is a thought worth meditating upon, I decided. Then he came up with a further comment, "You know Ra'ab, you ARE a tough nut to live with."

So, in due course we moved to a larger, busier locality, still in the South West, in a suburb of London, where we had found a small furnished "flat" which had a small garden, with an old apple tree by the back door, where the Tiger used to sit for hours on a sturdy branch which was at a wonderful angle, straight out from the main trunk of the apple tree, which would be at about ninety degrees. Mr. Cat took some time to adjust to another change since he was past middle age, and we had to keep him indoors for some days until he had become re-orientated, which really was absolutely hell for him, especially as it was necessary for me to go out occasionally, and leave him alone, while I was shopping or engaged in other business matters, while the Guv had to be out very often, so Tiger was sometimes quite on his own and being older he suffered far more than I realized at that time. It has been one of my great regrets that through my thoughtlessness he suffered loneliness, a loneliness which often might have been avoided—and after he

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

left us permanently my remorse was very real and for a time I was overcome by it; being sustained only by the Guv's almost unbelievably understanding attitude.

The Tiger was with us for about a year in his latest home and sometimes the Guv placed him on the front of his bicycle, taking him for a ride around the streets. This they both enjoyed, especially if it were in the evenings, and dark—a time when a cat can see more clearly.

Towards the end of his life he rested a good deal—and often wandered into the garden to talk with Mr. Tree. It was New Year's Eve when he contracted pneumonia and I lay on the floor all night with him (in the living room) as his condition deteriorated. When he finally departed the room was flooded with a bright light due no doubt to the presence of discarnate entities who had come to escort him home. I know I will be seeing him again when my time approaches to take my leave.

Soon after he left us I had a "dream"—a dream so-called. There seemed to be a sort of flame burning—something I did not understand, but I felt it was associated with Mr. Cat. The Guv told me it was exactly that—the pure spirit of my Tiger which I had seen because my vibrations had been temporarily heightened. Often have I thought about it and I would have had other experiences had I not been so overcome with my own grief.

Hold fast to dreams For if dreams die

Life is a broken-winged bird That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams For when dreams go

Life is a barren field Frozen with snow.

Langston Hughes

As this little book is now quickly approaching the permitted number of pages, it seems a good idea to make a few comments with regard to a subject which seems to occupy the thoughts of a great many readers. A large number of people have written requesting more comments because the "subject is not generally discussed these days". Just this morning a letter was put into my hands, and when I read it I decided it was not accidental—it was just a reminder of what so many others had written to me in the past weeks and months. Since the writer of the letter is quite well known to me it might not be amiss to quote the relevant paragraph—"it would be an excellent idea to write more about death because it is something which effects each one of us, and it will help to break down the barriers of fear which most of us have." The writer continues, "In the last century, or Victorian age, sex was taboo, but now this subject has gone to the extreme. In this period of time, the subject of death of the physical body is taboo. Let us hope that subject will be discussed more openly in the not too distant future, without fear, and I am sure you can help by touching upon it."

My thought is that Lobsang Rampa is the person who can best write about death, and he can go much further by writing about what happens AFTER death. In his latest book *Three Lives*, that is exactly what he has done, and many people have expressed the opinion that it is the best book of the eighteen he has written. We all hope he will

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

be able to maintain sufficient physical strength to carry out his intention of making it to number nineteen. Judging from his remarks I am sure Three Lives will almost outweigh the interest of the eighteenth, but they will complement one another.

The thought of dying does not worry me personally, because I am more concerned about my performance while living. If I do my best while on the earth there is always the hope (actually the knowledge) that there is nothing to worry about when time runs out for me. I read of someone the other day who quoted himself as being “a man in a hurry,” meaning that the years were passing and he had a lot to do. I feel in rather the same position because I do not feel that I have made the most of my own life, so I must try and make up for lost time.

I am somewhat in the position of a man I know who came to Canada as an immigrant and who, although now in a prominent position as a book publisher, known internationally, a television personality of note, as well as a producer, was in his early days employed by stores as a window washer. He was interviewed recently and said to the interviewer, “In my job I had eight windows to care for, and each window took one day to do, so having only six days in a week it meant that I was always two windows behind.” That is, I am afraid, the position in which I often find myself.

I suppose it is not important how long, but how, we live, whether we be human animal or “animal” animal because all creatures are here to learn certain lessons and to do certain jobs. Eric Tetley sent me a snipping the other day—oh! it was some weeks ago but I kept it because I wanted to tell about it in Tiger Lily. Mr. Tetley sends many pieces about cats, and you should see my accumulation of pussy pictures from all over the world, soon I will need an album. Anyway, I was most interested to read of the oldest cat, according to the Guinness Book of Records, whose name was Butch, and who had lived with a gentleman by the name of Mr. Arthur Baxter, of Claxby, Lincolnshire. Butch was rescued, covered in oil, at Immingham Dock in 1942, when only a few weeks old, and lived to the age of thirty-four years. Multiply by seven and what is that in cat years?—surely two hundred and thirty-eight, and he must have been a contented and well-looked- after person to have survived all those years.

I often think of the Cat world in the so-called Hereafter, and I understand it is a glorious place. The Guv, as many of you know, has wonderful powers of description, and I like to think I visit in my “dreams”, my astral travels, those I have known before, and with whom one day in the not so distant future I will be reunited.

Death—Life. Is not this earthly experience more like death and the hereafter the Real Life? That is how I see it and that must be the way it was viewed by Longfellow in “The Psalm of Life”, words which I had to repeat many times during my schooldays.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Life is Real, Life is Earnest

And the grave is not its goal

Dust to Earth to dust returneth

Was not spoken of the soul!

And I like the words of Mark Twain which were presumably expressed while on his deathbed.

Death, the only immortal who treats
us all alike, whose pity and whose
peace and whose refuge are for all—
the soiled and the pure, the rich and
the poor, the loved and the unloved.

From The Wisdom of Mark Twain

Memorandum written on his deathbed

So this brings to a close the Tiger Lily true story, concluded the day of the Silver Jubilee of Queen Elizabeth the Second, a time of nostalgia for those of us who became landed immigrants many years ago—but even though many of us are now Canadian citizens—Her Gracious Majesty is still our Queen.

How long we in Canada remain in this situation is still to be seen, because it is a very controversial subject, together with separatism and bilingualism.

The Queen and her husband Prince Philip, are, of course, very much aware of what is happening, and I chuckled at the Queen's Jubilee speech when she said, "We all know what the Commonwealth is NOT," adding, "It is a popular pastime these days!" No doubt the world would be a better place if some of us were as conscientious as our present Queen and her illustrious father, the late King George the Sixth.

AUTUMN LADY

"Ignorant people think it's the noise which fighting cats make that is aggravating, but it ain't so; it's the sickening grammar they use."

Mark Twain

"She was an autumnal lady therefore it was fitting she should depart in the autumn." One of Miss Taddy's friends made the above comment, and it seems a fitting tribute to our Tadikins who had always appeared older than her years, she who in her own special way had brightened our lives, especially mine, during the whole span of her life. She earned the name "Tad" because, as a kitten, she was so tiny, much smaller than her sister, who enjoyed the royal name of Cleopatra. Later it was decided little Tad should receive

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

a name of equal importance — so for important occasions she became Miss Tadalinka Rampa; at home she was Taddy or Tadikins.

Of course cats are acknowledged to be the possessors of at least three names — one by which they are known to the Family, the human Family, and to which they will sometimes answer, when called, and a second which is decided upon by the cat person and his cat acquaintances. For the third title one cannot do better than turn to the poet T. S. Eliot on “The Naming of Cats” — where he says — and I quote a few lines:

“But above and beyond there’s still one name left over

And that is the name that you never will guess:

The name that no human research can discover —

But THE CAT HIMSELF KNOWS, and will never confess.”

Although our Taddy often gave one the impression of being lethargic, and interested mainly in food, it is my belief that she was a very alert Cat Person, and I have it on good authority, as well as from my own observations, that she was extremely telepathic, extremely psychic. Often we called her “the telephone girl” because she was so mentally alert even when apparently lacking in physical energy. How often I have mulled over the reason for this creature’s determination to become a member of my family, for determined she was, as various episodes proved. Of course it was worth more than a little effort to get oneself accepted into a Family where Lobsang Rampa was the chief member, and after two or three tries the goal was achieved. But, as with everything worthwhile, it took time.

Everything in life takes time, nothing “comes easy” and now we have to go back about a decade and a half where the thread of our tapestry has its beginnings. We had been living in Canada for only a very few years, arriving first to Windsor, Ontario, accompanied by two feline ladies well known to readers of the Rampa books, Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers and Miss Ku’ei. Our stay in that city has been fairly well documented in my first book, Pussywillow, so repetition is unnecessary. One of our Windsor acquaintances expressed astonishment when we happened to mention we seriously considered moving to the, then small town of Fort Erie, on the Niagara river. This man remarked, “You won’t like it there — it is only suitable for tourists.”

However, fate, or whoever decides these things decreed that Fort Erie was to be our destination and that is where we found ourselves, on the edge of the Niagara river. After living for about a year at Cedar House we decided to move into the town, into a small apartment building, at what is known as the South End, and quite near Peace Bridge which spans the river between Fort Erie and Buffalo, New York State. Since this building had quite obviously seen better days, the accommodation was far from comfortable, and once there was an invasion of ants. When we spread anti-ant spray on the floor Miss Ku’ei became sick after stepping on it, and washing it from her paws. She was not a very placid patient at any time, so that was another problem.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Well, eventually we heard of a little house for rent, just one street beyond Jarvis, which was the center of town, where most of the very few stores were located, also the Main Post Office. To be living at ground level seemed quite strange after being “in the air” but soon we were adjusted, and we had the added pleasure of a small garden, a delight to the Siamese people. On looking back I do not think Fort Erie was anything like ideal for such a family as ours, it was too small and, apart from a few outstanding personalities, most people’s outlook was too narrow.

Just as we felt we had reached another dead-end and were considering our next step, an outside influence invaded us in the form of a letter, leaving us with another problem to solve; another decision to make.

One morning, as the Guv began sorting his mail, he came across one missive which instantly attracted his attention. (I should mention that the Guv is the name by which Lobsang Rampa is known to the Cat People — as readers of my previous books will know, so it seems convenient to continue its use.) Well, the Guv held the letter for a second while we all became silent, even the Cat People, and then he opened the envelope. After reading the letter twice he looked up. “There’s something still in the envelope,” I said.

The Guv examined the envelope and pulled out a photograph which showed a very busy man, a man sitting at a large desk with a telephone in front of him. At his side was a large tape-recording machine, together with an equally large IBM electric typewriter.

All this appeared most impressive and by this time I was eager to know the reason for the letter which bore an impression of authority. The Guv asked me what I thought about taking a trip to South America., and he passed the letter to me for my comments. It was, in short, an invitation to visit that small country, Uruguay, which is bordered by another small country, Paraguay, and by that large landmass, Brazil.

Apparently Lobsang Rampa was a very popular author in South America and we were advised that it would be good publicity to appear in Argentina, that large Spanish speaking country, as well as in Uruguay. Our tickets would be bought by a group of interested persons known as *los amigos de Lobsang Rampa* — the friends of Lobsang Rampa, and a second letter arrived while we were still contemplating the first. This time we were urged to lose no time in making preparations for the journey, that every facility was at our disposal including typists, interpreters, and that a large office was available for our use. The “friends of Lobsang Rampa” apparently were most enthusiastic.

Mr. U, as I will call him, showed great interest in Mrs. Fifi Greywhiskers, and he wanted to use all his resources in the promotion of her book, *Living with the Lama*. When eventually we did reach Montevideo, without Fifi, the gentleman was most displeased and he made quite a display of anger, acting as though we were to blame for the situation.

Do not follow where the Path may lead.

Go, instead, where there is no path and leave a trail.

Before reaching a final decision the matter was given much thought — we are not the type to go careening around the world for no useful purpose and, although Lady

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Ku'ei Cat loved traveling, we were not anxious to submit Fifi Greywhiskers to unnecessary hardship. She was satisfied doing whatever the Family considered best but, given the choice, would have preferred no more jaunts.

However, as these people appeared so anxious to receive us into their midst, and we had no other plans; it seemed best that we make the effort, hoping the result would make the venture worthwhile.

It would be a further six months before we were to depart, and it seemed a very long wait, while letters would be exchanged between Lobsang Rampa and Mr. U on behalf of the amigos.

It was a beautiful summer and we spent it mainly in our little garden, where Fifi and Ku'ei loved to play around the flowers and trees, while we were just "ticking over" and waiting. Once while I was alone with the Cat People I saw another feline in the vacant lot adjoining ours, and he seemed to be playing with something which I judged to be a bird. When I went over to the cat he ran away and I rescued the little bird, who was suffering more from fright than anything, and after he recovered he flew off. A few days later I witnessed the same scene again, but in our garden, and this time I was not so lucky for the cat had won. Possibly, if it was the same little sparrow, it may have become too trusting after being kindly treated by a human, not realizing the necessity of remaining constantly alert.

There were various documents to be prepared, and we had to go along to another district, Ridgeway, where we visited a most agreeable medico who gave us "shots" before the documents could be completed. Fifi and Ku'ei would not have their papers until later for their inoculations would be valid for a much shorter period, therefore they had to be delayed until just before leaving.

Not only was it a lovely summer that year but the warm weather continued late into autumn, right to November, something quite unusual for, in that part of the world, one had to be prepared for cold, unpleasant days by October at the latest.

Fifi loved the warm sun and in the early afternoon she could be found just inside the side door of our house, where the upper part was of glass. For thirty minutes or so she would sit there contentedly washing until old Sol moved along, when she would return to her place with the Family.

During those days of waiting we enjoyed an occasional visit from a lady we had come to know while at Cedar House, her home being a short distance from us, on the Parkway while she lived with her husband. Gladys, like ourselves, loved birds and all animals, and cared for them during the hard winter months; all kinds of feathered creatures would assemble in the garden chirruping for attention.

Gladys had COLOR, always her conversation was full of interest, and she was very artistic, her interest being oil painting. Another hobby was copper-enameling, and the extent of her imagination was evident in the designs she executed. Once she arranged a display at a store in Niagara Falls, and we were pleased to know of its success, and to hear how many items had been sold. Apart from her skills she was, and is, a most attrac-

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

tive person, physically as well as intellectually.

So the days wore on towards the time of departure and a truck collected our big pieces of luggage, after which they would be sent on to New York, ahead of us. Still we had to wait a little longer and any moment our tickets would be arriving. At last it was time to make final arrangements with the bank, and the post office, for even in those far off days Lobsang Rampa was getting a considerable volume of mail. Pauline, whom we had come to know quite well, agreed to forward our letters, a service for which we were most appreciative, and which she carried out for a number of years, long after we returned to Canada — until about two or three years ago when we cancelled the Fort Erie postal box.

Pauline, like us, had come to this country from England, and we will always have a kind feeling towards her for her efficient and willing service. At the last moment, after our departure, Gladys would deal with the closing of our little house and hand in the keys to the landlord and this little duty she was happy to perform. She came to bid us good-bye on the last evening, and it is the same how ever many times we go on a journey, and wherever we go; it is always a time of apprehension, tinged with sadness, not knowing how long we will be gone, whether we will all meet again and where.

We were to travel from New York by freighter, on the Moore McCormack line, the particular vessel was the Mormactrade. There is no ship's doctor on a freighter so the maximum number of passengers they are allowed to carry is twelve persons. Not many people were traveling to South America at that time because it was the period of the Cuban Missile Crisis, and everybody was waiting for the outcome between the US and Russia. Within a year, on the assassination of the President, America had further cause for concern.

If you can't dream, what have you got to come true!

Elvis Presley.

At last the moment of departure was upon us, and we gathered our things together while our thoughts were of the immediate future, wondering whether we were taking the right step, knowing there is no standing still if one wants to progress.

It is best to start a journey early in the day but for us there was no choice except to go in the evening, since that was the time to catch the train to New York. Fifi had settled herself down for the night so it saddened me to disturb her; she had lived a long time and at this stage she needed to take life quietly.

A knock on the door and the driver announced himself, so we took our places in the station wagon, complete with our hand luggage, leaving Fort Erie behind, and speeding across Peace Bridge to the Buffalo railway station, from where we would travel overnight, reaching New York in the morning.

Of course we had sleeping berths but one cannot sleep well on a train, not me anyway, and Miss Ku'ei kept calling to tell me each time we passed a station. She always seemed to come to life when there was any activity — while Fifi was exactly the opposite.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Fifi stayed close beside me all the way, secure in the knowledge that her days of misery, of being stuffed in a suitcase while being banged around, were over.

In the early hours of the morning we reached New York Central station and as the train pulled in to the platform there seemed to be a tremendous bustle of activity. So we alighted, feeling somewhat lost, but soon a porter, a Red Cap, came along, grabbing our suitcases and slinging them on to a trolley. We had to prevent him from taking Fifi and Ku'ei, in their carrying baskets and piling them on top too; we preferred to transport them ourselves because they too were "People".

Soon we were safely ensconced in the station hotel, the Commodore, where we would stay for a few hours, until the afternoon, when we would make our way to the dock area, there to be met by the Mormactrade personnel, and shown to our suite. For those who do not care for social life a freighter offers the best opportunity of enjoying sea travel, much to be preferred over a purely passenger ship.

The nearest approach to being sociable on a freighter is to be pleasant to the ship's captain and, if he approves, you might dine at his table. After we had rested we were given a late lunch in our room and by the time all this was over it was time to depart for the docks, and our freighter. Together with all our luggage we took the inevitable taxi ride and eventually found the Mormactrade, a vessel which was making a "run" between New York and Argentina.

As we were about to embark we were approached by the purser who informed us the Captain had gone ashore and was not expected to return until quite late, since we would not be leaving until the following morning.

Further, we were told, "You cannot take those cats aboard. They will go in the hold." This was an unfortunate reception, most of all for Fifi, for whom this kind of treatment was all too common.

The Guv brought out his letter from the ship's company confirming we had permission to have Fifi and Ku'ei in our suite. By this time the Guv was becoming very tired of the situation and he told the Purser, "If they cannot be with us then we will not go either." At last we had our way, being told it could all be sorted out in the morning with the Captain. We thought of canceling the whole trip and I believe it would have been better if we had done so — but we didn't.

Later we heard that no instructions had been left regarding treatment of the Cat People but it was too late, Fifi had suffered another shock at the hands of humanity.

From our stateroom, just aft the bridge, we watched while two locomotives were put on deck — they were huge contraptions with extremely powerful propulsion units — their destination being Brazil. Next morning brought great activity aboard ship and, as we watched from a position near the bridge, harbor tugs chugged along and drew the Mormactrade out, backwards. Then changing position, they approached the bow, and towed us forward into the waters of New York Harbor.

On we went, past all the great liners which were docked, past the Statue of Lib-

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

erty, up beneath a bridge, when soon the Ambrose Lightship came in sight. We waved a greeting to some of the men aboard and then we turned to the right —South.

Before finally leaving the United States behind us, we had one port of call, Charleston, on the coast of South Carolina. Here we docked for one day so I went out to look at the town, and the stores, returning with an armful of periodicals to keep us interested during the coming days. Also a pair of nice beige shoes in readiness for the summer days in Uruguay. The seasons being reversed we would arrive in South America around midsummer.

The Guv has always enjoyed sea travel but, like Fifi, I prefer to stay in one place; if I HAVE to go anywhere let it be by air and get it over with, let me arrive at my destination as quickly as possible. Now, a rowboat on the river is fine for an hour's pleasure, or a boat fitted with an outboard motor such as we used in Ireland; that is different but a longish sea trip, no!

It must have been on our first morning on the Mormactrade — after we set sail, that is, when I awoke around five o'clock to find Mrs. Fifi right beside me, not saying a word but obviously waiting for her breakfast. "All right," I told her. "Here goes — you will have your breakfast in a few minutes." As I collected myself and stood up, suddenly I felt everything inside me reverse and I remember thinking, "Ah, this is it, the start of seasickness about which I have been warned." Somehow food was placed before Greywhiskers and then I had to lie down while the Guv brought me some anti-sickness pills — I do not remember clearly exactly what, but they certainly were effective.

By the time a day had passed I had recovered from the attack. Then a storm — one of the worst — overcame us as we made our way along the US coast, in the Cape Hatteras area, which is never calm in the winter months. It was reported to be the biggest storm in years, with many ships scurrying towards the safety of a harbor, but cargo ships must take all risks since the chief concern is PROFIT. There is no time for delays.

The vessel battled on against immense waves and at one point there was no other alternative but to pull into harbor, because the cargo in the aft hold had been damaged, and certain volatile liquids had escaped and were sloshing around in the bottom of the hold. That was soon pumped out and on she went once more.

Our suitcases and other objects in our suite slid across the floor during the night and Miss Ku'ei didn't seem to mind at all, even when the chair upon which she had been sleeping joined in the dance. It was a different situation for Mrs. Greywhiskers, who was older and quite frail; Fifi just stayed in her place becoming more and more quiet and one night I watched over her, while the Guv soothed her spirit, but sad to relate she did not recover. Towards morning she lifted her head as if to say "I am going now", and so she left us to join Mr. T. Catt and Miss Sindhi.

Each time a Cat Person leaves us it is never any easier for those who are left behind. So Fifi found her last earthly resting place in the raging waters of the US coastline. Now she is well and contented, continuing her evolution in another sphere. The Captain was most helpful and understanding; his men performed the last rites for our much loved

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Fifi, and the loss was documented in the ship's log.

The most wonderful thing is that you and I are always walking together,
hand in hand, in a strangely beautiful world, unknown to other people.

We both stretch one hand to receive from Life —and Life is generous indeed.

Kahlil Gibran

We noticed how the water was polluted with sewage, refuse, anything, but as we continued further out into the Atlantic the sea became clearer and clearer. Once we saw a great bomber overhead - it seemed to be a vast aircraft as it swooped down towards us, passing above the deck at just a few hundred feet. "Giving us a check over," commented the Captain, at our side. "They're afraid we might be Russians taking supplies to Castro." As we all knew Fidel Castro had been defying the USA and arousing their ire. The Russians had been trying to place Atom bombs, or something, on Cuba as a threat to the USA. The American plane, satisfied that we were innocent traders went off; again the sea was deserted. Cuba was just across to our light, down below the horizon.

I had planned to reread the manuscript of *Living with the Lama*, which had not yet been published but, after Fifi departed, I could not bring myself to open the pages so I waited until it was in book form. Fifi's book, written by Lobsang Rampa, is one of the most popular of the series.

So we continued and at last the arrangement of the clouds, just above the skyline, indicated that land was beneath. "The loom of the land," the Captain said, "You always get different clouds above land to what you do above the sea."

On we went, eventually crossing the equator but without those ceremonies which some ships have, where passengers are subjected to treatment by the "Gods of the Sea," to celebrate the event. This of course if it is your first crossing.

We had no time for such frivolities, this was a ship of commerce, the *Mormactrade*, although the crew teased us and would have liked to give us a dunking. One of the officers was a great talker, to whoever would we needed to send a cable we had to go up to see the Radio Operator; to anyone interested he would explain the intricacies of his job, a job which makes for a somewhat lonely life. A bigger ship would carry two radio operators but there was only one on the *Mormactrade*, which meant his being on duty for twenty-four hours a day, even sleeping on the job so that no calls would be missed.

There was much excitement when the news was announced that soon we would be making our first South American port of call; we looked forward with pleasure to being able to walk on land once more.

Each time we came close to a port we were able to receive radio programs from that particular town or city, otherwise we relied on the shortwaves, when it was possible to get news from various parts of the world. One advantage of ocean travel is the ease with which one can receive noninterference radio reception.

So we were about to visit the Brazilian port of Vitoria, after turning into the wide

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

mouth of a river; and passing an island which seemed to be a mighty rock, to our port side. At the Vitoria docks, amid much noise and confusion, clinking of engines and rattling of chains, our two locomotives were unloaded; they were lifted up by the ship's derricks and placed on the tracks running from the dock.

It was interesting to see how first of all the bogeys and other wheels were placed in position and wedged, so that they were unable to move, then the body of the loco, the engine proper, was carefully lowered on the wheel arrangement.

Quicker than seemed possible the locomotives were started and went away beyond our sight. With all that weight removed the ship was steadier; less of the rolling, less pitch and toss — a forward and backward motion which was quite sickening.

Soon the remainder of the cargo was disposed of and then the Mormactrade turned and steamed away again, down the river, to continue South, and fairly close to land where we could see various activities. We saw battered cars on the roads, cars held together with baling wire, and rope. Then we passed the great port of Rio de Janeiro but we did not stop there, this trip being to Argentina and Uruguay.

A nice sitting room was available to the passengers, so sometimes we sat there after scanning the ship's library, finding a book to while away the time. Miss Ku'ei enjoyed it, especially if there was someone to talk to her, for she had been lonely without Fifi Greywhiskers. Whenever the Captain came around he enjoyed a chat with the Guv, and he was a most agreeable gentleman who had a pleasant greeting for everyone. Life can be lonely for the Master, or Captain of a ship and it is not surprising that he is allowed to take his wife along when he so desires. The Captain of the Mormactrade had his wife with him at the start of the trip but she stayed only a few days, after which she returned to the USA. During the time of the storm she was very helpful, frequently visiting her husband when he refused to leave the Bridge until the worst was over.

It was disappointing for us not to be stopping in the port of Rio de Janeiro, but there was nothing we could do about it so we hoped that perhaps another time! The Captain informed us that the Mormactrade would call at Rio on the return voyage.

It was intended we would be taken to Uruguay, where we would disembark at Montevideo, cargo would be unloaded and then the Mormactrade would continue on to Buenos Aires, the end of the voyage. In front of us was the city of Punta del Este, with its sparkling beaches and shining dwellings, that "point to the east" which always reminds me of the Great Train Robbery of Great Britain. Several of the fugitive robbers, fled to Punta del Este where they settled down to enjoy the fruits of their loot. At any rate many people of Montevideo spent vacations in that healthy and select area, where those who could afford the luxury, owned a second home, an apartment or a house. A lovely and desirable place for spending a holiday.

So we continued, with Montevideo in view, expecting that soon we would reach our destination, and feeling somewhat thankful that our trip was nearly over. However, as we approached the harbor we came to a halt — it was absolutely crowded with vessels of all nations and, if we had docked, we might have had to wait for a week or more

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

before unloading. Because of a strike by stevedores every- thing was at a standstill, so the Captain decided he would have to go on to Argentina first, having a special cargo for that country and feeling it would be futile to wait. What a nuisance for him — would he ever get rid of those passengers for Uruguay?

Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.

George Santayana

The Guv and Miss Ku'ei appeared to be enjoying themselves so they would not mind the extra traveling time, and really there was no cause for concern since we would get a glimpse of Buenos Aires which otherwise we would have missed.

We passed the lightship in the Rio de la Plata, at the junction of the sea lane leading to Montevideo and Buenos Aires, and continued on. Later our minds would be refreshed regarding an important event which had occurred in this river which I had previously known as the River Plate. By the following morning we were actually in the land mass of Argentina. Buenos Aires has a very large volume of sea traffic, and this was no exception, many ships were entering the port, and many leaving, as we arrived.

Our stay lasted a few days, which gave one the opportunity to visit down town and the first place I wanted to find was a bookstore. There were plenty of taxis to be had by the docks so I was quickly whisked away to what I was told was one of the main book suppliers. Here I found titles in English, not knowing any Spanish in those days and even now I doubt whether I could master a book in that language. After making a few other purchases I returned to the ship with plenty of reading material, fresh radio batteries and, of course, fruit and chocolates.

On the morning after our arrival there was much excitement in the air — it was reported that an unidentified flying object had been seen in the vicinity of the airport, and that event was the main subject of conversation for some time.

Those who are interested will probably be aware that South America is a popular place for UFO sightings, especially Argentina and Brazil. Some people are reported to have been taken aboard by the craft's occupants.

Not to be outdone I might add that here in Alberta we have not been forgotten; especially in the past few years there have been an increasing number of sightings, reported by most reliable witnesses such as police and air pilots. I wonder, sometimes, if they are following us around!

At last we were ready for the last lap of our journey and the Captain cheerily remarked, "We'll soon have you in Montevideo. It's not such a delay as I feared." And then he added, "By the way you know "Montevideo" means "I see a mountain", because you should know that before you arrive."

The Captain also reminded us that the correct designation of the country we were visiting is Uruguay del Oriental, with emphasis on the "al", something we already knew. Or was it the other way around — Oriental del Uruguay!

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

The ship was turned again and we headed seaward down the river Plate with its great sandbanks, its silt-choked waters which were the graveyard of many ships which had failed to navigate the passage and had got stuck in the mud.

On we went, through the night until we had a lightship on our port side, and, as we came to a near-stop a pilot came aboard to direct us into the harbor. The river bed was absolutely silted due to the water channel varying from day to day. With the pilot on the Bridge, still there was no respite for the Captain because, although apparently the pilot was in charge, the unfortunate Captain would be held responsible should an accident occur. The Captain's chief function, I am told, is to keep the vessel afloat.

Leaving the lightship we turned into the channel leading to the port of Montevideo and, with bare steerage way, the Mormactrade ambled towards the port. The Captain hove into view. "There's no point in hurrying," he said. "The strike is over, but the harbor is still full of vessels and we are the last one in."

So we decided we had better settle down for another wait and, in the meantime, we took stock of the surrounding activity. On the left we espied a shipwreck — with only the upper works protruding above the surface of the water, the masts a tangle of rigging. Lifeboats were smashed and in all the parts visible, there was only one piece of glass unbroken.

The Captain was only too pleased to enlighten us as to the wreck's history; he must have told the story many times but that is a part of a sea Captain's life, for many are the tales he can relate, often improved in the telling. "It's a very sad case," we were told. "It was a passenger liner and due for inspection at Lloyds but it had many defects, a great deal was wrong with it which meant a lower rating, less profitable. So, somehow the sea cocks were opened and the bilges began to fill with water." He looked rueful as he continued, "The captain ran her straight up on the sandbanks, and there she'll stay until the last bit of metal has rusted. She's so full of sand and it would cost more to salvage her than the ship is worth."

Again the captain talked, as though in a reverie, "The local fishermen bless the ship because it attracts a lot of fish. Fish always go for wrecks, you know, and this one is an absolute harvest for fishermen." As it was low tide we could see the ship clearly, the outline of the main deck, the rails around the main deck, and the hatches over the hold.

"Some people have landed on it, you know," said the Captain. "People have been aboard and they've taken just about everything they could reach. The ship's clock, the ship's bell, there's only one lifeboat left, and it is staved in on the far side, so it's just left there." The ship was The Highland Monarch!

We drifted along, the Mormactrade under perfect control, notwithstanding the slow speed, and viewed this veritable graveyard in the estuary, and we were dismayed as the Captain kept reminding us that we would have to stay around until all the other vessels had been dealt with first.

When you travel by freighter you cannot guarantee within a day or two when you will arrive or depart from a port, unlike a passenger ship which is more punctual. It is

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

never certain how long it will take to unload various cargo so when one travels by this method it is no use having plans which you cannot change — better to go by air.

A ship's captain must be one of the most interesting persons to meet, for various reasons — he is usually an excellent story teller and he is, mostly, a philosophical person, not having to worry about day to day problems which beset those in cities and offices. He has more time to think and to dwell on the realities of life — yes, and death.

To keep us interested the Captain of Mormactrade pointed to a place between us and the shore remarking, "The Graf Spee went down there, you know." There to our left and just ahead, was the grave of the Graf Spee, a pocket battleship, a commerce-raider, a ship of Hitler's Germany, which had become famous in World War Two. And now Nemesis had taken the ship. There had been a running battle at sea, outside the port, and the captain of the battleship, Captain Langsdorff, had been misled by British signals which were intended to mislead him. He had already received a pounding from a small cruiser and some destroyers, and he expected further attack by destroyers. So he made for the Port of Montevideo to have the ship patched and have fresh ammunition and fuel put aboard.

According to the International Rules of War, a warship could put into a neutral port only for seventy-two hours, otherwise it would be deemed to be giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and could be shelled. So, after the allotted time had elapsed, the battleship was compelled to leave and there was much speculation at the thousands of men who were left ashore.

Captain Langsdorff said he was going to make a fast run to Germany and, without all those men the ship would travel all the faster!!! So the Graf Spee left port but, instead of entering the channel leading to the sea, it turned right as though it were intending to go to Buenos Aires. But no! Out of port she dropped anchor in the sandbanks, and men were seen leaving the battleship, using their own life-boats, tugs, anything which would float.

With the last man gone, there was a terrific explosion which shattered windows in the city of Montevideo. The whole superstructure of the Graf Spee lifted clear of the decks and dropped down again. The ship was ablaze from stem to stern. The captain, a brave man and a courteous foe, was taken ashore to Montevideo and interrogated extensively. He said he was merely following Hitler's order, "Scuttle, let not the ship be captured. Scuttle." So he'd followed the orders and scuttled the ship. Then after giving assurance that he would not attempt to escape Captain Langsdorff was allowed to retire to his hotel. Soon afterwards a single shot was heard and Captain Langsdorff had taken his own life.

Here lies a most beautiful lady,
Light of step and heart was she
I think she was the most beautiful lady
That ever was in the West Country.
Her beauty vanishes; beauty passes;

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

However rare, rare it be;
And when I crumble who shall remember
this lady of the West Country?
Walter de la Mare.

Mr. U had been keeping contact with the Mormactrade, eager to know how soon we might be expected to disembark, and one day we were notified that he had been given permission to visit us on board ship. The next day a party of six or seven persons arrived and they were all introduced by Mr. U — an interesting group, including a musician and a lawyer. Also Mr. U had bought his wife along, a most attractive and intelligent lady.

Mostly the discussion was woven around the Guv and his books, and the plans they had for lectures to groups of interested persons, and hopes that he would accept individual students.

Eventually the conversation got around to immediate needs, where we would live, who would show us around etcetera. We were told that a house had been rented, some twelve miles from the city, in a residential district not far from the airport. We found later that it was a most desirable area for those who had a means of transport to the city, for shopping or sightseeing, but we were to find Carrasco too isolated.

At last came the time to bid the Captain goodbye, and we were taken in Mr. U's car to our new home. He took the route along the Rambla so that we might enjoy the beauties of Montevideo, although we would have preferred the shorter way, being anxious to get to our house and settle in. Mr. U's wife and the musician were in the car ahead of us, with some of our luggage and they kept saying they must hurry because they had "a mission". When eventually we caught up with them they were out of the car and holding a banner right across the entrance to the property. To our amusement and some pleasure we read, "WELCOME LOBSANG RAMPA." The musician had a keen sense of humor, even if it seemed perverted at times. One day he tried to make us say to another person, "You are my enemigo", so that he might enjoy the joke, but we were not trapped even though our Spanish was very limited in the early days. You cannot go 'round telling people they are your enemy!

The house was all on one level, with three bedrooms, and a garden at front and rear, and it was in the bathroom of this house where we came face to face with Mr. Frog as mentioned in Pussywillow. We had been aboard ship for approximately twenty-three days so we were installed in our new home just two days before Christmas, in the middle of summer. What a change after being used to the cold of winter, and snow, and it was the quietest holiday season I had ever spent, Mr. U having arranged to visit relatives some miles distant.

Fortunately we soon met a young family who lived nearby, and we appreciated the fact that the wife spoke English, being the daughter of an Englishman. She found the association agreeable, giving her the opportunity to broaden her vocabulary and learn more about England, which she had never visited. Even now this English lady is remembered,

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

especially when we have occasion to use a tape recorder —she had never used such an instrument before so she found it quite a novelty. When the Guv let her hear herself on tape she looked astonished for a few seconds then smiling, “I like my voice”, she said. We particularly remember this incident in view of the remarks of most people who, on hearing a playback, will say, “Is that my voice. No, it can’t be. I don’t sound like that.”

We stayed only five weeks in that house while searching for something more suitable nearer, or in, the city. The area suffered many dust-storms and one would find the floor covered with a fine dust — the wind just swept along the open spaces in Carrasco and those storms were extremely unpleasant; Uruguay has too few trees thus causing this situation, reminding one of the dustbowls of North America.

Following the Christmas holidays I took a trip into Montevideo with the idea of doing a bit of shopping and looking for an apartment, but not very hopeful of achieving the latter. However, on the return journey I noticed a big apartment building on the Rambla, at a point named Punta Carreta, so I went up to have a closer look. There was a “for rent” sign listed so I made a note of the address, and apartment number, and continued my taxi journey home to report to the Guv.

Nothing is ever arranged quickly in Uruguay so there was no way we could hurry anyone. The English lady volunteered to go with me to view the property; she loved change so it was a pleasure for her to accompany me. We arranged a day and time suitable for her, and off we went, hoping we would find someone at home. Pressing the intercom buzzer, soon a voice answered, in Spanish, so my companion stated our business, whereupon we were asked to come in and the door release was activated. On arrival at the apartment we found the gentleman at home, with his wife and child, and they said they were leaving “to take up residence in Argentina”. The accommodation was very satisfactory, with its living room facing the river, and balcony extending from the living room to two bedrooms.

There was little one could do until Mr. U had been contacted, since he was acting as sponsor, on behalf of the group which had brought us to their country. So, among other things I learned something of real estate procedure when we went to a bank where the contract was executed.

It seemed very strange to me after being used to dealing with an estate agent, in England, or a real-estate officer (who needs special training) in Canada. However the transaction was completed at last and we moved in Bel Horizon in the early days of February.

A great improvement, with only one floor above us, we could look right out to the mouth of the river Plate, to where it flowed into the Atlantic, and we needed only to step outside to find a store or two, which was very convenient. There were other apartment buildings but none quite close so we were able to breathe comfortably. On one side was a vacant space, probably being kept ready for a construction company to take over — and by this time we were feeling more settled, having to some extent “found our bearings”.

If I had been shopping or taking care of other business in what is known as the old

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

part of Montevideo, in the banking district, and near the docks, I would return home, after securing a taxi, by the Rambla, enjoying the river and avoiding the city traffic. To this day I can, and sometimes do, visualize that tall building in the distance where I would feast my eyes, thinking. "Up there, in the second apartment from the top is MY FAMILY, which means more to me than anything in the world." I picture the Guv, sitting on the balcony, and Miss Ku'ei who shared all my waking, and sleeping, moments, sitting by the door five minutes before I was due, so that she might welcome her Ma. Ku'ei, who is no longer around physically, but definitely with us in another form.

Mr. U often came to visit us, and we would sit in the large living room, or on the balcony, watching the glorious sunsets, while chatting on all kinds of topics. Mr. U had quite a sense of humor, never minding if someone made him the butt of a joke. Once the Guv had a tiny battery in his hand, having pretended to remove it from his ear. "What is that?" enquired our visitor. "Oh," answered the Guv. "That is the battery which makes me go." For a moment Mr. U seemed stunned and then, rocking in his chair, he burst out laughing.

"You were so convincing," he said, "that I almost believed you."

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Jonathan Swift

"Oh, look," I said when we were sitting in the hall one day. "What a pitiful little creature over there." The janitor, standing nearby, indicated that he had found the tiny kitten in the vacant lot adjoining our building. It was the only one left of a litter, and he had taken pity on it, and brought it in.

Juan, the janitor, was fairly young, perhaps thirty and, with his wife, he had come from Paraguay. Often he might be seen in front of our apartment building, busy washing tenants' cars, usually in bare feet. The climate in Uruguay is very temperate, never very cold, although the residents would have a different opinion if you asked them how they felt around July, the middle of winter. Anyhow it was so beautiful that Juan needed no shoes when he performed this particular duty, and the way he splashed around with the hose meant that he would only have ruined his shoes anyhow.

The little gray kitten fascinated me and I wondered why it looked so bedraggled, as it sat there, at the far end of the large lobby, never moving. Eventually I learned that for purposes of hygiene Juan had decided to clean the little cat and what had he used to do it — but kerosene. I also learned that he was caring for the tiny creature, where he had placed a carton for it, in the boiler room.

Of course it was dark down there, this room being on a lower level, and hot. The poor little cat was so pleased when someone visited her and one hated leaving her down there, while outside the sun shone and a lovely breeze made one feel just right. I felt it was wrong to be enjoying a free life when a little person was imprisoned in such surroundings.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

What to do about the situation? Discuss it with the Guv, of course. After that consult Miss Ku'ei who, through the circumstance of her birth, was possessed of a strongly possessive trait, together with the fact that she was of the Siamese family who prefer to be "one person" cats. I have mentioned her birth month in my first book, Pussywillow, so I will not labor the point, except to comment that her birthday was a national holiday in Uruguay.

In the end we decided to tell Juan we were prepared "to take the kitten, and see what could be done for her, how she would respond to living with a human family, and whether Ku'ei would adjust to sharing her life. Ku'ei had become accustomed to managing without Fifi but we knew she sometimes felt lonesome. Fifi had been a mature person, and quiet, as well as being a Siamese, but this was different — a so-called domestic cat, still only a baby who might annoy Ku'ei who was, even then, quite mature. Would the cat adjust to an indoor life? That, also, was something to be considered.

Blue Grey, as we called her, because of her coloring which we could distinguish after cleaning off all the kerosene, when brought up to our apartment, was naturally very nervous. Fortunately there was one room which she could call her own — it had two doors, one leading into the kitchen and the other joined the passage to the bedroom area. It had been used as a dining room but was suitable for sleeping, with its own "half-bath" as we call it here in Canada, so Blue Grey would have all amenities. We had provided food when she was in the boiler room so she would soon get used to a constant wholesome diet, and we had great hopes for her.

After a few days it was noticed that the little cat was not very steady on her feet, she did not seem to be gaining strength so a veterinarian was summoned. He confirmed our suspicions that she had been starved in her early days, and all we could do was to continue giving nourishing food.

He prescribed vitamins and calcium, observing her progress in the hope that the condition would be overcome. I spent a lot of time with her, and she purred loudly whenever she received attention.

The young veterinarian visited several times, sometimes hopeful and other times not so hopeful. Eventually, at our request as to whether she would get better, he said that after observing her closely during his visits he doubted there would ever be any improvement, that the mother had most likely been starved too, before Blue Grey was born, so the poor little kitten never had a chance.

There was no use in blinding ourselves to the situation and the young vet had never been too optimistic about the success of his treatment. Little Blue Grey would never be healthy, would never be able to walk properly and we were advised to have her sent Home. It was a sad decision to make, but by far the best for the little cat, so the veterinarian gave her an injection, painlessly, and she slept away her young life.

Juan lovingly prepared a resting place at the back of our building, not far from the spot where, just a few weeks earlier, he had found her. A decade and a half later I can still see clearly the small form, wrapped in my dressing gown, being taken down in

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

the elevator. "Goodbye, little cat," I thought. "Perhaps you will come to me again." My Autumn lady!

In order to maintain a well-balanced perspective the person who has a dog to worship him should have a cat to ignore him.

In a short time the Friends of Lobsang Rampa had formed a discussion group, based on the author's books, and once or twice each month they would put together a list of questions regarding something which, in their opinion, required further clarification. Since Lobsang Rampa has never been completely in favor of group study, believing one can make better progress on one's own, he was not anxious to attend the sessions. However he compromised with the members by putting the answers to queries on tape and, periodically, he would record some new material.

Most of the members were men but the group included several women, and it was good to see how much the Guv was appreciated; he would receive appreciative messages in the way of letters and various other gestures.

Of those interested in having Lobsang Rampa in their country was a previous president, and this we found encouraging. At that time the government was composed of a nine man council, each member of the council in power taking his turn and being President for one year. The particular gentleman was at the time seriously ill and confined in a hospital bed. At his request it was intended that he would meet the Guv and there was a discussion as to which of the two people would effect the introduction. Since both persons could not do this, and they could not agree between them, nothing came of the visit, and in the meantime the patient was not improving so there was disappointment on both sides.

A delightful lady lived in our building and she was a descendant of a rather important French general. Married to a surgeon, she was rather plump and even tempered—like me (I hope). She enjoyed meeting different people and sometimes I would take Miss Ku'ei to visit the French lady, in the later afternoon. Sensibly the Senora indulged in a little siesta so that she would feel fresh in the evening; it seemed to be a very satisfactory way of life. This lady kept in touch with us during the remainder of our stay, even when we moved away from Bel Horizon.

In the apartment above us there lived a gentleman, a Consul from a European country, and he must have done a fair amount of entertaining, judging by the loud noise emanating from that direction. We never knew him personally, but we certainly knew of his existence.

Although our stay in Uruguay lasted little more than two years we experienced life in three different establishments, and the third apartment provided more of the "home" atmosphere, being smaller and more friendly.

We had seen an advertisement in the daily newspaper where an individual had two dwellings for rent, or so it seemed. When we contacted the advertiser by telephone it appeared she was an agent and she was handling rentals for two separate people. After looking over the first we decided it would be quite adequate for our needs, it was

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

furnished and more centrally located, so we advised the agent of our decision.

Somehow there was a misunderstanding, the agent became difficult so we told her she could find another tenant, we were giving it up.

About an hour after returning home to Bel Horizon a lady arrived to the door, appearing somewhat agitated and saying she must talk to us. She was a charming person, another French lady, who said she, or rather her son, owned the apartment in Calle Constituyente, and she understood we were interested in renting the premises. She said she was familiar with the works of Lobsang Rampa and nothing would give her greater pleasure than having the Rampa family as tenants. It was a pleasant association and at last we began to feel less strange in another country. We would move in at the beginning of March, just as the year at Bel Horizon came to an end, and each month I would go by bus to the house of the French family to take our monthly cheque, and stay for a friendly chat before returning home.

Of course the landlord would have collected the dues or we could have used the mail, except the postal service was not always reliable, but I enjoyed the short trip to Francesco Soca.

It was definitely an improvement, this Constituyente address, for we were able to get into the city center more easily, especially since the bus service was excellent and to use a common present day phrase we were more “our own people”. Miss Ku’ei enjoyed the change, especially her trips to the roof of the building, where I would take her each day. She would sit by the door just after lunch, and wait for me and if, for any reason, I couldn’t go she was most displeased.

One of the most vivid memories I have regarding that apartment was of a person who visited me, a person who had performed a few services for us, such as translations etcetera. A delightful personality, with a sense of humor, though not intended when she enquired, “Is your husband tame?” I was highly amused, until I realized what she meant. “Oh, yes,” I answered. “He is a fairly quiet person.”

Then I explained that my cat was tame but not my husband .

Many of the dwellings in Montevideo had flat roofs and these were utilized to the greatest advantage. Some people kept poultry up there and I will never forget the day we suffered a severe windstorm, more accurately a hurricane, when a number of chickens were swept from one roof over to another, right across an open space. I think the Guv has mentioned the incident in one of his books. Something else seemed strange to us and that was the sight of a dog on top of a house — on thinking about it the dog was probably much safer than if it was just running around on the street. But if it was hungry, and suffering from extreme heat, or cold, one felt sympathetic towards the creature. I have seen a thin, unhappy dog just pacing up and down in its misery.

I do not see how we can criticize another country for its apparent carelessness towards pets, and animals in general, when here in privileged Canada we are as uncaring as anywhere in the world — with of course some exceptions. Take for example certain incidents which occur during the summer holiday season in this province of Alberta, where

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

too many people seem more concerned with their own pleasures than with responsibility towards their so-called pets.

Some six months ago, on a Canadian national holiday, many were the reports of animals being thrown from automobiles and just left to the mercies of fast-driven vehicles, to predators of the wild or, at least, just left to starve. A strange way to treat man's so-called "best friend", the dog, who places his whole trust in his master or mistress, often to become the victim of the worst kind of treachery.

One dog was reported found with its leg tied around its neck to prevent it from walking — the reason for such action must be beyond the comprehension of right thinking persons.

About sixty dogs were found abandoned on the road to Banff National Park and the authorities were able to save only a fraction of their number, pointing out that those persons who are tired of keeping their pets, or who find it too inconvenient to continue caring, should take the animal to the "pound" where, if other homes cannot be found, they will not suffer if they have to be sent Home. Too many people seem to think that by just abandoning a dog or a cat SOMEONE will find it and take it home, but this is not what happens as those individuals would realize if THEY were suddenly dumped in a strange place, far from their homes, with no means of survival. I often wonder, too, how humans would enjoy being hunted, just as fox-hunting is tolerated in England, where one would imagine the population to be a little more civilized than are some of us Canadians.

Cruelty has a human heart
And Jealousy a human face;
Terror the human form divine,
And Secrecy the human dress.
William Blake,
From "A Divine Image".

In North America there has been a lot of fuss, and rightly so, about the dumping of poisonous chemicals in the water at Niagara Falls and many other places in the USA. Tests have been made on animals to see the extent of the danger so that humans may benefit — and the media was quoted as saying, "No one in their right mind would think of making the tests on humans."

All right, if animals are expected to suffer on our behalf, the least we can do is to make them as comfortable as possible and not just go round "shooting indiscriminately", or otherwise harassing the creatures of nature who, but for various religions which teach us that only man has a soul, we would accept as equals.

In the name of sport we have hunters chasing a herd of elk out of a National Park while, in a state of panic, they all bunch together, obviously suffering from stress, the hunter waiting for an animal to "make a break", his excitement causing his aim to be erratic and half the time just injuring but not killing the animal outright. One elk was reported to

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

be suffering so much stress that it walked a few steps, stopped and just fell down dead, without being shot.

Later many injured animals were found, having made their way back into the park, the remainder of the herd completely disorganized and disoriented.

What about the other side of the picture? How do animals treat the human race? The other day a dog saved the life of a four-year-old child who was drowning in a creek — he swam out to the child who climbed on the dog's back and was brought to safety. And a cat alerted the family when their home was on fire thus saving all their lives.

Dolphins Save Men's Lives. One of the nicest stories comes from Belleville, South Africa, reported in the Calgary Herald, December 1978. Because of the great interest in dolphins and the efforts which have been made to communicate with them, I will here repeat the story:

Four fishermen say they were saved from certain death at sea by four dolphins. The magazine South African Panorama reports that after the men had lost their way the dolphins came to the rescue, forcing their boat away from the rocky coast and leading it to a safe harbor.

"It was the most frightening and incredible experience I've ever had," says fisherman Kobus Stander. "We were completely lost. The mist was terribly thick. Unknowingly we were steering straight towards the rocks when the dolphins turned up."

Two other men, who were in the boat with Stander and his son Barend, were quoted as saying they regarded the incident as miraculous. They were fishing for barracuda when, at about 1 PM they were enveloped in a thick mist.

"We immediately weighed anchor and started moving towards Dessen Island," Stander says. "The mist thickened so quickly we could barely see beyond two meters. Twenty minutes later we were completely lost. We began to feel panicky."

One of the other men, Mac Macgregor, went to the bow, trying to peer through the mist. Suddenly he felt a bump on the right-hand side and, looking over, he saw two dolphins. The dolphins forced the boat to the left where two others were swimming.

"I realized the dolphin' odd behavior could be significant and shouted to Stander to steer to the left. Stander pulled the tiller round wildly, and we just managed to graze past the rocks." Other than the dolphins, nothing could be seen in the fog.

"We did not have the slightest clue where we were," said the third man, W. W. Matthee. "The two dolphins on the right-hand side kept forcing the bow towards the left."

Moments later they narrowly missed rocks on the right-hand side. "I was getting a strange feeling that we ought to leave our destiny to the dolphins," said Stander, "since it was clear they had twice prevented us from running on to the rocks."

The men followed the dolphins for another thirty minutes, but still could not make out where they were going.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

"After a while the dolphins stopped swimming at the front of the boat. All four started circling around the boat," said Macgregor. "We asked Stander to reduce speed, saw that we were now in calm water and dropped anchor. The dolphins kept playing around the boat for a while and then disappeared into the thick mist."

Said Stander, "When the mist cleared and the houses of Ysterfontein could be discerned, we were speechless. We had intended going ashore at Dessen Island. We had never dreamed the dolphins would guide us to Ysterfontein."

Better do a kindness near home
than go far away to burn incense.

Chinese proverb

Fortunately Miss Ku'ei and I had the use of a shortwave radio in those days and, for someone not fluent in Spanish, it helped us to keep in touch with the world. Mostly we tuned in to the BBC or to stations in North America, and we spent many hours listening to musical programs, and to the news. We were astonished one evening when suddenly there came the announcement that Nikita Khrushchev of Russia had been ousted while he was out of the country, although it should have caused no surprise since that is the way things are done in that country.

It was an eventful year in world affairs and I was reminded of this as I listened last night to the CBC program *As It Happens* with the popular hostess Barbara Frum. There was the voice of Lyndon Johnson who had become President the previous year, after the assassination of John Kennedy, and one heard Martin Luther King speaking out on the civil rights problem; the British government was having trouble; and it was the year of the Beatles.

It seemed something of a coincidence, and a welcome one, that I should tune in to the program just as I had reached that era in my story.

I have mentioned in one of my previous books there was a period when we were just "kicking our heels" — a strike at the docks which meant a hold up of periodicals, etcetera, and, apart from a few books, we had nothing to read in English. The Guv decided it would be a suitable opportunity to write something himself, thus *The Saffron Robe* came about. The title was one we had thought of when *The Third Eye* was being written. If a title can help in making a book popular, then *The Third Eye* was an excellent choice — it must have sold a million copies or more.

One day we had a visitor in the form of an author's agent who came over from Argentina. This gentleman stayed the afternoon, having tea with us, and I still remember how he liked it — with lemon. Since that time I have come to know him better for now he handles my books in Spanish and he has given me a great deal of encouragement. I am sure he will recognize himself!

Just recently I have been reading a book which deals with authors, author's agents, editors and publishers and I have come to the conclusion that I am extremely fortunate in having such helpful publishers and agents in four countries. As well as in England and

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Argentina, my books are published in Brazil and French Canada.

One day one of the amigos brought along a friend to meet Lobsang Rampa, to see whether the friend could be helped in the matter of constant headaches, and a general feeling of tiredness. The lady was also accompanied by her husband, and together they hoped for a miracle to happen.

Well, the Guv listened, and observed, and decided the condition could be alleviated, so with the confidence of this person, coupled with the Guv's acknowledged healing powers, the friend of the amigo soon felt very much improved. Anyone familiar with the practice of transmitting healing to another person will know that it takes a great deal of energy, on the part of the practitioner, so one hopes the patient will treat the matter in all seriousness.

It was obvious this lady was suffering, she kept reminding us of the fact with her frequent mutterings, "Yo sufrir mucho" but what did she do on that same Saturday night after being rid of her pain and discomfort? Because she felt so well and so happy she and her husband went partying, and danced for half the night. The following day she did not feel so well, naturally, and we did not feel too good about it either. It had been only a friendly gesture on the part of the Guv with, of course, no fee involved, and he would have been justified in believing he had wasted his time and talents!

Again, on a Saturday, a group of about twelve persons came to have a discussion in our apartment, some of los amigos of Montevideo, and the remainder had come from Buenos Aires. The doorman must have been startled when all those people arrived; he must have wondered how we expected to cope in such a small space. The living room was tiny, it was also the bedroom of Miss Ku'ei and me, but we managed to squeeze everybody in — some sitting on the bed, others had chairs, and some made do with the floor.

We all enjoyed the "meeting" but it was hard on the Guv. Someone would ask a question, it would be passed on by one who acted as interpreter, and the Guv would have the answer relayed in the same way. Oh, yes! It was most interesting. One can learn a great deal by listening to others' conversations, except most of us prefer to talk rather than listen.

Many of the subjects dealt with have since appeared in later books by Lobsang Rampa so I will not task the reader's patience by repetition. As I write this, however, I am reminded of a remark someone passed the other day. The discussion was on a popular subject of the moment, that of life and death, and it was put to me that perhaps the after-life would prove to be no better than this present life on earth. "You can't be sure," it was suggested, "that when you get to the other side of life you won't find there is still another stage, higher, which you will yearn for." I looked at my companion, who continued, "You can't be sure of anything so it is better to believe in this life while you are here, and not count on anything after."

Well, I thought about the matter, and it all seemed so simple, for of course there are higher stages, higher planes, to which we all hope to aspire, and eventually we shall reach the ultimate when we will be released from the continuous round of karma, which

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

binds us to the earth.

When we have a strong belief, indeed a knowledge, we should not allow anyone to divert us from it, because we have to answer only for ourselves, and another person's ideas and beliefs will not help any of us in the long run.

It is no use telling St. Peter, "I took this path because my friend advised it," for our friend will not be able to help us on the day of reckoning, if indeed he is around, which is unlikely.

Heaven forbid that the above should look like a sermon but I do feel strongly about people allowing themselves to be influenced against their own feelings, when they KNOW they are in the right. Ever since I had an embarrassing experience many years ago I have not allowed myself to follow another person's suggestions when I know my own way is best for me.

I was taking a practical examination with another nurse, and we had to prepare a bed for a certain type of heart patient. It was not just a simple test in a hospital ward but rather in an examination room of the General Nursing Council for England and Wales. The examiner came up by which time my colleague had moved away, and I KNEW the bed was prepared incorrectly. "Why did you do it that way?" I was asked, and of course I didn't know what to say, but it was a lesson well learned. Since that time I have always had the courage to stand by my convictions.

Talking

And then a scholar said, Speak of Talking

And he answered, saying :

You talk when you cease to be at peace

with your thoughts;

And when you can no longer dwell in the

solitude of your heart you live in your

lips, and sound is a diversion and a pastime.

And in much of your talking, thinking is

half murdered.

For thought is a bird of space, that in a

cage of words may indeed unfold its wings

but cannot fly.

The Real us is silent; the acquired is

talkative.

Kahlil Gibran

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

With election news everywhere, specifically in Canada and Great Britain, it seems a suitable moment to enlarge on my previous statement regarding the politics of Uruguay. The nine man council who ran the country was composed of nine members of the elected party and three members from the opposing party. The length of parliament was a four-year tenure, after which further elections would take place.

It was the first four “runners” who took a one-year term at the presidency, during the four-year period, and soon after we left Uruguay the system was changed; the country returned to its former system of a single executive administration, under the Colorado’ who had been in power for a period of ninety years until their defeat in 1958.

Our sponsors fully expected the Colorados would regain power in nineteen sixty-two but they were disappointed, they had to wait a further four years, when a retired air force general, Oscar Gestido, became president, and he died shortly thereafter.

How did the two parties get their names? Well they are derived from the colors each used in many civil wars for almost a century before it was realized that “ballets were better than bullets” for deciding political questions. Each of the major parties have within them smaller “parties” which range from “leftist” to extreme conservative. Each “party” has neighborhood political clubs around which each community’s activities are centered. Instead of a four-year term of office, elections are now held every five years.

President Gestido had embarked on an austerity program, which cut back on welfare and government spending, but his successor, previously Vice-President, although of the same party did not follow strictly in his predecessor’s footsteps. The Uruguayan people are not fond of too many controls, and their political history is fascinating.

The time came for us to think of returning to Canada, Mr. U was involved in other ventures and we had not seen him for some time, and it seemed we had fulfilled our purpose, and there was no reason for staying longer.

Miss Ku’ei had been sick and the young veterinarian had been called to treat her. After diagnosing an attack of nephritis, and prescribing medication, he left and soon Ku’ei appeared normal again. She had become used to the warmer, more temperate climate, and we hoped she would adjust to the cold and snow back in Canada. However the Guv commented one day, “You know, it will not be good for Ku’ei. She will not like the change and she may not be with us very long after we return.” I was to learn the truth of those words when Ku’ei departed but there was nothing we could do about it.

It was necessary to contact the Canadian Consulate so that everything would be in order for our return to that country; we had been away for almost two years and were still only Landed Immigrants so it was necessary to obtain official sanction, before making the journey.

Once more we had to make travel plans and that meant an enquiry of the Mormac line regarding a rough time table of cargo ships and available berths. Finally we were informed that they could accommodate us in March, so we made our reservations some weeks ahead, and obtained our tickets right there in the Moore McCormack office, with their representative.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

We would have two summers that year, since we would leave in the South American autumn, arriving back to Canada in the spring. That would be nice. The few friends we had made were sorry to see us preparing to leave, and it was hard to explain it was not their country or their city which we found unsatisfactory. In particular I remember a pharmacist who expressed the thought that perhaps we did not find his people good enough to live amongst. The Uruguayans are a very sensitive people, which is part of their charm, especially when they tell you, "My home is yours."

We used to visit a bakery whose owners came from Holland, and they talked frequently of Canada and even after we returned they continued to correspond with us with the idea of emigrating here. However, their efforts were not successful, or they changed their minds, and gradually communication ceased.

There was the French lady from Bel Horizon; she had visited us several times and she promised to keep in touch with us, as did a teacher who was a great fan of Lobsang Rampa; and Alicia, who had helped us with translations and who came to see us infrequently.

During the remaining days we drove around to take a last look at some of the places we had come to know. El Cerro was interesting, the little mountain where lived the poorer people, the paens, the protuberance which inspired the Portuguese sailor to exclaim, "Monte vide eu" when he realized they were approaching land. Legend has it that Ferdinand Magellan, while sailing around South America to the Philippines, sailed some distance up the Plata river, when a lookout spotted the "little mountain."

Ku'ei was always happiest when motoring so we took her for a long drive, along the Rambla, skirting the water, right on past Poritos beach to Carrasco, returning through the city, passing the big "Carcel", the prison, where one could see guards patrolling on the roof. The prison was quite near Bel Horizon, as one approached the city.

So our days in Uruguay were drawing to a close, the country which, due to the richness of potash in its soil, has been called "The Purple Land."

The grand essentials

to happiness

in this life are

something to do

something to love

and something

to hope for.

Joseph Addison

On our return voyage the Mormaclake took us to Rio — a place which conjures up so many dreamlike fantasies of fun and merriment. How many of us have thought, with Rudyard Kipling,

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

“And I’d like to roll to Rio some day before I’m old.”

One of the most beautiful sights of my life was witnessed in the bay of Rio de Janeiro. It was in the morning, early, and the Sugar Loaf Mountain rose before us in the early morning mist. From the top of the mountain, on the peak which is called the Corcovado, rose the massive Christ-figure. I have been told that up close the figure is impressive, and the view from the top is simply indescribable.

The statue, which was inaugurated in 1931 is one hundred feet in height and weighs seven hundred tons. Designed by a Frenchman, Paul Landowski, and paid for by contribution of the people of Rio, the head alone weighs thirty tons, each arm weighs thirty tons, and each hand eight tons.

This edifice must be one of the wonders of the world, and the travel guides tell us that the best time to visit the statue is in the late afternoon, about one hour before sunset.

Fodor’s goes on to say, “The effect of the reddening sun against the buildings and the sea far below will leave you gasping. Then wait patiently and one by one the lights of the town will start to come on, like fireflies awakening for the evening. Within half an hour the city will be dressed in sparkling diamonds and silhouetted against the dark shapes of Sugar Loaf and the blackening waters of the bay and ocean.”

Such sights as this nourish the spirit and the memory lingers for all time. A simpler sight, but no less inspiring, was the early morning gathering of fishing boats in Howth harbor, Ireland, when the sun formed reflections in the water, all peaceful, awaiting the activities of the day.

Brazil is an exciting place, and the Guv says it has a great future, when it will become one of the most evolved countries of the world, doing its part in the evolvement of a greater perfection for mankind. There is a certain gentleman in that country who, perhaps unaware of it himself, is already actually paving the way. He is guiding his country’s thinking, through the literature he places before the people.

If I were at the beginning of my life and able to choose the place where I wanted to live, it is not unlikely that I should choose such a country where the people are lively and fun-loving but still of serious thought. Especially since knowing the Story of Tadalinka, our Autumn lady, I would be interested in knowing more of Brazil.

I love you the more in that

I believe you have liked me for

my own sake and for

nothing else.

John Keats

A little boy, aged seven, his little frame shriveled by leukemia; demanded that doctors let his failing life take its course. He had already taped an articulate message of hope to others facing death.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

He asked his mother to remove the oxygen machine that was keeping him alive. “He said, “Mother, turn off the oxygen, I don’t need it anymore,” “ commented his Mother.

“I turned it off,” she said. “Then he held my hand and a big smile came to his face as he said, “It is time.” Then he left.”

The boy died at his home after deciding details of his funeral and where he was to be buried. His doctor said the oxygen was not essential to his survival but did provide some comfort during the child’s painful last days.

When he was three-and-a-half the boy became associated with a local group who followed the precepts of an ancient religion, and it was his fascination with this philosophy that gave him the belief that death “was like a passageway, a walk into another galaxy”, as he said on his tape.

His message was recorded by a volunteer worker for a group called Hospice, which works with the dying and their families. When the volunteer asked the boy why he wanted to die, he said: “Because I am so sick. When you are dead, and a spirit in heaven, you don’t have all the aches and pains. And sometimes, if you want to, you can visit this life but you can’t come back into your own life.

“If you don’t hang on to your body and let yourself ease away,” he said on the tape, “it is not so painful.”

If you love something,
set it free,
If it comes back,
It is yours,
If it doesn’t,
It never was.

As the Mormaclake steamed along the Atlantic towards the United States, one was provided with good opportunities for reflection; just to relax on the deck with no interruptions or disturbances of any sort was good for the body and refreshing for the mind.

I found myself contemplating the life we had but recently left, admiring the leaders whose vision had resulted in making Uruguay one of the most literate countries of South America. There are those who believe that compulsory state education is wrong and that you should receive an education only if you are able to pay for it. Perhaps those people are right but from the point of view of one who benefited from the system, I can only applaud it.

In many ways children are victims of the society in which they are born; when faced with family opposition, and without the aid of the State, they would, in many cases, succumb to the position of unpaid child labor.

Being brought up in a community in which physical survival was the main concern

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

I could identify with Mark Twain when he said, “I wanted schooling more than I was able to get. I had a parent who considered if a boy could plough a straight furrow — and a girl could make butter and bake bread, that was a whole lot more use in the world!!!” I like the further statement of this man who realized that “book learning” was not the only important thing in life. He said, “I never let schooling interfere with my education.”

At school I must have been looked upon as something of a freak for, strangely enough, I liked to study. Fortunately children do not always see how they appear to others, so they go ahead and do what they want to do, and I did have the satisfaction of hearing my teacher tell me, as I went out into the world, “Well, you are one of the few of my students who are doing something with their life.” That was a REAL compliment, I felt.

Thus the days passed, and the strolls on deck, watching the moon and the stars, or asleep in the stateroom, proved to be a healthy and satisfying experience. The return journey had been rather less sad, for we had adjusted to the loss of our Fifi, the loss which had clouded the outward voyage.

Our first port of call, the Captain told us, would be Jacksonville, Florida, so, as I had never set foot in that State, I felt somewhat excited about it. We had been told, also, that passengers are expected to disembark at the first stop but, since the ship’s radio was not functioning, making it impossible to contact Head Office, the Captain agreed we would be allowed to stay aboard until the freighter reached New York. Of course this was wonderful news to us because it was simply a matter of catching a train from New York to Canada, whereas it would be a much greater problem to make one’s way from Florida.

Miss Ku’ei was most concerned, knowing a cat was not so easily accepted, travel-wise, as a human animal, although the US railroads will accept cats, traveling in ordinary passenger cars, which alas they will not allow in Canada. For once a “malfunction” or a “non-function” instrument was acceptable.

It had been necessary to supply a United States address—to the authorities, though I cannot understand why, since we were only in transit, merely passing through; however rules are rules, even if some people say they were made to be broken, so we offered the name and address of a friend who lived in Michigan, expecting to arrive at Detroit, and then to Windsor.

As things turned out we found it more convenient to reenter Canada via Buffalo and on to Fort Erie, where reservations had been made at the Fort Erie Hotel.

A few weeks later our Michigan friend was contacted by the authorities to see whether we were still in the country. Sometimes I wonder at the ease with which criminals and other unauthorized persons can take up residence in America when honest citizens are so well supervised.

Cats have very sad faces. They look at you a long time and think about you. They are peaceful to have around.

A schoolchild

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

It was a nice feeling, for me, to be back in Canada where I was familiar with the language and the customs, and it was April, which is one of the nicest times of the year.

Fort Erie Hotel was very comfortable and the owner, who lived nearby, gave instructions that we were to be given every attention so that our stay would be pleasant. At that time accommodation was hard to come by, unlike the city where I now live — so much demolition and building goes on here that if you didn't look out of the window every day you might not recognize your surroundings. Calgary, the city of the future, it is called.

Since there were a number of factories in the area, the available living space was always well-filled with the workers and their families. The two small apartment buildings hardly ever had any vacancies, so it was necessary for us to comb the newspaper advertisements very carefully, together with making all verbal enquiries possible, hoping to find something suitable.

Eventually we were offered a small flat, situated over a garage or similar, the ground floor having been used as a storage place, even as an office, when we rented the upper part. It was convenient for shopping, being on the opposite side of Jarvis to where we had lived before our trip to South America, and the front window looked out towards the railway station. The landlord lived in the adjoining house though it made no difference to us, for hardly ever did we see either him or his wife. Sometimes, you know, landlords look at tenants as "something the cat brought in".

Having always been of a lethargic type, I find Canada invigorating, except for coastal areas. During our stay in New Brunswick, at Saint John, I used to feel tired, likewise Vancouver, which I found anything but beneficial. The sea is considered relaxing, but if one has trouble in staying conscious that seems to be overdoing things; mountains I enjoy and I have felt more energetic since living in Calgary than at almost any time of my adult life. Yes, I must have been awfully doopey before — but it's nice to be fairly alert now, though I still have a long way to go!!

It has been said that if one is in the right environment it can make a big difference to one's physical health, and mental condition; certain individuals need one thing and others something else. There must be something in the belief that it is helpful for a person to locate somewhere which is similar to their birthplace. Of course a theory cannot be proven by one case alone but I find it interesting that I was born and brought up among the hills in the "high country", not unlike my present environment.

It is necessary to get one's feet in contact with the ground whenever possible, and those who are able to step out of their own front door into their gardens are very fortunate, while apartment dwellers are at a disadvantage. Being able to live and work close to the soil enables one to tune in to the natural earth currents, thus country dwellers, especially those who work on the land, are amongst the most healthy and happy of the population.

Miss Ku'ei and I spent a pleasant summer together; as I have written elsewhere we used to take a little walk every day, after lunch, sometimes across to the little railroad station, and sit in the waiting room awhile because Ku'ei, like all Siamese Cat persons, was very inquisitive and she enjoyed watching human activities.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

At other times we lingered by the side of the road, Ku'ei in harness and leash so she would not suddenly "take off", for Siamese cats are perhaps a little more unpredictable than most types. She had become so used to wearing her harness, even when out driving, that she refused to go outside without it. It represented security and she looked upon it as her outdoor dress.

Gladys, too, became a frequent visitor once more, and we spent interesting moments discussing our various experiences of the previous two years, although we had all corresponded during that time. Being interested in all artistic and intellectual pursuits Gladys enjoyed hearing of the progress made by Uruguay in this direction. Having heard of the famous Gaucho sculpture she wanted to know if it was "as good" as it had been painted; we assured her that indeed it was, one of the two best examples of Uruguayan sculpture; the gaucho on his horse, by Zorilla de San Martin, cast in bronze and depicting the courage and freedom of the gaucho.

We talked of the other example of Uruguayan sculpture which is known far and wide and which is situated in the Parque José Batlle y Ordóñez, another bronze statue, by Belloni. This is a life-size statue depicting six oxen hauling a covered wagon and a gaucho directing the oxen. The statue is known as the covered wagon.

We all enjoyed the afternoons with our friend and she would stay to have tea with us, telling of events in Canada while we had been away. During the earlier days, at Cedar House, Gladys used to speak of a young lawyer in Niagara Falls and how everyone predicted a rosy future for her in politics, so we were interested to know this lady politician was still showing promise, in the Federal field.

Now no longer in the government, Miss La Marsh is still very much in the public eye as the author of two books. I appreciated her recent comment, when she was interviewed. "Anyway I have beaten that one-book thing." It was her answer to those who had said she would not produce anything more. Not the first time that someone has been criticized for failing to follow up a first book with another.

On the other hand, who needs to put out anything more if they are Richard Adams, the British author, who wrote *Watership Down*, that beautiful story set in the English countryside, which was later made into a successful film?

Then there was our friend from Michigan who came to see us: we would walk down to the Parkway by the Niagara River, filling in with news we had missed in our absence. Valeria was extremely pleased at our return for she had been a fairly frequent guest in the previous years, and she had taken a trip to Montevideo while we were in that city. She had arrived armed with a Spanish/English dictionary and, being well prepared as always, her Spanish vocabulary was more than adequate. One might well envy Valeria for her alert mental abilities.

In this work, when it should be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, in the Preface of his Dictionary of the English Language

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

There was little to disturb the even tempo of life during that summer; it was just as well because the situation would change the following year when we were to experience plenty of activity. That is one nice thing about life, one has quiet spells which allow for thought, and then comes a spurt of activity which makes for variety, adding a spice to living.

A few weeks after we returned to Canada there came a letter from Montevideo, and we wondered about the contents, who could have sent the missive since the handwriting seemed unfamiliar. We need not have felt concern for it was a pleasant letter, written by the mother of the “youngman-landlord” of our apartment of Calle Constituyente. This lady merely wanted to express her relief and mild astonishment at the meticulous condition in which she found the premises when she called to check things after our departure. Oh, yes, we had excelled ourselves, leaving the carpets and rugs freshly shampooed and the property all ready for the next tenant.

Further Madame (she was French, remember) Landlord advised us that anytime we wished to visit Uruguay in the future she would be happy to accommodate us. “I have a nice apartment at Punta del Este, she wrote, “and please do let me know when you expect to come.” She assumed there was no question as to IF we were coming — only when?

I feel somewhat in the position of an expert regarding rented accommodation, and I have to admit that some people treat another person’s property in a terrible manner; yet an owner can be very unpleasant sometimes, making things difficult for the lessee. Once, in one of the less desirable areas of London an old lady confronted us with the remark, “You didn’t chop up the wardrobe, I hope.” Apparently she had known people damage her furniture but to us it came as something of a shock to be thus confronted.

So the days passed, pleasantly, but something seemed to warn me that possibly this could be the last summer we would have the company of our Miss Ku’ei, who had experienced much of life’s hardships, so we tried to give her as much pleasure as possible. Pleasure to Ku’ei meant riding in an automobile, so this we did about twice every week. In the evenings she and I would watch selected television programs, and this she enjoyed too, especially variety shows and programs such as What’s My Line, something which originated in England. We liked Dean Martin, a nice simple show, but now Dean has changed his style, his appearance, and his way of life, so I have switched to another program.

Perhaps I should point out that this is not a TV oriented household, nor has it ever been; in the early days of our Canadian life we had one for awhile, but in those days the quality was not so good as now. The Guv used to explain there were not so many “lines” to the inch resulting in a more crude picture, and he saw “between the lines” therefore there was no enjoyment for him, but to someone such as myself it seemed to make little difference.

So we disposed of our instrument and did without for several years. However, Mama San, who likes to keep a finger on the pulse of things; and not being clairvoyant, or believing everything printed in magazines or newspapers (knowing from experience that much of what is printed is biased, if not actually untrue) likes to form her own opinions on

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

world affairs, and people. For that reason a small portable television is useful.

Unlike Miss Ku'ei, Cleo and Taddy never took to the "tube" but instead they have been known to show extreme displeasure that anyone should waste their time over such nonsense. Still; taken in moderation it can be quite relaxing; just yesterday evening it was quite entertaining when, amongst the celebrities, one saw on the screen a well-known British novelist who is at present visiting the United States.

A lady who has had published over a hundred novels. I had not seen even a picture of her since my days in England, yet there she was wearing a dazzling gown created, as she said, "By the Queen's dressmaker."

As I watched my program from Las Vegas Miss Cleo sat in the hallway, within sight, viewing me with an utterly disapproving air.

Wherever we have lived we continued to have a keen interest in photography and Fort Erie was no exception. Although I had done most of my picture-taking in Ireland, amidst the lovely scenery, the Guv had continued to regale us with his camera magic; the most commonplace subjects glowed with life.

I was not surprised, then, when a few weeks following our return to Canada he announced he wanted to try out a Polaroid and perhaps he could take a few shots of me. So I sat in the living room of our Courtright Street apartment, my chair set apart from the window so that the light fell on my features, idly daydreaming, while preparations were made and the camera ready. "Smile now," said the Guv, so I did, whimsically, as he touched the shutter and began to time the processing.

Color film is slightly slower than monochrome but soon the picture was released and an image began to appear. In those days one stood with a watch, timing the process; release the print too soon and the result was too faint — too long and it was overexposed — but now everything is automatic so there is no necessity for that sort of timing.

Well, the resulting portrait was quite acceptable, even to me, since, like most people, I have never been easy to satisfy as far as taking my photograph was concerned, so I expressed my appreciation, but that was not the end of the experiment.

As we chatted I noticed the Guv still held the camera in the same position and in the direction I had been sitting, and when he pressed the release I wondered what he was up to, just pointing the camera towards the bare wall. In a short time I saw what he had done and I marveled, for there was another print, exactly like the first, except it was slightly paler in color.

"What is that," I asked. "Magic?"

So he explained that the "impression" had lingered for the time it took to make a second picture and the Guv, being able to see this, decided to capture it. Possibly some people will find it hard to accept but, believe it or not, it is true enough; it really was the way I have described.

To anyone who might suggest the picture had been copied I would say that was not

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

possible because the Polaroid, as it then was, was not capable of copying; to copy one needs a special attachment which we did not have. To the Guv, none of this is strange, he often says that the camera sees much more than the human eye and this I know for on seeing a picture of something familiar, a scene outside, or in a room, one has heard the remark, "You know, in all the times I have looked at that, there is something I never noticed." But what I have just described is a rather different matter.

Fame is the scentless sunflower,
with gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose
with sweets in every fold,
Oliver Wendell Holmes

In the summer months, especially, Fort Erie is a busy place; just across the Peace Bridge from Buffalo this entrance to Canada is used by many United States citizens who own, or rent, cottages in a vacation area known as Crystal Beach, near Ridgeway, just a few miles from the border. The shores of Lake Erie, the fourth largest of the Great Lakes and the most southerly, are ideal in summer; the dwellings are almost on the edge of the water, so there is a constant stream of automobiles passing through Fort Erie right through the summer season, mostly headed for Crystal Beach.

One day there came a knock on our door and I went down the stairs to the front entrance (not that there was any other) to see what was happening, because we had very few callers and mainly by previous arrangement. Here I found a man we knew, and he held in his arms a little cat, or more accurately, a kitten, and he handed the creature to me. The man knew of our interest in cats so, apparently, he had figured he would not be unwelcome if he came to us with his problem.

"What's this?" I asked. "What do you want me to do with your cat, or Isn't it yours?" My thoughts were racing as he talked. Such a pretty little bundle of gray fur, I was thinking, and would I be able to adopt it?

"Well, Ma'am," continued the man. "Just a few minutes ago, along the road, there, a car stopped, slowed down and something was thrown out, then off went the driver at high speed." He continued, "I went over to see what it was and, blow me, I found the cat."

Looking a bit self-conscious and appealing he said, "Can you take it, please?" What could I do? Hurrying up the stairs I quickly told the Guv and he agreed I should bring the little cat-person in, so I told the man and he expressed his appreciation, and hurried off.

First of all the kitten must have food, she certainly appeared very hungry, because you must always see to their needs such as food, and elimination, after selecting a quiet spot, preferably a separate room, where the cat-person will not be disturbed.

When I stipulate a separate room, it is assumed you already have a pet, as I had, so that the newcomer can feed, rest and become oriented without interruption. Haven't you noticed that, without any disturbing factor, a cat while eating his supper will frequently

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

stop, look around for danger, then resume his meal? Instinct, no doubt, a racial memory, carried from pre-domestic times.

The little gray kitten soon felt at home, her purring was just like a kettle on the boil, and I began to wonder whether she would be able to stay with us, permanently. Her only problem seemed to be a weakness in her legs, probably caused through malnutrition and possible injury as she hit the ground, after being tossed out of the actually moving car.

A further discussion was called for, this time Miss Ku'ei had a word or two to say — and her remarks were most tolerant, not having come face to face with the possible rival she could afford to be magnanimous.

But after much thought, a consultation with a veterinarian, and the opinion that our future was not sufficiently settled to contemplate adopting another cat, it was found necessary to let the little person pursue another path.

The S.P.C.A. was contacted and one of the officials, who lived in the town and who was off duty, asked me to take the little cat around to her house which I did that same evening. On the way I called upon a family, the mother having shown interest, so they could see the little Grey and decide if they wanted to take her; when I arrived the mother and her daughters were waiting but they could not decide among themselves so we left, the little cat and I, continuing our unhappy walk.

As I reached the house of the S.P.C.A. official, she answered our knock, reaching out to take the kitten, and tossing her into the bathroom, on her way to the living room, where I had to sit down and provide details as to how the cat had come into my "possession" etcetera.

In the living room I noticed a mature tom cat whose age, the mistress said, was nearing twenty-one years; a cat who needed constant attention, including frequent cat-doctor visits to maintain his conditions. I like to think the elderly cat was the reason for little Grey having to be in the bathroom; when you have reached your sunset years you cannot stand children of any species upsetting your status quo.

But my heart went out to the kitten!

So, after signing the papers the official had presented, including address and a few more details, I said goodbye to the little person and left, concluding one of the most unhappy missions I have ever undertaken. Since that time I have thought that it would be wiser to take a "stray" or an abandoned pet straight to the cat hospital and arrange to have it sent Home while one waited, so that it could start life again under happier conditions, not as an UNWANTED of the world.

Was it fate, coincidence, or what, which brought that creature into our lives? A creature resembling in so many ways Blue Grey who we had known while in Montevideo, and who, in the not-so-distant future, we would know again— our autumn lady.

I don't mind dying but I would prefer not to be around when it happens.

Woody Allen

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Sometimes a doomed nature animal performs a service for a human animal which results in a reprieve, a reversal of the death sentence, and this was what happened in the case of Zorba, the dog owned by a Greek fisherman.

Zorba was sentenced to die because it was said he was a pest; the neighbors of Christos Spyarakis, the fisherman, in the tiny village of Hierapetra on Crete, had begun to complain about the black and white mongrel. "The dog used to howl and bark sometimes at night," admitted the owner.

"He would also chase a chicken or a cat, like any dog would, but this was only playful, and he never went for a kill or anything vicious."

Nevertheless, neighbors demanded he get rid of Zorba—and the local police told him either to give the dog away or have him "destroyed". Nobody wanted Zorba, so Spyarakis took the only course open to him. Early one morning he set out in his boat with the dog and a sack of stones, to use as weights, to send his faithful companion to the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea. The trip would end eight years of devotion, from the time he first found the abandoned newborn pup and saved his life.

Miles out at sea Spyarakis realized that while he'd been lost in his sad thoughts, a storm had come up; the fishing boat, Zorba 2, was in trouble. A freak wave smashed into the boat, overturning it and sending Spyarakis and the dog, Zorba, into the sea.

After half an hour of battling the fierce waves, the fisherman felt himself giving in. "I was exhausted and swallowing water," he said. Occasionally I caught glimpses of Zorba, but it was hopeless to try and keep together. "Then, in semiconsciousness, I realized that Zorba was tugging at the collar of my jacket. To tell the truth, I didn't think it was much help at the time, that it was all useless anyway—"

But somehow Zorba managed to pull his master miles to shore, then run to Crete's Coastal Highway where his frantic barking stopped a car. The courageous dog led the three motorists to his master, lying face down at the water's edge.

While the rugged fisherman, nearly drowned and badly bruised, spent a week recovering in the hospital — the same neighbors, who had requested that Zorba be killed, fed the devoted dog. "It was those same neighbors who asked me to spare the dog's life," said Police Captain Nikos Alezakis.

"It was much more pleasant to decide on sparing the dog's life, and rewarding the dog, rather than being made to ratify the death warrant." When Spyarakis left the hospital, Alezakis was waiting for him in the hospital lobby.

"Your dog will not die," he told the fisherman. "He's a hero now for saving your life, and all your neighbors have decided that they want him to stay." For his heroic feat, Zorba was awarded the equivalent of a St. Nicholas Cross, given for bravery at sea in saving the lives of others.

"I may have lost Zorba the boat — but I can get another boat any time," said Spyarakis. "But I only have one Zorba the dog — and he is irreplaceable!"

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

This story came to me as I was writing the previous chapter and it seemed fitting to include it here. One aspect of the account I found disturbing, and rather puzzling. Why should anyone take a creature away out to sea and try to drown it, when a veterinarian could perform euthanasia so simply, quickly and without pain? Perhaps most people are unaware of the shock and delay caused in the process of drowning and, in the case of the fisherman, he may not have had easy access to a pet hospital even if he could afford it.

As a child I have known of people drowning unwanted kittens but this method of disposing of little “pets” is considered painful and a lingering, drawn out, process. Would anyone drown a baby? Or throw an infant out of a car? Not unless they were mentally disturbed! So why treat a pet differently.

Lobsang Rampa has quite frequently made the remark that humans in general tend to underestimate the mentality of animal animals, and that we would be surprised if we could understand their mental processes, that of cats in particular.

It is not beyond reason to accept the fact that the cat fraternity knew that there was a possible vacancy in the Rampa household — we had gone away with two cats and returned with only one, so why not arrange for a replacement? I have been in the fortunate position of receiving messages from these people, via interpretation by the Guv, so to me it is very real.

I know some people consider it a crazy idea but, as I quoted in the front of my book *Tigerlily*, according to our own Shakespeare, “There are more things in heaven and earth than ye wot of.” If, instead of keeping our noses to the ground, we were to look up and around us, and LISTEN instead of making noises, we might be startled to find how much our awareness had increased.

It's nice for children to have pets

Until the pets start having children.

That last Fort Erie summer was a time for remembering and pondering — such times are very useful and necessary in everyone's lives.

It was from the window of our Courtwright Street apartment that I had the interesting experience of seeing an unidentified flying object, through a powerful telescope. The Guv has written about the incident, how he called “Mrs. Old Man” to come and witness the, at that time, somewhat rare sight. An experience to dwell in the mind forever, this huge object, with its myriad, swirling colors.

We spent many leisure moments listening to music on tapes and records, and Miss Ku'ei loved to get settled in her own chair and enjoy the rousing Irish songs, and lullabies. It is quite disturbing when you are having a quiet musical moment and someone rushes into the room, breaking the spell. That is one of my memories and I was the culprit, having been out shopping, and not realizing until too late that I had broken the peacefulness for the Guv and Ku'ei; my remorse and apologies did not help the situation very much.

It was a time when we had many interesting conversations, listening to stories of the Guv's homeland, and marveling at the different way of life, its customs and the depth

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

of spirituality among the devoted lamas.

We talked of our days in England, and I mentioned an experience which took place at a London main line railway station, in the early years of our life together. We were living in a southwest suburb of London and the Guv had been away from home for a few days; he was due to return that evening and I was to go along to meet that particular train.

It was a summer evening, still clear in my memory, and I prepared myself leisurely, filling in the moments by playing with Mr. T. Catt — the hero of Tigerlily, who was our guardian in those days. Eventually it was time to leave so, with a hug and a pat, I left T. Catt in charge, and went off on my rendezvous with the Guv. I felt, on that evening, that the “spheres” were very close together, which gave me a feeling of peace and, I suppose, heightened my vibrations (a much maligned word these days).

There have been other times, usually around twilight that I have felt the same and made the comment” “Just now heaven and earth appear very close together,” and it is, invariably, accompanied by a particularly uplifting feeling.

Well, having completed my journey through the London traffic, I entered the railway station, and was allowed on to the platform where the train was just pulling slowly in, and gradually it came to a complete stop. In those days it was quite exciting to make a journey by train, or to go and meet someone who had so traveled; air travel is sensational in comparison, but you cannot compare an airport lounge with an old-fashioned railway station, for romance.

So the train having stopped, the guard unlocked the doors and steps were placed in position, for the convenience of passengers who were preparing to alight. Suddenly a sea of people approached and passed me as I stood there, and I began to think the Guv had missed his train.

Then, all at once a voice addressed me, “Hello, Ra’ab, didn’t you see me?”

“How ,could I see you?” I answered, “in this brilliant light?”

In my confusion I rationalized it was the sunlight which had almost blinded me, except that it was sundown, and the station was completely covered in, not open to the sky. And then I saw the Guv, smiling down upon me. “Come along, let us get home,” he said. So away we went.

Being ignorant I did not then know that anything, a person or an object, may vibrate so rapidly that it appears as pure light to an onlooker. So that was the kind of thing we discussed, and the Guv pointed out how two people may be watching the sky on the appearance of a so called flying saucer, for instance; one person may be able to see the craft while the other standing near may see nothing — only one of them being on a “harmonic” — but that is not a valid reason for denying their existence.

One has heard of certain individuals, especially in the Far East, who are able to make themselves invisible to others, and I have often wondered about it — it must come about through a special method of breathing which causes the person to vibrate so rapidly that the image is beyond the range of the average human, but possibly visible to a clairvoyant.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

It would be quite a strange experience to be spoken to by an apparently disembodied voice. Enough to make one jump, don't you think? Still if we just stop and consider — it is on something the same lines as the high-pitched whine of a dog, about which everyone is familiar, a sound which again, cannot be registered by the average human hearing process. Phenomena such as this I find absolutely fascinating; really, many things which come under the heading “occult” have a very simple explanation if one takes the trouble to find out, instead of dubbing everything not understood as mysterious or unorthodox.

I would rather have written those lines

(Gray's Elegy) than take Quebec.

James Wolfe

on the night before the storming of Quebec.

So the weeks passed until it was autumn, then came the cold of November, with the prospect of a winter in the snow belt of the Niagara escarpment. Quite a change after two years in the South American sun.

Our “flat” above a garage space was not completely winterized so we viewed its approach with less than enthusiasm, wondering how we would survive, literally. With the passing of summer and early fall warmth, Miss Ku'ei suffered just as the Guv had predicted, but what could we do except try to keep her warm and comfortable. It is well known that anyone who has a kidney problem, whether human or “animal”, finds their discomfort lessened when their body is warm, together with their surroundings. Ku'ei suffered a recurrence of the cystitis which had troubled her before, and for a time she kept awakening me every morning around four o'clock, crying out and telling me of her discomfort, and she would just wander around the place.

You know that expression, “Tugging at your heart-strings!” Well, without appearing sloppy I would say that is what it did to me, hearing my little cat in pain, and so little I could do. We had no telephone so, early as I dared to disturb our local veterinarian, I would go down the stairs to the public phone, just by our entrance, to ask his advice.

Dr. Reid was always helpful, and sympathetic; he would suggest continuing with the pills he had previously prescribed, asking that Ku'ei be kept warm and given sufficient water to drink.

To us and our cat-children, Dr. Reid has always shown the greatest consideration and, apart from his professional services, we developed a friendship with him, and with his kind, efficient wife.

Fortunately we had an electric blanket on our bed, so Ku'ei would dive under the covers; in a short time she had manufactured sufficient heat to alleviate her renal discomfort. In the daytime a hot water bottle would serve the same purpose when tucked under the blanket on her chair.

By the time Christmas came winter really was upon us, and I remember visiting Dr. Reid's office on Christmas morning — that's how dedicated he was, having suggested I

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

went along so that he might check over her condition and give Ku'ei a "booster shot" to aid her appetite, which had suffered too. We would then adjourn to the private quarters of the Reid Family, as on other visits, when Mrs. Reid would offer us (me — not Ku'ei) coffee and Christmas cake.

Yes, veterinarians are amongst my closest friends, their wives also. On behalf of so called dumb animals, I would salute them all. As the new year approached the worst of winter was still to come, as is usual in Canada and particularly so in Ontario. As the snow came we found it falling on the stairs leading up to our flat, in spite of being covered in, and the suite itself was extremely cold. Many were the hours spent in wondering what to do — how to find a warmer place, in a town where there was little to offer. The humans in the family were not finding conditions too bad but you can't put clothes on a little cat, or shoes; Ku'ei was most unwell and unhappy.

So one day, while investigating the Jarvis Street area, which was quite near, being merely one street away, I found myself in the Salvation Army Thrift Shop to enquire about a sign in the window, advertising a flat for rent.

"Oh," said the man behind the counter, "that has been vacant for some time. It needed a little attention and immediately the sign went up a man came and rented the flat." He saw I was looking very disappointed so he volunteered further information. "The tenant has not yet moved in and truth to tell he didn't appear all that interested — in fact he seemed somewhat halfhearted about the whole deal."

The Thrift Shop man offered to give me the name of the halfhearted tenant, and the address, suggesting I go along and discuss the matter because, anyway, it seemed a lot of space for one man who lived alone, and who already had comfortable rooms which seemed to be satisfactory for his needs. "You'd better take a look at the premises first," said the Thrift Shop man. "It's possible you won't find it suitable, so it's much better to look first." Not strictly ethical, I thought, but it must be all right to look, so I did, and it seemed to be quite suitable for our needs. Since there was no alternative I couldn't do other than give it serious consideration; the worst feature was the peculiar stuffy atmosphere, especially in the large room.

It was a bitterly cold day, snowing, and I felt rather weary as I made my way to see the other man who was, fortunately, quite amiable. As the Thrift Shop man had said the tenant seemed almost anxious to cancel his contract, for a small consideration, so I hurried home with the news thinking "anything is worth a try and you might be lucky."

I visualized Miss Ku'ei making a quick recovery, soon to be quite well again, in the new warm surroundings. My hopes were short-lived however; it was other influences which dashed them — the ever present negative forces of the world.

Anyone can sympathize with the sufferings of a friend, but it requires a very fine nature to sympathize with a friend's success.

Oscar Wilde

Even as we prepared to move to our new home trouble descended upon our house-

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

hold in the form of the media, and this episode has been recorded in one of my previous books, Pussywillow.

A boy in England took his own life while experimenting with electricity, and it was widely reported that he had one of Lobsang Rampa's books in his possession. It didn't matter that he would have had various other books in his room by other authors — an item involving a well-known author would make the best copy.

First a reporter from the local weekly came to us, then another newsman from Toronto, who made a second visit to clarify something he had missed the first time. The second time he was accompanied by a newswoman and all the time Miss Ku'ei looked on, sadly.

We had suffered greatly through the media, all due to the jealousy and spite of a small group of individuals from England and Europe, and the Guv told me that Miss Ku'ei was thinking, "What, again! Will they never allow us to live our lives in peace?" She thought, "What's the use?"

Having made the commitment, and having advised the present landlord of our intention to terminate the contract, in a short time we were installed in the new premises.

Ku'ei and I were allotted the long bedroom and we never did get rid of that strange odor, which reminded us of something not very pleasant, in view of our recent experience. Why was there such an impression of newsprint, printers' ink, around the place, we wondered! Eventually it came to our knowledge that some time previously the place had belonged to a newspaper proprietor, and we were told that it is a devilish thing to get rid of newsprint odor. I believe the room we used must have been where bundles of newspapers were stored.

I continued taking Ku'ei for her once, or twice, weekly drives, and she showed some slight improvement as spring was approaching; we would call upon Dr. and Mrs. Reid occasionally, and she liked the change of scenery. However, as I have written previously, she eventually succumbed to the physical and nervous strain, and she left us early in March, unfortunately fulfilling the forecast made by the Guv. We had been in Canada less than a year. It was a terribly sad time and I said, "No more cat-people for me, it is too heartbreaking when they leave." But that was not to be either.

Father Abbot, I am come to lay my weary bones among you.

Cardinal Wolsey —

to the Abbot of Leicester Abbey in November, 1529.

After many years of her companionship it seemed quite strange to be without a furry feline — and lonesome. I sat on my bed in the long room, which was also the large one; I saw the little hassock which had been used by Ku'ei since the move from Courtwright Street; it had been purchased especially for her, and for a time, she had been interested in using the little seat; she had shown a little more interest in life.

As the days passed I thought very seriously about the problem of whether I would

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

take on the responsibility of another cat-person. For one thing I wondered if my own life would outlast that of another creature; I wouldn't want to leave my cat to someone else after having spent a number of years with me, having come to accept my ways and the ways of my household.

Some people might think my views on the subject rather strange, but we are all entitled to our views, mine were the same as those of the Guv, who suggested if I did make a further commitment I would have to make out a written statement to the effect that were my life to end first the veterinarian of the moment would be informed, and he would undertake to have the cat sent Home, with the least pain and discomfort, in the most humane manner, which is considered to be by injection.

Just recently I was reading a book by Frank MacShane on the life of the author and playwright, Raymond Chandler, who had a beautiful black cat named Taki living with him, and whose picture is included in the book. Now Raymond Chandler is quoted as saying he didn't understand people who hesitated about having a pet in case the pet survived them; he thought that a crazy outlook. Well, I am not so sure about other pets, although dogs have been known to pine on the death of "master" or "mistress", but I do know about cats. Even if it did not give up, and just die, a cat who is treated as a person and an equal, will suffer greatly if left on his own, even with other people than his original "owner". Even a bird has been known to succumb on losing its owner so how do we know that all creatures are not so affected?

We had heard of a private cattery in Niagara Falls so we telephoned Mrs. Later, who operated the little "cat farm" as a sideline to her main job as a laboratory technician. On hearing of our needs regarding a Siamese cat she said, "That is no problem". She had a litter of seal points, about five in all, aged about six weeks, and in another two weeks she would allow them to leave their mother and proceed to new homes.

"Just a minute," said Mrs. Later, as I was about to put down the receiver after arranging to go and see the family that very Saturday evening, "One little kitty in this litter is a bluish gray color; don't ask me why because the mother and father are both seal points."

"Thank you," I answered. "I will tell my husband all this and I will come along to your house as soon as possible." So I conveyed the message and immediately the Guv said, "Ra'ab, we must have the blue kitten. That will be the one to replace Miss Ku'ei, and how about arranging for us to have a companion for her?" Mrs. Later had mentioned she was a queen, and not a tom cat.

"Wonderful," I answered, "but how will I know which seal point to choose?"

"Don't be silly," he continued, "with all your experience don't tell me you can't choose a cat!"

What an exciting evening, especially as I was doing something Miss Ku'ei thoroughly approved of, and when I arrived at the door Mrs. Later's children heard the car as they rushed to let me in.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

A lovely log fire in the living room and a bevy of happy cats and kittens — and Mrs. Later “in her element” with her lovely family of felines.

“This is Shari, the mother,” she told me, so I greeted Shari in the proper manner, telling her I would take great care of her children. Part of the conversation was by telepathy, of course, for who ever heard of a cat talking to a human? Anyhow, Shari seemed to understand so I turned to her babies. Apart from the little blue one, there were four more, completing the family of quintuplets; two little tom kittens and two queens, all seal points.

“Ah, there you are,” I called to the blue one, smallest of them all. “Come, talk to me,” I indicated; as she came towards me, I saw she was a beautiful little cat, very small, and friendly.

“So that is settled,” I told Mrs. Later; “we will have this unique creature, a blue gray kitten from a litter of what should be all seal points.”

“How do I choose another,” I thought and Mrs. Later seemed to understand. I had noticed one kitten sitting by itself, slightly away from the others, and looking very dignified.

“Well, you see this baby,” pointing to the somewhat aloof one, “she has almost perfect markings so if no one takes her, I plan to keep her here for breeding purposes.” But she intimated she would be happy to have the little person enter the household of Lobsang Rampa. “Her registration papers carry the name of Cleopatra,” continued Mrs. Later, “and I will feel honored if you care to continue using it.”

Considering my Egyptian leanings it was no trouble to concur — indeed it was a pleasure — so Cleopatra she has always been, still is, and always will be.

The little blue cat, who became our autumn lady, had been given a temporary exotic name on her papers, with the idea that, if it was unacceptable to the future owner, they could change it, which we did.

She was smaller than Cleopatra, with a short, insignificant tail which eventually became a thing of beauty, with its concentric rings in a darker shade. As I have stated elsewhere, in Pussywillow, the Guv decided she resembled a tadpole in comparative size so he began to call her Tad; it seemed insignificant beside her sister’s queenly name, however, so she became Miss Tadalinka, a title of which she became justly proud. Their names were of equal length so in that respect they were equal. Who would have thought, at that time, that she would soon become our big Fat Taddy?

Incidentally I might mention that Egypt has had no less than seven queens who bore the name Cleopatra. Perhaps that is the reason so many people claim to have been one of them in a previous life. They couldn’t all have been Caesar’s Cleo, or Antony’s.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

SOMEONE —

to talk with

to dance with

to sing with

to eat with

to laugh with

to cry with

to think with

to understand

SOMEONE —

to be my friend

Susan Polis Schultz

So one Sunday morning, late in March, the ladies Cleopatra and Tadalinka made the first of their car rides, from Niagara Falls to Fort Erie, a distance of around a score miles. Having no car then or since, we have had to rely on the services of taxis and this way our experiences have been broader, and we have come to know personally a few interesting drivers.

The special driver of the moment, whose lives we place in his hands each time we venture out, for we are often told that here in Calgary are the most careless drivers in the country, if not in the whole North American continent, has for the past five years made life pleasant for me and for my felines. As I have documented previously Keith always anticipates our needs, he takes us right to the places we want, with no detours, no arguments or anything. Being a Taurean, let us say that, typically, he prefers to take the easy way of a peaceful Venusian.

Of course all the drivers are considerate, including ladies such as Jean and Ann, and I mention them here because I believe taxi drivers have quite a difficult life; even here in Calgary at least two have lost their lives recently, at the hands of the public, one young woman being brutally murdered near Banff, after accepting a fare from Calgary. The crime was not committed for merely monetary reasons either; although the taxi was quickly located it was some days before the victim's body was recovered.

When I arrived home with the two kittens, one bluish colored and the other the color of a seal the Guv exclaimed, "Whatever have you brought us?" He thought they were too tiny; not very strong on their feet, and he said, "Now you have set yourself a job, to make these little people strong and healthy." "All right," I responded, "I will do my best, whatever is in my power I will do, you can be sure of that!" And I kept my word — all through the years these two kittens received greater care than any of their predecessors, resulting in two happy, physically healthy, felines.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

It has always been my contention that if your work is your joy there is no problem, and I have had the satisfaction of gaining their love and affection, and their expressed appreciation for my efforts.

Some people consider it to be “sissy”, naive, and childish, to talk of love and affection but I do not see it that way; we never mind expressing dislike, hate, and resentment towards someone so, surely if we experience the reverse feeling, let us spread the sentiments. I appreciate those letters from readers of my previous books, when the writers tell me of their admiration for someone who is not afraid to express the love and affection with which their lives are surrounded. I have known the opposite, due in part to my own attitude, so I can now fully appreciate it is possible to experience “heaven on earth”, if you spend some time in giving a little thought to the needs of others. Who was it who said, “Happiness is a by-product of some activity”? Was it Albert Einstein, I wonder! At any rate I have proved the truth of that statement, and perhaps I should now say, here endeth the lesson. It was not intended to be a sermon.

At the risk of being dubbed repetitive I have to comment a little on the period of several weeks until we finally left Fort Erie. The atmosphere had been what I can only call unfriendly, even hostile, following the publicity about the young man in England who had ended his own life.

One person who had been a neighbor and quite friendly suddenly “cut” me completely when our paths would cross in the street, or if I had occasion to find myself in the store where she was employed. Possibly it was the one and only such experience of my life and I would not welcome another; the general antagonistic atmosphere.

This particular woman had a family and that was the furthest she could see — obviously thinking, “Suppose it had been one of my children?” and that was the general opinion, just a one-sided judgment, and I mention the matter now because I want to put on record one of the Guv’s opinions about mothers.

Lobsang Rampa believes that, in spite of their expressed love of their brood they are often guilty, whether deliberate or unintentional, of harming their children’s interests. Often mothers are so biased that they are blind to what is best for their offspring. Too often possessiveness is the interpretation of love, and the Guv feels very strongly about it, often expressing the opinion that a mother can be a child’s greatest enemy. Strong words but worth more than a thought.

Look around and you will see the truth for yourself. On the other hand I have always remembered one Fort Erie resident, also a parent, who showed real understanding towards us — an intelligent educated gentleman engaged in the business of electronics, particularly radio.

We met this person, periodically, in his small office which was adjoining his house outside the town, where he had a gigantic antenna attached to the roof. He had many similar interests to those of the Guv, so we often spent a few minutes chatting together. A busy man, his wife would contact him by an electric device, fitted to his car, while he might be on his way to head office, or distributor in Niagara Falls; that way he would save

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

time as he might pick up supplies of goods the orders for which had been received by his office after he had left.

I have always had a very clear picture of this enlightened gentleman who operated classes for young people, on his spare evenings, teaching the mechanics of radio electronics. The last time we had the opportunity of talking together was a chance meeting in the post office, just before we left the town when, on parting he said, "Yes, I think you have suffered more than enough!"

It is better to "have a thing out" rather than to let it fester within. It is not always a good thing to contain annoyances or grievances; if you keep them within yourself you will corrode your personality.

I believe we underestimate cats when we look upon them as something which just sits around, preferably on the best chair, always seeming to be asleep. Is there any other domestic creature who is more alert to his surroundings, who can seem to be sleeping (when he is not sleeping at all, merely conserving his sight) when suddenly at the merest distraction, he is aroused, curious to investigate the cause of the disturbance?

Cats are not so selfish as is thought; independent, yes, but they are endowed with a great sense of responsibility and, if treated fairly, they will reward us with extreme devotion; they will try to protect their "people" in face of danger.

From the earliest days Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy were inseparable, just as they had stayed together from the moment they knew they were to be living together in the same household, and one would not contemplate parting them, even in separate rooms. If one of them happened to be shut inside the storage closet she would not call to be let out, but we would know because the other would just sit outside the door, waiting.

A few weeks after they came to us Cleo seemed to have something wrong with her right eye, which was watering, and she couldn't seem to open it. Of course I was concerned and hurriedly telephoned Dr. Reid who told me to bring Cleo along to his office immediately. That was the first time I realized how much these two little people cared about each other. I turned off and left the Guv to deal with Taddy, who already looked alarmed at being left alone without her sister; fortunately we were soon home again, Dr. Reid having put some drops in the eye, to find Taddy almost beside herself with anxiety. The Guv expressed great relief at our return.

Throughout their lives we always said that if one of them should get sick and have to go Home, we would probably have to let the other one go too, because we couldn't visualize one of them surviving alone. However we were not faced with the situation, fortunately, but if the blue one had been the survivor it might have been different; Taddy was very dependent upon Cleo, especially if her Ma was not available to provide companionship, and even so she could be quite strong willed to the point of obstinacy. Haven't you noticed it is the same with those humans who tend to lean on others — they are usually tough and full of obstinacy until they feel the need for reassurance? So, you see, cats can copy humans. Perhaps Taddy emulated Ma's behavior! But not Cleo, who has always been affectionate — but independent.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Allowances always had to be made for Tadikan because she had a severe fright in the early period of her life, when she was no more than five months, and we were then staying in the Daniel's hotel in Prescott, Ontario, having left Fort Erie permanently about one month previously.

We were out in the passageway, leading to our rooms, when someone stampeded along, right past us, scaring Taddy half to death, resulting in an imbalance which pursued her for the remainder of her life. It would not have been so serious had she not been suffering from a physical disability, which affected her nervous system. Both kittens were beset with a hereditary condition of the bones, osteoporosis, which I did not know at the time; one day following the fright they were playing leapfrog together and suddenly Taddy collapsed, unable to walk, and I was quite concerned, rushing to the telephone for help.

I was told our new veterinarian Dr. Wang, was unavailable, so I had to find another and he asked me to take Taddy along to his surgery where he would be waiting.

Saturday noon, and when we arrived we found a most sympathetic listener to our problem. The young vet asked me to put my cat down on the floor so he might observe her; after watching her for a minute or so he expressed an opinion that it could be that her brain was damaged, thus affecting her walk and that he didn't hold out much hope for recovery.

Even when listening to him, and hearing the worst, I couldn't help noticing his obvious concern which made it easier to accept the verdict. "A real "humane" humanitarian," I thought.

It was different when we reached home, however, for the Guv was full of concern and Cleo was beside herself with anxiety for her sister, and the anticipated loneliness for herself, for she knew all about the conversation with the veterinarian. All during that weekend there was an air of sadness and gloom radiating — to see baby cat making an effort to move herself. When she needed her sanitary tray she just dragged herself to it and it seemed miraculous how she dealt with the operation.

But there's always a bright side, especially if you are fortunate enough to have a Lobsang Rampa around, he who has said he believes life is too hard for so many people, defeating its aim to teach them anything.

Although the Guv had his own personal grief, he would never do anything to make life's problems easier for himself, but he was terribly concerned for Cleo. He must have given the matter a lot of thought for, just as we were becoming somewhat reconciled to the thought of losing Taddy the Guv suddenly said. "Cleo don't be worried for you will not lose your sister." And again he spoke. "Taddy, you will walk again. That is a promise." Thus happiness was restored, and we were to witness our little Blue-Grey autumn lady walking around once more —even running in her own particular fashion.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Had I but served my God as diligently as

I served the King, he would not have

given me over in my grey hairs.

Cardinal Wolsey —

to Sir William Kingston

As I sit here in my room at five-thirty in the morning, facing downtown Calgary, away in the direction of Winnipeg and eastern Canada, everything is still and I see, less than one block distant, two construction cranes waiting to be activated.

One of the advantages of high-rise living is the opportunity for viewing life from on high, not quite so good as sitting in a helicopter where one might have a view from behind, in front and immediately below. The other day someone used the analogy in describing the Guv's amazing ability to see a person's life or events from the past, present and future.

I find there is a great deal to be learned from other people's remarks, especially from the letters of certain readers who are thoughtful enough to comment upon the Guv's books, and my own, in a constructive manner; the very few critical letters we receive come under the heading of "hair splitting".

At the risk of being accused of deviating from my own story I would like to pass on to those interested details of a little incident which occurred recently. One of our regular readers whose name is Marlene, wrote to tell us of a little blue budgie bird which had been brought to her, having been found near a golf course where she lives; it seemed to be suffering from exposure, she thought, so she placed it in a cage and went off to get some nourishment for the little creature. When Marlene returned she found the bird lying on the floor of the cage, apparently in some distress; she stayed with it for awhile then moved away to another room, where some household task required her attention.

"In a few seconds," she wrote, "I saw a ball of light enter the room where I was, much like you see around birds when they are flying." She continued, "Only this light was so much brighter and then I knew my little friend had gone to the place where all bird people go." Further, "That's the first time I ever saw a spirit on its way Home."

I hope someone will appreciate that little incident; because of her heightened vibrations through her consideration for the sick bird she had been able to "tune in", and she had felt a surge of gratitude from its spirit as it departed.

Judging by our correspondence there seems to be a wave of good feelings towards nature people and, since we are on the subject of birds, I might mention another delightful request which came to the Guv. Someone wrote, "If you care to send me any advice on how to give my bird people a more even break it would be greatly appreciated by us all. They are so enduring and touching." And she included a sketch of a somewhat bedraggled baby sparrow who had been too active and fallen from the nest, and had been rescued by our correspondent. The caption read, "This is sort of how a new boarder looked."

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

The lady, who has at least two birds of her own, welcomed the little sparrow. “Now he has a new home,” she says, “and he is quite sweet.”

She ended her letter by telling us she looks forward with pleasure to reading about the autumn lady. This section seems to be all about flying, which reminds me that Miss Taddy and Miss Cleo spent much time in the air, flying high in a Lear jet once or twice when we undertook a long journey from Montreal to Vancouver and, previously, between Saint John, New Brunswick, to Montreal.

Sometimes one of our more critical readers will tell us our books are repetitive, while others, more tolerant, will not mind repetition; indeed they remark that it is helpful and welcome our repeats. However, in deference to the former I will try to present the few incidents, which may already have been documented in my previous books, in a slightly different manner; since the story is about Tadalinka a little repetition seems unavoidable.

Miss Cleo and her Ma, as we sit here at the typewriter, Cleo tuned in and helping retrace the interesting life we have had, both realize that we have plenty of happy memories to sustain us, and we can now take life more quietly; not have to be dashing around the country.

Just last year, when we vaguely discussed another move, Cleo and Taddy were most unhappy. “No more moves for us,” they told the Guv. “We’ve had enough, more than, and we would rather go Home.” So the family stayed here and, except for Taddy, here we remain. As for Taddy “the owl called her name” so she had to go. There is, in the lore of the American Indian, a belief that when your time comes to depart, if the owl has called your name you have no choice but to go.

The Guv has just told me that Cleo often finds amusement in remembering an incident which occurred while we were living in New Brunswick. She had seemed to have a fever, was refusing food and appeared generally lethargic, so we arranged to visit the local veterinarian. While traveling in a taxi to his office in Rothesay we were almost involved in an accident, a car cutting right in front of us, and I felt that literally, I “jumped out of myself in fright”. It was only providential protection, what we call “lucky stars”, which saved us, I am sure!

“So What’s so funny about that?” you say. That was not the cause of Miss Cleo’s mirth — rather it was when the vet visited her at home after she had been sick for a few days, with a slightly elevated temperature. After examining the thermometer intently for a few seconds, the vet exclaimed,

“It must be pneumonia. Look at this, it’s about one hundred and five.” That was before Celsius — I hope. She didn’t look all that sick to me — and then I remembered — she was sitting on a rubber hot water bottle. .

Fortunately the vet from the Netherlands possessed a sense of humor so we all laughed, including Cleo. Throughout the years, since she was little more than a baby the incident has never ceased to amuse the dignified Cleopatra.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

Words are the dress of thoughts
which should no more be presented in rags,
tatters, and dirt, than your person should.
Earl of Chesterfield

Sunday morning, late in May, and at last we have signs that summer will soon be here; this is the day one sets aside as special to the Family. We are fortunate in having a nice, secluded balcony leading off the living room and that is where Miss Taddy loved to be whenever possible. If ever a cat wore a smile of satisfaction it could be seen in Taddy's expression, as she settled herself on the long garden chair, or rolled the big, plump, fur-covered package which was Tadikins, over and over on the green "indoor-outdoor" car-pet which graces our balcony.

I do not know whether the expression "indoor-outdoor" is used outside North America, but it seemed strange to me when I first heard it in New Brunswick — the manager was having this marvelous carpet installed at the entrance of our building, and inside the lobby. "Oh yes," he explained.

"This is something new. It is not harmed by water and in winter, especially, we use it because here we have quite a number of older people who might have trouble on the slippery floors."

I could see his point since I had slipped on the icy entrance more than once, and this floor covering did away with the polished smoothness, snow and ice being simply absorbed.

So Taddy enjoyed the morning, and noontime sun; being extremely voluble she talked a great deal to her Ma. Although she departed in the fall of last year it is now that I think of her more than ever — as I put out the cushions on the redwood garden chairs I sense her presence, and I picture her with a wide smile on her face.

About two years ago I decided to have a big umbrella outside, to shelter us from the hot summer sun, and it caused much speculation — from a feline angle. Since I had no sand to put in the container to hold the umbrella down, I had it filled with water, and the stem was placed through a hole in a wooden table, which was also used for meals.

It was amusing to see the interest shown by Cleo and Taddy while watching all this being assembled by Keith, who wanted to do it before embarking on the same program himself.

When it was all over I asked the Guv what Cleo and Taddy thought about it since he never minds translating from "Cat". "Oh," he informed me, with a smile, "they consider you have been installing a parachute." I liked that! Most cat-people love the sun and I believe Taddy had a particular reason for what was almost an obsession with her, and this might be a suitable moment to relate a little of the autumn lady's previous history:

During quiet moments, which are quite frequent in our home, the Guv would often converse with Taddy, telepathically, and they had many interesting discussions.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

You see Taddy was lethargic in the physical sense, always conserving her energy, except when she heard the music of a can opener or when she sensed that I was slicing a piece of raw meat for her, but mentally she was extremely alert, and she was known as the telephone girl who helped the Guv. Some people may consider this far fetched, but others will understand and, after all, it is the latter who are interested in furthering their relationship with their cat companions. When you know TRUTH you do not need fiction.

People make a mistake if they insist on disturbing a cat when it appears to be sleeping - the lazy wretch, they think, and that is one reason why they often prefer to be in a home without children, especially untrained ones. Cats spend at least half their time sailing around in a state which, for want of a better term, one might call astral traveling; I have heard the Guv tell how they cast around when they are feeling sociable, looking for another cat with whom to hold a conversation, especially if they have an interesting piece of information. Oh yes, cats have a sense of humor and they tell jokes to each other.

Well, during these conversations between the Guv and Fat Taddy they talked about her life before she came to us, how she had twice tried to be with us and how she was determined to make another effort, even if it meant getting herself born into a family of seal point Siamese.

“Yes,” she had said to the Guv, “I knew all about you, well not all but enough to make the effort worthwhile, because I was tired of living life after life in the wilds.”

She said she wanted to be a domestic cat for a change. Later the Guv related much of Taddy's history and, of course, I was an avid listener when he told me that our autumn lady had been a tree cat, a big creature such as a puma wild cat, and that she had lived in the rain forests of South America, specifically Brazil where, according to the information she gave, and verified by the Guv, she had spent hours upon hours just idly dreaming her life away — not one life but many.

Interestingly, many times she had developed a soreness the result of which had caused her life to end in an unhappy manner, when the sore became infected. Taddy told of how the condition had persisted for a number of incarnations, and the Guv agreed with her when she said the soreness started because she sat too long on a tree where a small “knot” irritated her skin, which eventually broke, became infected, which condition brought about her death, not once but through many lives.

So the time must have arrived when she was allowed to change her course, and see what she would make of different circumstances, with its new opportunities.

One might dramatize the situation but since it is the truth, why bother? Why gild the lily?

One cannot but admire someone who shows such single minded ambition, and in Taddy's case the effort paid off. Lauren Bacall wrote in her recently published autobiography that she was besotted with her small son; I know how she felt, for I adored my autumn lady. Taddy herself would be the first to admit that she was not quite normal in her reactions, for she openly discussed it with the Guv.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

She said it was all right, for then no one would expect too much of her. Perhaps it was because of this that she meant so much to me. We all like to feel someone is dependent upon us — it makes us feel worthwhile — and that is how it was with Tadalinka. Her dependence was utter and complete — shared with the lovely Cleo who showed her more tolerance than anyone might expect. When Taddy felt motherly she would wash and nibble Cleo's ears to distraction. So much so that we thought Cleo's "dog-eared" appearance indicated she was in need of a vitamin supplement.

Because of Taddy I understood how a mother feels towards her retarded child — the complete trust of the child who at times seems almost angelic in its innocence. It provides a wonderful outlet for the protective instinct with which most of us are endowed.

Far away there in the sunshine
are my highest aspirations.

I may not reach them, but I can look up
and see their beauty, believe in them,
and try to follow where they lead.

Louisa May Alcott

What an interesting situation! Here was I, Ma to these cat-persons whose background and history had been so different from each other. On the one hand there was the mountain lion, she of the wild, who had never before known domesticity; whose purr could be loud and sonorous; whose growl when displeased was enough to intimidate the bravest vet, and her spitting hiss caused the onlooker to gape, amazed at her ferocity. And yet when resting on her special chair, or curled up on the arm of her Ma, she was the gentlest creature, full of love and affection. That was our Fat Taddy Cat — learning how to become civilized, away from the jungle.

Then the contrast, in the form of Miss Cleopatra, who had lived many lives among the human race, often with an aristocratic family; whose previous life had ended prematurely, through cruelty, and who had carried over to the present life her fear of men. She had planned to be difficult, to "get her own back" for the way she had been mistreated by humanity. At first she would move away from the Guv and, when he had ascertained the reason for her problem, he took her aside and talked to her, after which time her attitude changed; she became the Guv's cat, while Taddy gravitated towards her Ma. The Guv often reminds me that this creature, all six pounds of her, is one of the most evolved entities, either animal or human, who has ever crossed our path; that she had never been known to express an unkind thought.

Through the years those two cat-persons have complemented each other, absolutely; since they were so different from each other there never was any cause for jealousy, or resentment, qualities not uncommon in the Siamese species. Cleo educated Taddy all about sophistication, about the lives of the upper echelon of society, how to behave — in short Cleo taught much about good manners. Taddy, on the other hand regaled Cleo with stories of the jungle, how when you are really BIG, humans, and small creatures,

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

are afraid of you, so you can get what you want.

As these two persons gradually established themselves in the household they seemed to arrive at an agreement, they had a pact whereby each would agree not to encroach upon the other's territory.

Although Miss Taddy had enjoyed sitting on the Guv's bed when she was a kitten, Cleo gradually assumed the role of caring for him, and Taddy was allowed to sit by the door as observer. Sometimes she would arrange herself in such a position so that we could see, from the depths of the room, only half her face, only one eye, and it was really quite amusing to watch.

Taddy was just as firm regarding her territory for if she might be sitting side by side with me, purring contentedly, and Cleo came towards us, Taddy would cease her purr; bristling up she would scold Cleo soundly, and my little Cleo, who also needed her Ma, would have to move away.

How I would have enjoyed it had we all be able to sit down together but, no, the strong willed Taddy would have none of it. It was the same, when we retired for the night, Taddy was waiting to rest on my arm long before I was ready for her. We settled down and a few minutes later Cleo would arrive; having surveyed the territory she might make her way under the covers when immediately, Taddy would leave my arm and pounce on the covers just where Cleo had settled. A wild cat, always hunting!

I am going to relate a true story concerning Taddy, especially for those who believe that cats are thinking entities which means those people who have read my other books and believed in them. I would not wish it to be thought I was in the same state as poor Louis Wain, who became so involved with cats, being able to communicate with them, and executing detailed drawings of them, that his mind became deranged, and he ended his days in an institution.

The story is true, because she told it to the Guv — during the whole of her life Taddy would intimate to the Guv that she was expecting a package to be delivered to her. "What is in it?" I would ask, and the reply would be, "Never mind what is in it. It is from Brazil." So Taddy was mixed up about her incarnations, but it was not surprising since her life there had ended prematurely.

Periodically, we would be reminded, "I am still waiting for it!" It was not until some weeks after she had left the earth that Miss Cleo received a telepathic message, "I don't think it will ever come. I guess my Mother never sent it." If you cannot accept that story well, you can read it as a pretty fairy tale. All the same it is very real!

Referring to incarnations I would recommend the book, Audrey Rose by Frank deFelitta. It was sent to us by one of our publishers and I never would have bought such a title, which would have been my loss. The book and the film have been a great success, and it was while I was reading the story that I decided to document the lives of Tadalinka, which I felt sure would be of interest to those readers who believe in the continuing cycle of death and rebirth.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

"Twould ring the bells of Heaven
The wildest peal for years,
If Parson lost his senses
And people came to theirs,
And he and they together
Knelt down with angry prayers
For tame and shabby tigers,
And dancing dogs and bears,
And wretched, blind pit ponies,
And little hunted hares.

Ralph Hodgson

After moving around, first in Ontario, then to other provinces, namely, New Brunswick, Quebec and British Columbia, we finally found a resting place with the wild rose of Alberta, which has been our home for almost six years. I would never have expected our travels would take us to Stampede City, which just goes to show you never know what the future has in store.

For me, personally, this was a good move; the high altitude seems to keep me mentally alert and it is here in Calgary that I have been able to fulfill a lifelong ambition to do some writing. Although one never can be sure of anything, at this moment it would seem that the remainder of my days will be spent here, where Cleo, Taddy, and I have spent some of our happiest moments.

A big city with a population totaling more than half a million, we still have a somewhat parochial outlook, possibly due to the fact that the city has grown too quickly, accepting even now about two thousand immigrants from other provinces, each month.

One of the blots on our reputation is the way we treated our leading kidney transplant surgeon, Dr. Abouna, as though he were a criminal, except that a criminal would have received more consideration. That affair was enough to make one feel ashamed. Then a Catholic school superintendent was dismissed for no apparent reason; the board of governors have never seen fit to provide an explanation.

These two cases are still receiving much publicity, though Dr. Abouna is far away, continuing his work with great success. Ah, well, we are a young country, that is our excuse, but we will grow up, given time.

Life went on smoothly enough, until late last summer, when we noticed a small lump on Taddy's "undercarriage"; it may have been present for some days before it was noticed.

As soon as possible we notified Dr. Randall, who came along to see her, and he

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

said we would have to observe the swelling to see whether it would disappear, or the reverse. The situation entailed several visits, each time Dr. Randall measured to see if it had become bigger, and one day I said I thought it was smaller but he shook his head in sympathy at my optimism.

It was suggested the lump should be removed, when we might hope for a few months respite before Taddy would succumb, so I went along to tell the Guv. We decided to put aside our own feelings which meant trying to keep her with us, and consider Taddy who would suffer through an operation — so it would be better to let things take their natural course for whatever length of time she would be spared to us, which proved to be short.

One Sunday, in the early autumn, Taddy's condition worsened, and we knew she would not be with us much longer. The Guv came out to the living room, as I told him I was concerned about her. He spoke to Taddy, looked at her lingeringly, and then he uttered the words which I dreaded hearing, "I think it's time to say goodbye," and he went back to his room.

I had been enquiring the previous week whether Dr. Randall would be on duty that holiday weekend, and he assured me he would be so I called him, when he asked me to place her in her large, comfortable traveling basket, and he would meet us at his office that Sunday afternoon; he considered it better than coming to us, which would have been more distressing for her and for all of us.

She loved the journey with her Ma, though she must have felt very unwell, since the sore was suppurating, and the Guv wanted me to hurry while she didn't seem to be having actual pain.

Dr. Randall greeted us with understanding, then he took charge of the situation, preparing Taddy for her journey to Cat land, giving her a mild injection, then because she was big, another. It was all so smooth, our Taddy just drifting away to be met with all the others in what we know as the Cat's Heaven. After chatting awhile I came out to the taxi, with a heavy heart.

When I arrived home all was quiet and the Guv told me Taddy had not felt any pain, merely a dreamy, drifting feeling and I could not believe it for her expression had shown she was going to a place where she was wanted, and where she would be welcomed with love. Had I understood "cat language" I might have heard her remark, with Thomas Edison, in his final moments, "Isn't it beautiful over there."

Because our association with his family extends rather beyond the professional, Dr. Randall asked me if I would like Taddy's last resting place to be in his own garden, to which suggestion I was pleased to agree. So, during the weekend the doctor's son, Jamie, undertook the preparations, proud to do something for a friend; so that is where our Taddy's physical frame rests. We were grateful to Jamie, who is thirteen, and believes he is going to be a vet himself unless he chooses forestry, another of his interests. Veterinary work entails much study and high grades, he says!

When it was all over the Guv told me, "You were just in time — much longer and

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

she would have suffered, peritonitis.” So we sighed, and resumed our normal routine while there has always been a sense of loss, but Taddy comes around, in another form, and I always have to leave the usual night-light on for her. She says she stumbles when it is too dark.

I believe that her life was a success, and that when we meet again, we will all be together for a long time, working together as we did down here! Taddy will be plagued no longer with the sores of several lifetimes and she will always be grateful to Lobsang Rampa, “Guv of all the cats” who, in showing his respect for our autumn lady, discontinued using the logo which had graced his paper heading for some years.

It occurred to me that actions speak very much louder than words; if your feelings are deep you do not necessarily talk about your grief — you act. The Guv’s sensitivity is so much greater than my own, therefore he feels things more keenly, be it joy or sadness!

Isn’t it beautiful over there.

Words attributed to Thomas Edison

towards the end of his life.

He seemed to be looking at something beyond.

Gilberto, our Spanish speaking friend from Central America, has always been a great fan of our Siamese people, and each time he writes to me he never fails to make reference to Cleo and Taddy; Gilberto shows his friendship in many ways.

One day I received a notice from the Federal Customs Department in this city, intimating they had a parcel awaiting collection, and the customer’s card, describing the contents, merely stated “porcelain figure”. Away I went to customs and I was greeted by an official who indicated he needed an invoice, or a statement, showing the value of the goods. I was not able to provide anything — but when I was shown the contents I asked if I might take the parcel then and there. “Oh, no! You can’t do that before you first contact the sender to find out the value! You must write to the person who sent the gift, meanwhile the parcel will stay here.” “But it will be perhaps three weeks or four until I receive an answer,” I told the official. “Anyhow, it is not easy to ask someone the value of their gift,” I continued.

After giving the matter some thought the manager was called, so together they had a discussion, while I was eager to get my hands on that figure a foot high of a young girl, with long brown hair, sitting on a high-backed chair holding a blue point Siamese on her lap, encircled within her arms, and a sealpoint sat beside her on the base. “Well,” said the manager, “if you are prepared to accept our appraisal and come again tomorrow you may have it.” So what could I do but accept, hoping the charges would not be excessive.

Sometimes it is necessary to refuse an unsolicited gift, especially if one has not been notified by the sender; however this parcel was from Gilberto and I had seen the contents, so the next day found me there again at the Customs office, eager to know if the matter of charges had been settled.

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

“Oh, there you are,” said the official, when he saw me. “I will get your parcel.”

When he returned I asked him how much there was to pay.

“Forty dollars, please,” he told me, so I took the papers to the cashier, paid the duty and federal taxes, returned the receipts to the official, took my parcel and hurried home.

This figure is one of my most treasured possessions, Cleo and Taddy immortalized in ceramic gives me great satisfaction, providing an atmosphere of peace and contentment.

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright

In the forests of the night,

What immortal hand or eye

Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake

If we could understand cat language, cat telepathy or whatever, we would enter a new exciting world, but at the same time we need to have our metaphorical feet placed firmly on the ground, thus hoping to retain our sanity and matter-of-factness. Why do I mention this? Well the Guv has explained to me how cats make pictures which to another cat are easily decipherable but to any human who has the ability to see the pictures, it is necessary to cultivate a slightly different way of reasoning before being able to translate.

We might all be sitting in the Guv's room when suddenly he exhorts us to be quiet while he receives a “cat message” and then he will smile, telling us about the pictures formed and how at first he couldn't “get it”.

One evening, in particular, Taddy was having a telepathic conversation with another cat-person and they were talking about “riding the range” — it seemed that neither of them had a clear picture so the Guv had to decipher their meaning after seeing a picture of a cooking stove — a range! You need to be quick-witted to understand cat language; the Guv is and does.

Before coming to the end of Autumn Lady I have promised three cat-people to include them here, because they have provided interest and one of them was the means whereby I made a new and interesting association with his so-called mistress, who is really his slave.

First I must tell you about Smooch, whom I have known the longest, and who lives with an Austrian family about two blocks nearer the river, that is, two blocks from the building where I live.

Smooch's “slave” is Loni who comes here every week to help me clear out the debris and dust which accumulate all too frequently in this apartment. We have known Loni for a period of nearly four years and she can always be relied upon to help out in an

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

emergency. She has nursing experience, too.

Well, late one afternoon the telephone bell rang and I hurried to find out who was there, since we do not have many calls. "Mrs. Rampa, can you help me," a concerned voice rang out. "It is Loni, and I wonder if you can lend me a cat basket."

"What happened?" I asked, noting the air of concern.

After a pause, "It's Smooch, I think he has a broken leg, he is sitting under a chair and we can't go near him."

"What makes you think his leg is broken?" I asked. "Well, he came into the house dragging one leg," she said. Apparently he was in considerable pain and the family didn't know what to do.

Loni's son, Ralph, came to borrow a traveling basket but he said he didn't think he would be able to coax Smooch into it. I thought about it, then decided to consult Dr. Randall whose surgery hours would be ending in a few minutes, at six o'clock.

It's always useful to have a good relationship with your veterinarian and this was one time when I appreciated it; he had completed another house call, since no one could approach Smooch and the office would be closed anyway.

Later that evening I heard that Smooch had become an unwilling guest of the Westside Pet Hospital, and that his stay would last a few days. The "fracture" was not serious, but the rather badly lacerated leg needed instant attention, and he was given an antibiotic.

We understand Smooch does not venture out so much these days, not being so young he is not anxious to get involved in any more fights, which might mean another stay in the hospital.

Cat number two has a different story; whenever we think of her we feel like "smiling loudly" though her mistress—slave probably would not see it that way at all.

Enter Loni again. Telephone rings. I rush to answer. "What shall I do with this cat who has come to my door?"

"What do you mean?" I ask. "Which cat?"

"Well, I heard crying outside in the garden and on going to the back door I saw this little cat; I think it is a Siamese and I really don't know what to do with it.", So Loni had a problem which she hoped I could solve.

Another call to our special cat doctor who said we should take her to the office; he was sure he could find a home worthy of a Siamese, unless her owner traced and claimed her within about a week, the time he would have to keep her, before allowing her to go to another home. She was not a stray, he said, because she was in very good condition; she wore a collar, but without a name on it.

If anyone had asked me about the creature I would have told them, "Well she knew, or thought she knew, of a vacancy in the Rampa household; believing the Rampa cat

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

people lead the good life (which they do), she probably thought, “Perhaps I could fill the gap left vacant by Fat Cat Taddy. I understand Miss Cleo is a very good companion.” “

As I have stated, cats have a greater intelligence than they are credited with and Miss Siamese would know Loni was associated with us, so she had nothing to lose. She couldn’t have come straight to us because a cat is not expected to gain access to an apartment building, operate an elevator, and get transported to a certain floor. How would she activate the elevator motor — the button was too high! So she did the next best thing —called upon Loni.

Habits are first cobwebs, then cables.

Spanish proverb

Here enters our friend Gertrud who I am sure will not mind being brought into the story because I mentioned I would do so and since she did not object I guess it is okay with her. We were chatting together one day when it occurred to me to ask Gertrud how she would like to have a cat in her household.

“You never can tell,” she answered, “but what have you in mind?” So I explained about the Siamese which was being boarded at the Westside Hospital, and to my slight surprise Gertrud appeared interested. “The only thing which concerns me,” she went on, “is my two dogs, whether the cat will accept them, and they her!” One of her dogs, being blind, might have a problem in adjusting.

I assured her that dogs usually have no trouble with Siamese and Siamese in turn do not seem to mind sharing a home with a dog.

We lost no time in contacting the Pet Hospital, letting Dr. Randall know we had found a suitable human who would like to provide a home for the little cat person.

Within a few days Gertrud’s responsibilities had begun —and Shara’s new life started. Many preparations had been made and the cat was allotted a special room in the house; she was allowed to share Gertrud’s study.

All went well for some days after Shara’s arrival, except when she was introduced to the doggies, when she aired her opinion by way of a growl and a hiss. This happened each time the three came together, so Shara had to be kept separate from the dogs, a situation which she did not enjoy, and which she planned to change!

When things seemed to be somewhat settled, and after Gertrud found herself minus her pet bird, after the cage had inadvertently been left open, we had a call from her; she seemed to be in some distress.

“My cat has gone,” she said and I asked her what had happened. “Well this is my day off and I was doing a little housework; I was going into the garden to shake out some rugs. As I opened the door Shara suddenly appeared, speeding like a streak of lightning and, before I could stop her, she was over my moderately high wire fence, and away she went.”

Gertrud had spent all morning trying to find her, calling and waiting, but there was

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

no sign of Shara. Obviously she wanted her freedom and one wonders whether she was a flower child, a hippie cat. Since Gertrud was so upset the Guv did a bit of investigating by his own particular method, and he was able to assure her that Shara had been adopted by another family, when she had tried her luck in another direction where there were no canine, or feline competition.

A determined young lady cat! The Guv ascertained the Shara cat had been under a death sentence from an apartment owner who said, "No cats" — so her previous family had abandoned her.

Mr. Boots, or Bootsie is cat-person number three and he is the youngest, still not having reached his first birthday but already he has experienced a number of changes in his young life.

This little person was found last year in a Calgary lumber yard, along with his mother, sisters and brothers. A family of strays, the cat mother was about to depart this life, as were a few of her babies, all of whom were suffering from starvation through malnutrition; the mother herself, being underfed, could not possibly provide sustenance for her kittens.

A friendly human came along and found one little creature still living, so Boots finally found his way to his human Mother, Lee, a young career woman housewife, who has been able to provide all the love and nutrition necessary for his welfare.

I have met Bootsie a few times but I do not know whether our paths will cross again for, just this week, Lee finds her government position will entail a transfer away from this province. Since I do not expect to visit Eastern Canada in the future it is unlikely I will have the pleasure of watching the progress of beautiful Mr. Boots, who has already made the journey where he will stay with friends while mistress Lee organizes her own house move.

My story brings us right up to the past week, a week of many changes which just goes to remind us how we should make the most of the present which even now is moving forward towards the future, with further change.

Recently the Shah of Iran was interviewed and he was quoted as saying that everything which had happened was God's will, the will of Allah. "Do you consider it was God's will that caused you to lose your position as head of your country?" the interviewer asked. "Yes," said the Shah, "to show that nothing remains the same!"

I am going to end this book with a few verses from an unknown author, which might well be titled "Don't Wait," and which could easily have been composed by that Fat Cat Taddy, the autumn lady, whose concepts it embraces. Except, whoever heard of a composing cat!

When I quit this mortal shore,
And mosey around this earth no more,
Don't weep, don't sigh, don't sob —

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

I may have struck a better job.
Don't go and buy a large bouquet
For which you'll find it hard to pay;
Don't mope around and feel all blue —
I may be better off than you.
Don't tell folks I was a saint,
Or any old thing that I ain't;
IF YOU HAVE JAM LIKE THAT TO SPREAD
Please hand it out before I'm dead.
If you have roses, bless your soul,
Just pin one in my buttonhole
While I'm alive and well today —
Don't wait until I'm gone away.
Author unknown
From Seasons of Inspiration
END

RAMPA: THE TIGERS OF AUTUMN

APPENDIX A

“ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD”

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:

No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?
Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,
The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
Yet even these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.
For thee, who mindful of the unhonoured dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,
Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
'Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
'To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
'That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
'His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
'Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
'Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
'One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
'Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
'Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
'The next with dirges due in sad array
'Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
'Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

The Epitaph

*Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.*

It was already the hour which turns back the desire
Of the sailors, and melts their hearts,
The day that they have said good-bye to their sweet friends,
And which pierces the new pilgrim with love,
If he hears — from afar the bell
Which seems to mourn the dying day.
For I see in my thoughts, my sweet fire,
One cold tongue, and two beautiful closed eyes
Will remain full of sparks after our death.

